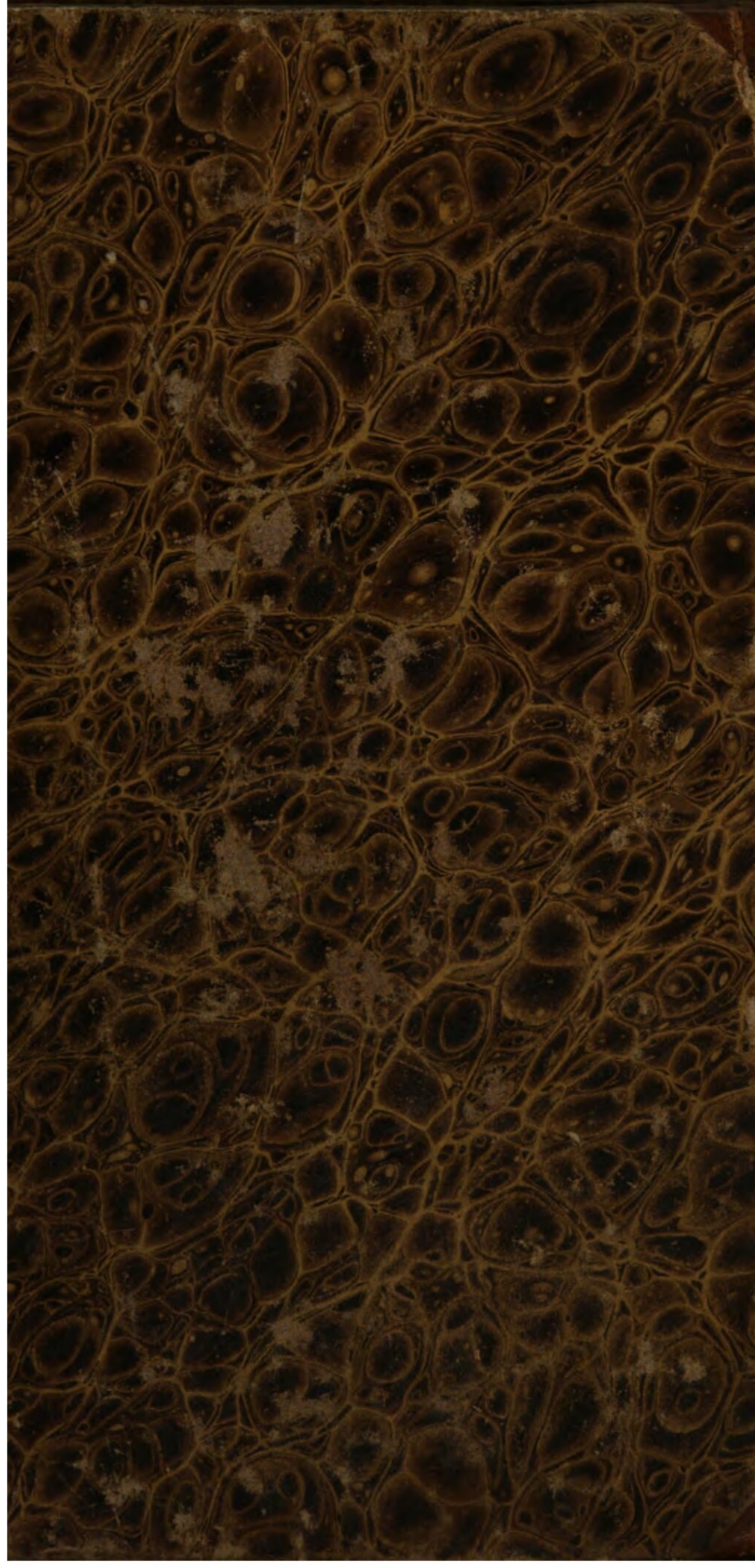
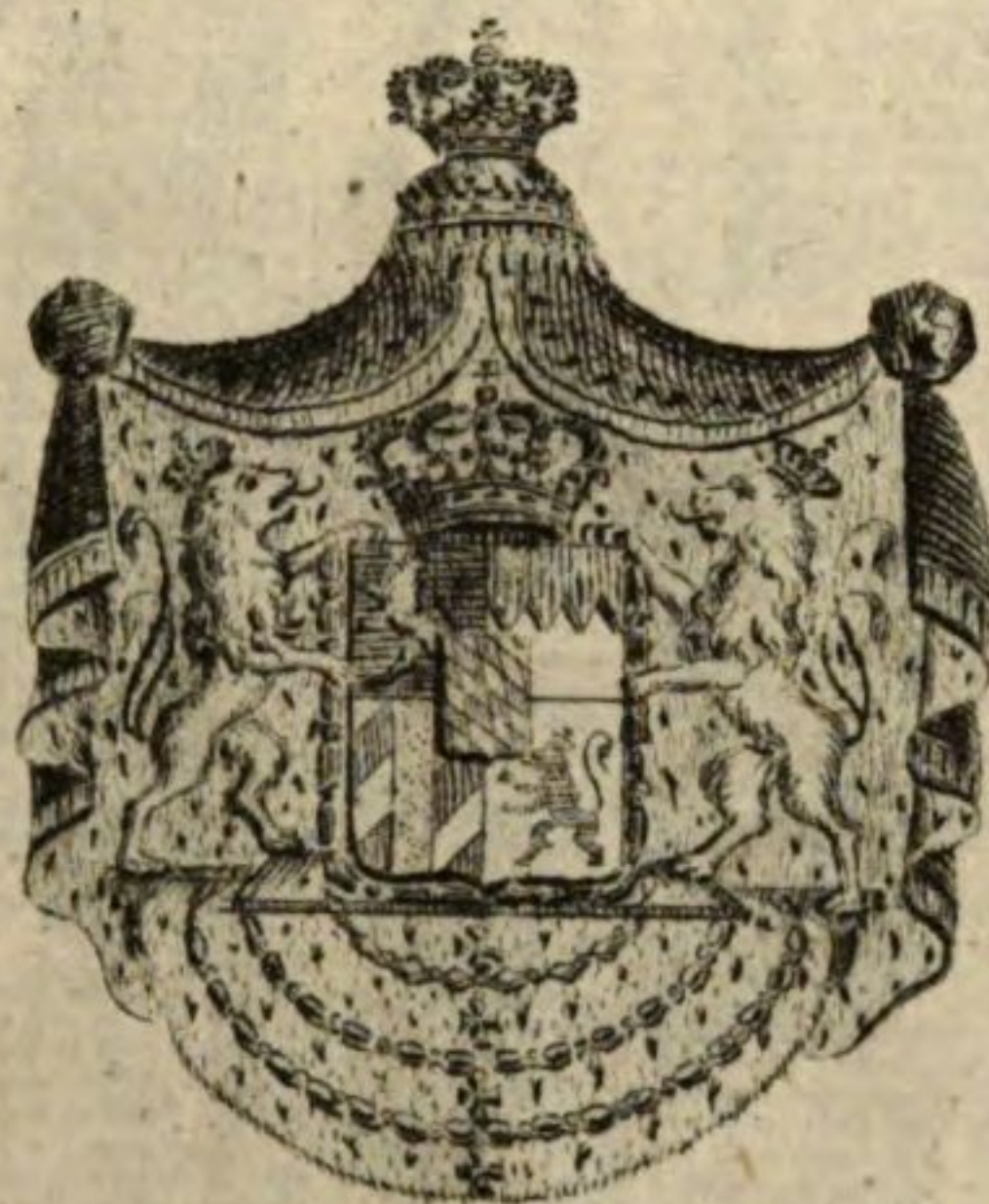




H. Gr. 1104

Sketches



BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

SKETCHES OF CORFÙ,

HISTORICAL AND DOMESTIC;

ITS

SCENERY AND NATURAL PRODUCTIONS :

INTERSPERSED WITH

Legends and Traditions.

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted holy ground."—BYRON.

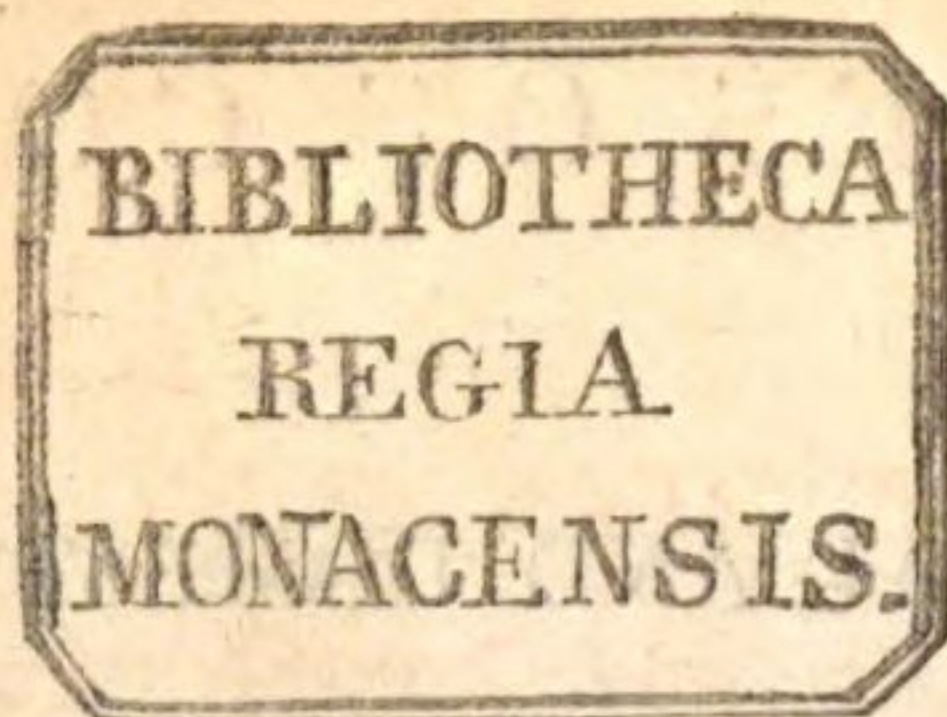
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TO MY DEAR AUNT,

MY EARLIEST AND MOST CONSTANT FRIEND,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

To you—the dear and distant—you, who cherished me in infancy, and loved me in childhood,—to whom my thoughts, and wishes, and regrets, turn so often and so fondly, amid my wanderings,—I offer no apology for the following pages: for, sure I am, they will be read with far more interest than they are written. Dear,—oh! inexpressibly dear!—is the communication of the spirit; and it will be sweet to you, to know that, amid the variety and beauty of other lands,—upon the changed, yet interesting shores of the Grecian island,—my heart has ever looked to home as to its dearest resting-place, and to you as to the household divinity of its affections. We shall meet again; and we shall give sighs and smiles to the past! Often, often, does fancy love to picture the hour,—perhaps, amid the laughing bowers of summer,—perhaps, by the cheerful winter-hearth,—and the meeting will overpay us for the parting pang!

Dreams! dreams!—yet, who does not indulge in them? Life, and its chilling realities, are not worth one dream of the home of our early youth!

And thou, too;—thou, who, at the distance of half the world, art still, in spirit, ever present:—

mountains rise, seas roll, between us ;—yet is thy memory with me, at early morn, at busy noon, and in the silence of night.

It may be, thou wilt sigh, at hearing that I have lengthened the chain that divides us ; yet knowest thou not, that the links of affection are drawn still tighter by distance ? Ah ! if in my own country, surrounded by affectionate friends and relatives, and by all the sweet associations of childhood, I yet found every pleasure tasteless, because *one* was absent, who should have been there to share it, — surely now—now, when in a foreign land, where the voice of kindness will fall on my heart, seldom—that of affection, never, — surely the memory of thy enduring truth will be with me, as a spell, a treasure, a consolation in every ill, a hope through every sorrow !

We shall meet again !—yes, yes ; we shall meet again ! Had I no other evidence of the immortality of the soul, than this of the affections, I should believe it as firmly as I believe in my present existence. It cannot be, that the God of Mercy should have given us these precious feelings, that they should bloom, and then wither, and die for ever !—Yes ! we shall meet again !—if not on earth, in heaven !—and dwelling on that hour, I forget absence, distance,—all ! My hand trembles !—alas, alas !—the very emotion that forces me to lay down my pen, recalls what I would fain forget.—

FAREWELL !

Corfu, 1833.

PREFACE.

THE Authoress of the following pages offers but one excuse for presenting them to the public. — At a time when details respecting almost every country in the known world, are daily brought home to our fire-sides, she thought that the few particulars, which a residence of more than two years, in the island of Corfù, enabled her to collect, respecting the manners of its inhabitants, natural productions, traditions, &c., would not be totally devoid of interest.

In arranging the chapters in divisions, agreeing with the months of the year, she had no other intention than that of offering a faint sketch of the appearance of the country, as the seasons progressed. The different legends and historical anecdotes, interspersed throughout the volume, were collected from the conversation of the natives, from the archives of the city, and from various ancient chronicles.

APPENDIX

The following pages contain
one or more illustrations from the plates of
the various objects of interest in the country
as far as known to the author, and which he has
collected or seen. The illustrations are
which a number of more than two years in the
island of Oahu, and which he has collected
the names of the different objects, and the
names of the persons who have collected them.
The names of the persons who have collected them
are given in the margin of the plates, and the
names of the objects are given in the margin of
the text. The names of the objects are given in
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SKETCHES OF CORFÙ.

OF all the pleasures in this pleasant world, travelling is surely the most delightful ; not only as it enhances the enjoyment of the present moment, but because it enables one to lay up in the mind's storehouse, a series of pictures wherewith to amuse the after-hours of life, when we shall be quietly seated in the arm-chair of old age. An observation, a painting, a book, will awaken a train of ideas in the mind of him who has seen the objects to which they refer, that would pass unheeded before the eye or ear of another. Let the word " Venice," or " Mount Blanc," or " Maggiore," be uttered before one who has gazed on the ruined magnificence of the city of the waves,—who has seen the glorious hues

of sunset reflected in rose-coloured tints from the brow of the Alpine monarch ; or watched the pale moon rising slowly over the low blue hills that skirt the loveliest of Italy's waters ; and a glow of delightful emotion will steal over his soul, which imagination, unassisted by memory, can never conceive. Nor is the gratification a selfish one, for how much of our pleasure is derived from our efforts to communicate our new impressions to those we love ! It is this which even now guides my pen, and animates me to exertion ; and yet mistake me not,— I am not going to offer you details of all the countries and cities through which I have passed, and which have been described so often, and so well. Ah, no ! I shall write to you only of the people, among whom, my long journey over, I have, at last, set up my rest ; neither must you expect to hear of arts and institutions, wonders of painting and sculpture, or any other wonders pertaining to a polished city : such, we have not in this far-off island. Snatches of scenery, slight sketches of the strangers among whom my lot is cast, an idle story, or it may be an idler song, which strike me as being peculiar to the *locale*,— this is all you must expect from my untutored pen, and desultory habit of scribbling.

From my earliest childhood, it has been the first wish of my heart to travel. I remember well the bitter tears I shed, when a hope that such would be

my destiny, had been for awhile excited, and then disappointed. I remember the deep feeling of loathing, with which, on my return after a few days' absence from my native village, I used to turn from the old houses, and the old streets, and the old people. I loved my friends warmly, devotedly, as youth ever loves ; but I longed to see and to study something new ; to talk to people who had not lived in that tiresome village all their lives. I left England without one touch of sentimentality. I staid on deck till the last faint line of her chalky cliffs disappeared, and did not shed a single tear. I was glad to look on them for the last time, and when I reached the Continent, my hope was still to go farther and farther, away from town and townspeople, beyond the bounds of civilization.

My burning and anxious wish has been gratified. Mountains rise, and seas roll between me and the land of my birth. I am alone, on a little island, scarcely to be called in Europe. The people have a strange aspect, and they speak a strange language. Is it the fate of every one, or is it mine alone, to have their wishes gratified, and to find they have been gratified in vain ? I feel so strangely desolate ; I have been standing on the beach, watching the last glimpse of that English vessel depart, which brought me hither, and almost I wish I had returned with it. I loved that English ship, and her good captain, and her honest crew.

Captain W— was a genuine English sailor ; yet were his frank and fearless sailor manners tempered with much of the refinement of home. He was to me as an old and valued friend, for I could talk to him of those I had left, and he used to sing to me in the long twilight, the old favourite ballads, till I fancied myself again within hearing of Bella's guitar. All that is over now ; I have watched through my tears the last gleam of the white sail ; I look around upon the sea, the invincible barrier, and sigh ! This is indeed opening a new volume of one's life ; I would give half my possessions now, but to look on one of those old people and old streets of which I was once so weary.

Far away, far away
From my own land,
Now, at last, my weary feet,
Rest on a foreign strand.
Strange sights are round me now,
Strange faces greet me,
And my bark has touched the shore,
Who is there to meet me ?

'Tis weary — 'tis weary !
To land amid the crowd,
To be gazed at all vacantly
By the careless and the proud ;
To hear kind words of welcome
Poured forth on all but one,
To look back on the distant home
Where the love was all our own.

Alas, for those who once were held
The dearest of the dear,
Who wander forth in after hour,
And none their paths to cheer.
I felt all this when first I bade
My island home farewell;
But now these mournful feelings come
Back with a double spell.
The ship that bears an English name,
And a gallant English crew,
And better far — an English friend,
Now I must leave them too !
Fair bloom the islets of the south,
Fair bloom the myrtle bowers,
Sweet are their shady olive groves,
And sweet their stranger flowers :
But I bear with me from the sea,
A charm, a spell, a power ;
To fill my heart with deep regret,
When I recall this hour.

Farewell, farewell, it is the last
Link, 'twixt my land and me ;
And thus with tears I rend it now :
Farewell, thou murmuring sea !

Our walks in the country become, every day, more and more interesting. It is February, but the ground is covered with flowers, and the sky is as pure and brilliant, as we sometimes see it at home, in a bright July noon ; the crowning ridge of snow on the Acroceraunian mountains, is the only thing that speaks of winter. Truly, there cannot be a lovelier sight in nature, than this I have

now before me, as I sit writing in the verandah. Below, is the sea, bright and blue as the lapis lazuli, and not awaking those melancholy feelings, which the sea, bounded only by the horizon is sure to excite; for the channel that separates us from the continent of Greece, is not more than ten miles broad; so the view is shut in, as it were, by the encircling mountains, whose tints vary with every passing cloud.

When we have passed through the ramparts that enclose the town of Corfù, novelty greets us at every step. Groves of olives; little white churches, not larger than an English cottage, and standing apart, alone, in some sweet solitude; ruined columns, lying prostrate on the site of an ancient heathen temple; groups of peasants in strange and picturesque costumes; dark-eyed maidens, assembled round the fountain at eve, and bearing away their classically shaped pitchers on their heads: these are the objects which meet and delight us at every step. To move from city to city, to leave a coterie of dandies and bas-bleus in Grosvenor-square, for another in Paris or Rome, may scarcely be called travelling: little variety is presented to the mind, or even to the eye. But to be transported from the modern Babylon, the very centre of civilization, to this little obscure speck in the Mediterranean, where the natives are at least three centuries behind us in the march of intellect, is change indeed! It is like the return of Abou Hassan to his home, after a day's

visit to the palace of Haroun Alraschid, of renowned memory. And it is well that it is so,—well that there is something to keep alive attention, and feed imagination from day to day. How else could the heart, torn in early youth, with all its fond and warm affections fresh about it, bear to look on the altered world and live! Alas, for those, who, brought up in the warm sanctuary of a beloved home, surrounded from childhood with looks beaming love, and words breathing affection, are forced to go forth alone, and alone to strive along the uphill path of life! but this is worse than idle.

This morning we struck out of the high road that leads from the city, to the governor's Casino, and entered such a pretty wilderness, full of narrow meandering paths! and every now and then, as we ascended a rugged knoll, such bright little peeps of the blue sea peering through the olive branches! We scrambled down the rock to the sea shore; the beach is very narrow, but it abounds with shells, very small delicate things, fit for fairy cradles. Did you ever read the story of the cuckoo crab, who forces the poor quiet periwinkle out of his house, and then takes possession of it himself? according to,

“The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

We proved the truth of this notable fact in the natural history of shell-fish, greatly to the delight

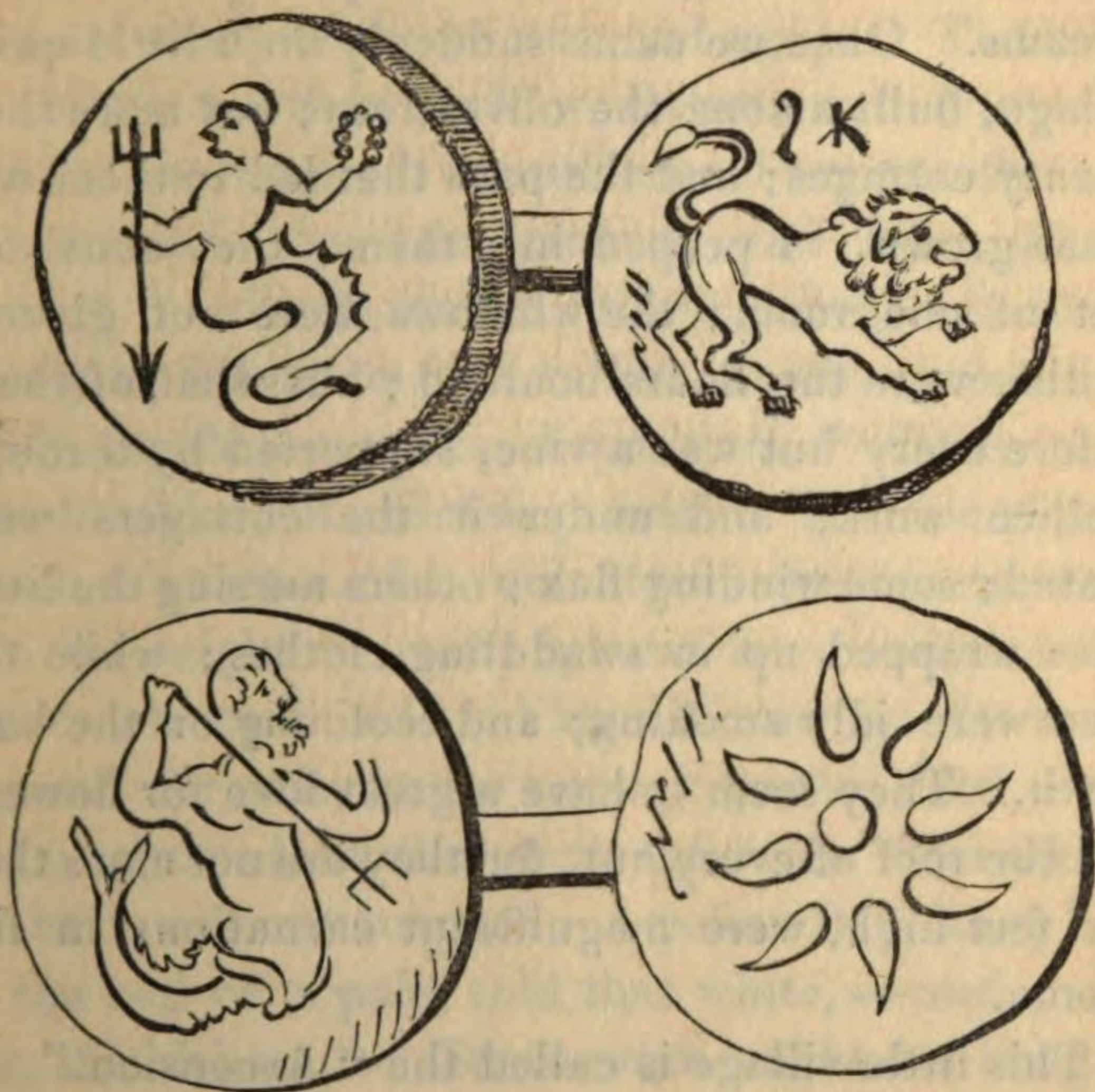
of the children. Harriet and Emily have a great penchant for natural history,—animated, be it understood; and they were as happy as possible, wading in the sea after oysters and periwinkles. The oysters, eaten on the spot, were of course the best ever tasted; the periwinkles had not so happy a fate; they, poor things! were brought home in a bottle of sea-water, to be kept as pets. We gathered some white coral and some half-formed sponge; the form of the latter was round and hollow, something like a mushroom; I suppose it increases in size as it becomes gradually finished. The little cove in which we stood this morning is called Cardachio: there was formerly a church built here, close to the sea shore, dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of mariners. On its site, there is now a tank, made of large stones, covered with ancient Greek characters; the stones were brought from the ruined temple on the top of the cliff, and the tank is supplied by a sweet trickling mountain-stream.

In the year 1633, Cappello, proveditor from Venice, resolved to pursue the pirates who desolated the Adriatic. They took up their position at Durazzo, and resolved to sell their lives dearly. Cappello landed, surrounded them, cut them to pieces, and the vessels, and immense riches of these corsairs fell into the hands of the Venetians and Corfiotes. Cappello returned hither in triumph, and, determined to take every possible ad-

vantage of his victory, he sunk, near the church of St. Nicholas, fourteen of the pirates' vessels, thus forming a mole, which the sea has since destroyed. Cardachio is now used merely as a watering place for ships, very different in its silence to what it was in those days, when the robed priests of Neptune assembled on the summit to consummate their splendid sacrifices. There is an old story told by Pausanias, and I believe this is the spot whereon it was acted. Some bulls were quietly pasturing on the short sweet grass that covers these cliffs as with a garment, attended by an old cowherd. One of the bulls ran every evening to the brow, and there bellowed so long and lustily, that the curiosity of the herd was excited. He ran to the sea-shore, and saw close to the beach an infinite number of tunnies of extraordinary size. The alarm was soon spread, and in a few hours, behold, the sea covered with barks, and the fishermen trying every art to secure their booty, but every art was tried in vain. So they sent to consult the oracle of Apollo, who returned for answer that they must sacrifice the bull to Neptune, if they wished to allure his subjects from his dominions. The Corfiotes followed this advice, and succeeded in their fishery to their heart's content. They afterwards sent to Apollo a gift of a brazen bull, carved by Teoprope Eginetta. It was placed in the temple of Delphos. Not content with this, they sent also a cow of the same material to Olympus,

and in both places offered up a part of their piscatory treasure. Pausanias goes on to relate that the cow was cited by the Elëides, and condemned to exile, because a child, playing with it, knocked himself against the brazen image and died of the blow. The Corfiotes struck some medals in honour of the bull, one of which was in the possession of the Chevalier Marmora in 1672. The inscription on the field signifies 'Corcyrensium;' on the obverse the vase represents the urn that contained the ashes of Corcira, by the Pheacians venerated as a goddess; the grapes denote the abundance of wine, and the door indicates that Corcira is the door of the Ionian, Adriatic, and Mediterranean seas.





It requires but a slight play of imagination to reinstate these fallen columns, and fancy the train of robed attendants, the solemn priests, the bull reluctantly led forth to the sound of hymns in honour of Neptune, and finally sacrificed in sight of the city.

On we went clambering up precipices, wandering through valleys, resting under trees that seemed as old as the creation; now scaring the wondering sea-gulls from their homes, now chasing the goats along the sands, and ever and anon stopping

to admire the course of the pretty mountain streams. Once we came suddenly on a little quiet village, built among the olive-trees; not more than twenty cottages; and the path that led to them was grass-grown. I peeped into them; they consisted but of one room; the windows were not glazed, neither were the floors boarded; but what of that! before every hut was a vine, supported by a rough trellice work, and under it the cottagers were seated; some winding flax; others nursing the little ones wrapped up in swaddling clothes; while the men were idly smoking, and reclining on the bare earth. They seem to have a great love for flowers. On the roof of every hut, for they are not more than six feet high, were magnificent carnations in full bloom.

This little village is called the "Ascension." It adds greatly to the pleasure and interest of our country rambles, that the peasants, rich or poor, never think of enclosing their ground; so that often, unwittingly, we find ourselves in the midst of a garden, surrounded by beds of strawberries and tomatoes, and it may be, by the side of a well. These last are so primitive, that I must describe one to you. — A high pole is firmly fixed in the ground near the edge of the well; on the top of it another long pole is fixed in a transverse position. At one end of the horizontal pole is a bucket, at the other a corresponding weight; so the man removes the weight when he wishes to draw water, and down

goes the bucket. When hedges are made at all, they are made of the cactus and agape. The cactus bears a bright yellow flower, and from the fibres of the agape, is manufactured a coarse thread. We crossed the race-ground, and came home through a village called Manducchio, inhabited chiefly by fishermen and sailors, noted, time out of mind, for their warlike disposition. "Fierce as a Manducchiot," is a Greek proverb. The one street, about a quarter of a mile long, was so narrow, that we might in many places have touched the houses on each side. The different goods were exposed for sale, under a rough portico tiled over, and supported by the stems of trees, from which the bark was not stripped. A yellow flag, hung out on the end of a pole, told that white, — and a red flag, that Ithaca or Zante wine might be bought within. Fish were jumping about all alive, and apparently just caught. At other shops were displayed bread, meat, clothes, vegetables, all arranged on tables under the sheds; while the master, turban on head, and pipe in mouth, sat, tailor-like, sometimes on the window-sill of the house, sometimes on the table itself among his goods, awaiting his customers. We met two or three poor Suliote women, toiling along, bent double under the weight of enormous faggots, which a strong man,—for the experiment has been tried,—could scarcely lift from the ground. These poor creatures had their knitting in their hands, and

their husbands, smoking as usual, walked at ease by their side. Wherever two or three houses, standing back from the rest, formed a sort of recess, there was sure to be seen a party of women seated, making nets, winding flax off the graceful looking roc, or plaiting rushes, and forming the plait into round flat baskets, with a hole in the centre of one side; these baskets are used for expressing the oil of olives: we have gathered the rushes by the sea shore; they are about three feet in length, bear a pretty flower, and are armed at the top with a point as fine as a fine needle's point.

Between Manducchio and the ramparts, there is a little valley watered by many springs, and at the point where they meet, there is a well, by which people are stationed, whose trade it is to fill the pails and barrels of the good wives. At the entrance of the valley stands a church, and by the door, on a large stone, is a box for the poor. The water-drawers, miserable as they are, seldom pass this box at night on their return home, without dropping into it their obolo. Surely these poor people, depriving themselves of their hardly earned bread, offer us, in their utter ignorance, a sweet and touching lesson. I have frequently remarked the willingness of the poor Greek peasant, to assist his more distressed neighbour.

But I have kept you out of doors long enough; you must come home with me, through the Porto Reale, over which stands frowning a rough old

statue of St. Spiridion, down the narrow crowded street, and on to the esplanade. The esplanade is a moderate-sized irregular piece of ground. One side is occupied by the palace of St. Michael, and St. George, which faces the sea ; as does also a part of the east side, which is planted with trees, and forms a fashionable promenade. But the most remarkable object along here, is the singularly shaped rock, on which the old fort is built : it is separated from the city by a ravine, over which a draw-bridge is thrown. On the green are only two buildings : a temple dedicated to Sir T. Maitland, and a Greek church. Down the centre is a row of trees, any thing but flourishing, and terminated by a statue of Schulembourg, a famous Venetian general, who fought valiantly for the city during the last siege of Corfù by the Turks. This is scandal point, a regular lounging place for the officers and idlers of the garrison : many an exquisite invention is fabricated here, which afterwards walks the round of the evening coteries, and is believed by very *new* people. The general rule is to believe only half of what we hear ; but here I am told to believe nothing I hear, and half only of what I see. The west side is partly occupied by a range of tolerable houses, with a long portico running in front. Add a Roman Catholic church, with a little cimetière, full of cypresses ; a few old houses with broad terraces, irregularly built and coloured, red, white and yellow,—and the picture is complete.

Our house is a large rambling old place, in which a great deal of room is completely thrown away; long corridors with no thoroughfare, halls that are never used, and recesses inhabited only by spiders. The ground-floor is a mere warehouse, and let out as such; the premier was, I suspect, never used before my arrival, being considered too good to be used. The family consists of my good host, the Count Giovanni Asinelli, his wife, two daughters, a son, son's wife, and a young niece from Venice, staying on a visit. The family sitting-room, is furnished much in the Italian style, with large Venetian mirrors; bad engravings in ebony frames; a table which never leaves the centre of the room; an old grand piano, in which the forte predominates; and a divan that occupies two sides of the apartment. There is also a lamp hanging from the ceiling, but it is merely ornamental. The picture of the Virgin is invariably placed in the master's sleeping room; a lamp burns before it day and night, and a variety of charms and offerings hang about the walls. As for books, I never saw one in the house, except my own; they are confined to the libraries of the learned and professional men; indeed, the Greeks are far too busy, running about from place to place to hear the news, to care much about reading.

The count himself, is descended from one of the oldest families in the islands. As he married at fourteen, and began housekeeping a year after, he had no opportunity of remedying a bad education by

travel, according to the fashion of his country. He is a very favourable specimen of the Greek nobility; and I fear, rather to be considered as a *lusus naturæ*, than as one of a genus. He is a man of strong shrewd sense, and possesses a larger portion of natural apprehension of right and wrong, than I ever before witnessed, for with every external disadvantage, abandoned early in life to his own guidance, living for many years under the most corrupt government in Europe, he yet possesses high and honourable feeling. Many years ago, a trifling event occurred, which will give you an idea of the man and of the manners of the times. A treasurer was to be chosen for one of the Ionian isles, in which his estates lay, and in which he had spent his youth and early manhood. The men, with whom the nomination rested, were Venetians, utter strangers to the place, and its inhabitants. At a loss to choose for a situation of high trust, among candidates, of whom they knew absolutely nothing, they seated themselves at an open window of a house at the extremity of the town, and calling in every man as he passed by to his daily labour, inquired who among their nobles was the most honest and upright? The Count Asinelli was named by nine-tenths.

The countess,—I can but smile at her title,—looks more like a slatternly cookmaid, than any thing else. She wears the Italian dress; indeed, I know only one Greek family among the higher orders,

who persist in retaining their own costume. One day in the week, the lady is dressed for company ; on any other day, if her friends call, she is 'not at home : ' she goes about the house in a wrapping gown, and dirty untidy night-cap, a bunch of huge keys dangle from her waist, and an enormous pair of diamond ear-rings repose tranquilly on her shoulders. She can neither read nor write, but pickles and preserves to a nicety ; and she is the sole nurse of her little grandchild. She is always regretting having left a house in the square, because, she says, " It was so nice ; I could sit at the window all day, and call up the men when I wanted to buy cabbages and lemons." This good lady is a great enemy to all innovation, and will not eat a potatoe for the world ; for she says, it is the very fruit with which the devil tempted Eve. She has two sisters married and settled in India, and if you ask her in what part, she will answer, ' In the isle of France.' One day I showed her a map of Hindostan, and she pointed to the Ganges, and asked if it was the Jordan ? On one present remarking, that India abounded in rivers, " Yes, indeed," she replied, " if these be their mouths," pointing to the lines which map-makers draw round the edge of the land. The eldest son, Count Giovanni, (in this country all the children of a nobleman take the title of count and contess, and you will not seldom hear inquiries after the Contess-si-si-na,) is married and lives in the house. As long as the father of a

family lives, he claims the earnings of all his children, and keeps them all in utter dependence on him. Giovanni has travelled and seen the world; nay, I believe he spent three years in a college at Pisa; he fancies himself a prodigy of learning and talent, and because he had an English master for three months in Italy, he talks cleverly of Sterne's romances, and Goldsmith's sermons. He assured me very solemnly, that the sun never shines in England; and when I asked with becoming humility, how, in that case, our fruits and flowers come to perfection, he answered, "your fruits ripen in hothouses, and your roses are pretty enough, but they have not the least fragrance." This same clever person, fancies himself an adept in politics, and knows the name of all our leading men by heart. We were holding a debate one evening, as to who should be appointed as successor to our late governor; one said, Lord Duncannon; another named Sir Alexander; a third, wished for Sir Lowry Cole. Giovanni came in, and settled the matter in a moment:—"The Duke of York was coming out immediately."

Of the two girls I can tell you but little, having scarcely seen them. They sit all day at their embroidery, and when in town never stir out, except once at Easter, when they go to mass at midnight. This extreme rigour is not common now among the higher classes; most of them take out their daughters to church, and for the evening drive: nay,

some three or four occasionally appear at Lady Woudbe's weekly routs. Glycera is betrothed to a man whom she has never seen; Rubina is destined to take the veil. Diamantina, commonly called by the affectionate diminutive, Nina, the count's niece, is not a brother's, but a second cousin's child. In this country, all the younger branches of a family call the elders uncles and aunts.

Nina is a fine warm-hearted girl, and often shares my morning rambles and evening employments, for her cousins are but insipid companions for her; and now, before I finish prating of the house and its inmates, I must say a word of the servants, as the picture of a Greek menage would be very incomplete without them. Here, as in all parts of southern Europe, they are treated rather as humble friends, than as dependents, and take "en revanche" a very warm interest in all that concerns their master and his family. There is none of that chilling distance which we so rigorously maintain; neither are the children chidden for talking and playing with the servants. I will not tell you that they never acquire a common expression, or a vulgar trick; but, on the other hand, the man who has served the father, watches with parental interest over the welfare of the son; the nurse in particular, is treated with a high degree of affection and respect; and after having brought up a large family, very seldom quits it for another. Nina's

nurse has accompanied her foster-child from Venice, and it is beautiful to see the kindness and attention with which Nina waits on the person, and receives the advice of good old Donna Maria.

At the head of Count Asinelli's establishment is a certain Andrea, a shrewd, sensible fellow, fully alive to his own importance. He nursed his master when a child, and seems on all occasions ready and willing to advise and direct him now. He has not the slightest idea of being contradicted or controlled. Last evening an "ami de maison" called to pay a friendly visit; Andrea was desired to bring coffee; ten minutes passed and no coffee appeared; the little silver hand-bell was rung, Andrea summoned, and the order repeated.

"Coffee," he said; "yes, it was ordered, but never mind it to-night; I have not time to get it."

"But," remonstrated his master, "it is for the Signor Yallinà, my particular friend."

"It does not signify, I suppose the Signor can do without it for once; he shall have some another time."

Andrea, since my arrival, has been taking particular pains to learn English, and Debby, good Debby, is his instructress. Verily, the pupil is worthy of the teacher. As he is used to hear every person at all respectable, called by some sort of title, he has given me that of the 'Milordina.'

"No, I tell you," screamed Debby, as I accidentally passed the room, in which they were at

dinner together ; “ this is plum-pudding, and that is potatoe, mashed potatoe ; not pudding potatoe.”

“ Very well,” replied Andrea, with the quietness of one who feels himself in the wrong ; “ yes, I understand now ; this is patate pudding, and that is plum-pudding de patate ; now I understand.”

FEBRUARY.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found, by one who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And, in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.

COWPER.

ABOUT half a mile beyond the ramparts and gates of the town by the sea shore, or rather, overhanging it, for it is built on the summit of the cliff, stands the Casino or country-house of the governor, and when you have fairly passed it, and its unfinished gardens, you presently lose sight of all traces of man, his industry and ingenuity; and in a few minutes, may wander in a solitude as profound as though not a creature existed in the island but yourself. Now and then you may just distinguish a little white church like a Swiss chalet, peeping through the olives on the summit of a distant hill;

but these lowly buildings rather whisper thoughts of heaven than of earth; they are opened only once in a year, on the saint's day to whom they are dedicated; therefore you need not fear interruption; and if you do occasionally pass an Albanian in his shaggy capote, guiding his goats and sheep along the ledges of the precipice, or a dark graceful girl with her pitcher on her head, winding slowly along the narrow pathway that leads from the fountain in the valley; they are both in perfect harmony with the scene; they will not recal your wandering imagination to the realities of the world,—that cold, selfish, bustling world from which, at times, we are all so glad to escape.

When you are quite tired with scrambling up and down the narrow precipitous paths that lead to the sea shore, or through the ravines that lie between the cliffs, you may find many a sweet resting place. I will describe my favourite, — yet no—descriptions are so tiresome. I will speak only in general terms of a little green platform, hanging, as it were, half way between the summit and base of the rock; a clump of olive trees; a murmuring fountain, the source of which, rising in the heights above, trickles all the way down the face of the cliff; a bright clear sky above, and far below the deep low music of the ocean. Soothing to the soul is the voice and the aspect of nature. I have seated myself sometimes in that little solitude, with a heart well nigh bursting from a sense of

utter desolation. A stranger, in a far-off country, separated from all those, whose voices were the music of my childhood, how have I pined after the fondly remembered glances and endearments of other days ! A look, a word of affection, would have been to me as a treasure ; yet they came not. I was, in every sense of the word, a lonely one ; and bitter, bitter tears would fall, as the thought came over me, that even should I die on the morrow, a cold farewell, and an unwept grave would be all my portion. Then I would gaze on the blue sky and bright landscape, and listen, at first, all unheeding to the murmur of the waters, and bethink me of that other better world, where partings and griefs are unknown ; and so, quiet and soothing hopes would steal over my spirit, and after an hour's lonely communing I would leave my resting place, if not happy, at least content, and would return to my dwelling, with nerves new braced for exertion.

One day, Nina and I were seated together at my favourite fountain, and I asked her if she had not some pretty legend connected with the spot, with which to beguile the noontide hour. She said, " I can tell you a story with which this fountain has much to do ; not, perhaps, so old a legend as you would like, but still, far enough removed from your manners and customs to interest you." So I took out my work ; it was the very lace veil I sent you the other day as a birth-day gift, and my companion thus began.

THE STORY OF ANASTASIA.

This fountain is lonely and deserted now ; I believe it has always been so, for the path that leads to it is steep and difficult to descend. There is another spring supplied by the same source higher up, whose waters also are hushed, and whose sides are covered with weeds ; it was not always so desolate ; until within these last twenty years, it was the custom of the maidens of Corfù, to come forth in the cool of the evening from the town, to fill their pitchers at the upper fountain. You will wonder now, that that spring, once so much frequented, should have gone quite to ruin, while this by which we are seated, though lonely enough and seldom seen, except by such explorers as yourself, should be preserved with care. Its waters still make music to the ear, and its rill is shaded so that no impurities can fall therein : I will tell you the reason of these things. In former days, it was the custom in the town, as it still is in the country, where your influence is not felt, for one daughter of a family to become the slave of the rest ; all the drudgery of the household, even to the hewing of wood and drawing of water, fell to her share ; while her sisters and mother, relieved from all care, passed their time in the lighter labours of the needle, in visiting, and taking their pleasure.

Now, to these poor maidens, the task of fetching water from without the city was a pleasure. Accustomed to contemplate their hard lot from in-

fancy, to see it shared by their companions, they murmured not ; they went through the fatigue of the day as well as they might, and at even tide, the walk to the fountain, the idle gossip, the careless song, indemnified them for all. But the girl, whose story I am going to tell you, though she shared the fate, shared not the thoughtlessness of her comrades. From her earliest infancy, Anastasia Naranzi had looked with envy on her sisters, and had asked herself continually, why her lot should be so different from theirs. She had naturally deep and warm feelings, but they had nothing to rest upon ; and when a mere child, she saw her mother fondly caressing her sisters, while she sat apart, unnoticed and unthought of, with her distaff, performing her melancholy task ; her heart swelled with a bitter feeling of injustice, her brow flushed, and her young eye looked on, too much in scorn for tears. Her warm affections, crushed in the bud, turned to discontent and sullenness ; and as she grew older, these feelings strengthened. She felt superior to her companions ; she could not submit in quiet silence to her lot as they did, and therefore she drew herself apart from them.

Alone at evening, she came forth to fill her water-jars, and when the other maidens seated themselves round the upper fountain, and began amusing themselves with talk and song, alone she descended this steep and slippery path ; and here by this fountain she sat alone, and mused on the

unhappiness of her life. She felt within her an aching void, a deep longing after some unattained good, a restless desire of knowledge; and sometimes, in her ignorance, when the pale evening star came forth to herald in the night, she would kneel down on the turf and pray the blessed being, who, she believed, inhabited it, to come down and give her something to love.

One evening in autumn, the day had been very sultry, she came here a little earlier than usual, and found, to her surprise, that her retreat had been invaded. A man, a Greek peasant, was reclining under the clump of olives; Anastasia thought he slept, but as she drew near, she feared, from his extreme paleness, and fixed stiffness of position, that he slept the sleep of death. She raised his right arm to place it more easily, and then she saw he was wounded, for the sleeve was blood-stained. Hastily, Anastasia brought her pitcher; she sprinkled the stranger's face, and chafed his temples and hands. At last, he opened his eyes, and when he was able to bear the movement, she raised him against the tree, and tearing a part of her linen veil into stripes, she washed and bandaged his arm. The stranger looked at her thankfully, and said,

“I am much better now; I was shot at in the woods above, and fainted from loss of blood. I suppose the robbers brought me here, lest my body, being found in the more frequented path, should have led to their pursuit.”

“But you are still very weak,” replied Anastasia,

“and the sun is yet too hot for you ; if you can, with my help, walk to yonder cavern, the coolness may refresh you.”

The man accepted her offered arm ; he had been under the trees many hours, and was very stiff, but at last he reached the cave. Then Anastasia left him, and with a light step ascended the cliff, hastened to the poor cottages above, belonging to the shepherds and goat-keepers, and begged a little bread and wine. It was given promptly, and then retracing her steps, she just paused a few minutes in the monk's garden, down there in the valley, to choose some of the ripest oranges, and again entering the cave, she placed her offering on the ground beside the stranger.

“Eat,” she said, “and regain your strength ; in a short time you will be able to walk into the town.” As she turned to leave the cave, the man raised himself on his arm, and answered her,

“Whoever you are, maiden, I owe you my life, and thank you for it ; may God reward you, for I cannot.”

“God !” said the girl, her parting step arrested ; “Who is God ?”

The Greek was well aware of the ignorance of his country-women, but he was not prepared for such a question. After a moment's pause he answered, “I cannot tell you now ; some other day, when you come to the fountain, and there is more time for conversation, I will meet you here, and tell you ; see, the sun is setting fast.”

Anastasia pondered on the stranger's words during her homeward walk ; and in the silence of the night, " Where is the Being," was the thought that haunted her, " from whom I can expect reward or kindness?" This question incessantly recurring, and the hope of hearing more on the subject, diverted her mind from its habitual melancholy. Day after day she hastened her labours, that she might go earlier to fill her pitcher, and day after day brought her fresh disappointment ; a week passed before she saw the stranger again, and when she did see him, her first anxious words were ; " Tell me, who is God ?"—The stranger, whose name, as he afterwards told her, was Rosario, led her to the verge of the little platform, and bade her look on the quiet waters below, and then asked her if she had ever seen the sea when a storm was raging. " Yes, yes," was her answer ; " I have seen it, and these little billows were swollen into high mountains, and tossed and foamed almost to this green nook, and I hoped they would cover me, and carry me away where I might forget, and be forgotten."

" And what prevented them from doing so ? Who restrained them from rising yet higher, and covering the whole land with desolation, and whose hand at last assuaged their fury ?"

The girl bent down her eyes as in deep thought, but she answered not ; and Rosario stooped and plucked a flower, a heath-bud, from the ground. " Tell me, whose hand raised this flower from the cold earth ?"

“ It came,” she answered ; “ it came from a seed that was sown by the wind.”

“ But that seed came from another flower ; and, go back as far as you will, you must yet come to a beginning ; and who do you think made the first—the very first ?”

“ I know not.”

“ You know not ! but I will tell you ; listen to me, for my words are the words of truth. The same Being who created the ocean, and who rules it in its wrath, pencilled the delicate leaves of the flower that grows beside it. He created every thing that breathes, and every thing that is. The name of this Being is God. He is all-powerful and ever present : He sees even the thoughts of the heart ; young maiden ; He is with us even now.”

The heart of Anastasia throbbed quickly ; she bent her knee, it might be unconsciously, and bowed her forehead to the ground, under the deep and strange reverence that filled her spirit. When she arose, she leaned silently against the olives ; she asked no more questions ; the knowledge she had already gained was sufficient for her that day. She could talk no more, yet ere she left the fount, she prayed Rosario to meet her again, and bring her more of such wonderful tidings.

He readily promised to do so, for he was pleased with the eagerness this poor girl showed to gain information, and he pleased himself with the hope of scattering some few flowers in the path of the desolate one. I cannot tell you all the meetings and

conversations they held ; it would take too much time, — it is sufficient to say, that he continued daily to instruct her in the great truths she was so anxious to learn ; and that, while he spoke, her fixed attention and eager countenance showed her willingness to learn. By slow degrees he displayed to her view the attributes of the Holy Being, whose name he had been the first to utter in her hearing ; he told her of His hatred of sin, explained to her the difference between good and evil, and won her persuasively to practise the one, and detest and abhor the other.

When the golden fruit of the orange-tree was quite ripe, and the last withered leaves of the pomegranate fluttered along their path, it was too cold to sit by the fountain ; but Rosario's nurse, the good Donna Anna, lived in one of the cottages on the brow of the cliff : it was necessary that Anastasia should repose after her long cold walk, and she was too anxious to continue her lessons, to refuse the kind old woman's invitation ; so she entered the cottage, and her heart seemed to melt within her, when Donna Anna smiled on her kindly, and called her, her dear child. Rosario brought books to the cottage, and engaged to teach Anastasia to read ; for he told her that even his knowledge, great as it appeared to her, was nothing to what she might acquire, if she could once read the written word of God.

So Anastasia learnt to read. It was happy,

very happy, that evening hour, in the lowly cottage, when Rosario laid aside for awhile the sterner employments, and more tumultuous thoughts of his busy day, and Anastasia bent pondering over the little manuscript volume, he had himself written for her in Romaic; while the good nurse, with the rock in her hand, sat, now twining her yarn, and now listening to the words of deep and touching import, that the young girl uttered. Over the door hung a picture of the Virgin and Child, before which a lamp constantly burned, as is the custom in this southern island; sometimes the wind blew the flame of this lamp aside, and made it cast a flickering light over the portrait, and then the old woman would look on it, and declare that a smile passed over the features of the holy Maiden-mother. Anastasia often paused over the written characters she found so difficult to decipher, but she conquered them at last, and when she had done so, and could read them fluently, another task awaited her: the Book she most wished to read was not then printed in her own language, and Rosario could only translate for her detached passages: she must learn Italian, — that sweet and silvery language she had been used to consider fit only for the high-born and wealthy. — She had another alphabet to learn, but Rosario was a zealous teacher, and she applied with all her heart; her memory too was retentive; so before the hot season came round again, she laughingly told her friends not to speak of their secrets

before her, as she could understand much of their discourse. When the delicate blossoms of the anemone spread over hill, and valley, and rock ; and the bee and the spring butterfly came forth from their long dreaming, Rosario and Anastasia again met, and conversed by the fountain side, for she had learnt from him to love the sound of the moaning sea, and the song of the wild bird, and all the sweet sights and harmonies of nature ; yet she forgot not her winter friend ; the day passed not in which she failed to cross the threshold of the cottage. Sweet as was the evening hour to Anastasia, no less sweet was the influence it shed on every hour and every day of her once melancholy life. Religion is a blessing to all, but surely it is more peculiarly a blessing to the poor, since it gives them hope,—the animater ! the cheerer ! the life-inspirer ! How different it is to look on sorrows and deprivations, as sad chances which we must per force endure, and to look on them as a part of the discipline which is to prepare us for, and enable us to obtain, eternal felicity ! Gracious God ! what is life, and what are life's heaviest crosses compared with eternity ; and how can we repine, when we remember what Thou in thy earthly form didst endure, that we might be saved !

The young narrator paused, and I could not interrupt her, for I knew that she spoke in all sincerity ; I knew, too, that when she spoke of suffer-

ing and sorrow, she spoke of things with which she was but too intimately acquainted.

When her momentary excitement had passed, she resumed her story. —

Anastasia still laboured, but with a spirit of alacrity and cheerfulness, that rendered her labours light. At night, when she withdrew to her own little room, she no longer threw herself on her lowly pallet, and passed the heavy hours in weeping; she knew that this was sinful. She sought employment; she learnt to plait the coarse country straws into hats and baskets, and with the money thus procured, bought a few useful articles of dress and furniture. — Rosario gave her some fine English roses; these were placed in painted flower-pots, and decorated the deep window-ledge. Some plain muslin curtains, a piece of matting for the floor, gave a cheerful aspect; and better still, on a shelf in one corner were arranged her books, and her precious manuscript volume. Anastasia was a proud, and a happy girl, when she looked round on these things, and busied herself in her quiet and peaceful employments. The sense of loneliness and desolation that had been used to press so heavily on her young spirit, had utterly passed away; she had a Friend ever present, to whom she might lay open every thought, and who had promised to give her every assistance; she felt grateful, and she tried to prove her gratitude; and the efforts she

made, and the gratitude she felt, shed peace round the humble home of this poor young maiden, lightened her hours of toil, and sweetened her moments of recreation.

Anastasia's mother had an uncle, living some few miles from the town, who, when called there by his little affairs of traffic, failed not to visit them ; though he met with but a cold welcome, for the old man was poor, very poor. But Anastasia, eager to do all the good in her limited power, changed her manner to the poor old man. Come when he might, a seat in the shaded verandah, a jug of the freshest milk, and a plate of the ripest fruit were always ready for him, even though she deprived herself of her own share. The old man learned to love her, and she too felt kindly for him ; he called her his child, and said that she would one day be rewarded for her charity to her poor destitute uncle.

At last the old man died, and then it was found, to the surprise of every body, that he had been not poor, but miserly, saving from youth to old age, and spending less than little. All his great wealth was left to Anastasia ; left too, under the guidance of a skilful lawyer, so that her family could not expect to deprive her of her just inheritance.

On the evening of the day in which she learned this news, Anastasia put on her accustomed linen veil, and went as usual to the fountain. Her friend was there, but his countenance was so changed

from its usual quiet and cheerful expression, that she was alarmed, and forgot to communicate her intelligence.

“ I have but a few moments to stay with you, to-night,” he said, and his voice sounded sad and faltering; “ and yet I know not when we may meet again ; yes, Anastasia, I must leave you,” he continued, for the girl stood silent from surprise ; “ but I could not leave you to fancy yourself forgotten or forsaken.”

“ And whither,” asked the bewildered girl, “ whither do you go ?”

“ Anastasia, I will deceive you no longer. I am not what I seem ; you think me a Greek peasant, of like country and rank with yourself ; it is not so. I am Venetian, the son of a Venetian noble. My father and my country call me home ; I am involved in a painful and perilous affair, and know not how it may terminate. If I live, I will return when it is over, and claim you for my own Anastasia. If I die, you must pity and pray for me.” Although the girl’s tears fell fast, and she could not speak, yet did a sweet sensation of happiness fill her whole heart, now, as she heard these words ;—it was the realization of her dreaming. “ Tell me,” he added, in a softer tone ; “ can you leave your country,—your beautiful country —and your home, for my sake ?”

“ Rosario,” was her answer, “ I can never forget that you were my friend when I had none other.

I care not who you are, or what name you bear ; I will follow you to any country." And so, with many tears and many fond vows, they parted.

In less than a week afterwards, the plague broke out with fearful violence in Corfù. And now the beauty of Anastasia's character shone forth ; wealthy and independent, she might easily, while yet un-attacked, have removed at once from the island ; but her mother was sick, dying of the fearful disorder, and her sisters feared it too much, to remain in the house ; her father had been for some time absent ; they knew not whither. And now did Anastasia watch unremittingly beside her mother's couch, minister to all her wants, and sooth, herself unwearied, her querulous complaints. She died ; and when all was over, her sisters claimed attention. How can I tell of the days of fatigue, the nights of watching, borne uncomplainingly by the gentle girl ; alone she smoothed their path to death, and sought to inspire them with some of her own calm confidence in the protection of Providence. In vain ! It is not on the bed of sickness and pain we should seek to acquire that knowledge which ought to be its consolation. When the intellect wanders, and the heart aches, and the trembling spirit draws back, and yet is fain forced to contemplate that future, of which it has thought so little in health, it is late to begin that fearful inquiry, which should occupy our whole and undivided attention. Anastasia's cares were vain ; her sisters

died, and she looked round in terror at finding herself the last, the only one of her family in the city. She remembered Donna Anna, and sought her, and the two comforted each other. The kind guardian, the lawyer, advised them, while it was yet time, to seek refuge in Venice: Anastasia had hitherto, from the calmness and fearlessness of her mind, escaped contagion, but the plague still raged here, with unabated violence. So they embarked for Venice, and now we may suppose that during their tedious voyage, Anastasia made many inquiries as to the cause of Rosario's leaving her so abruptly; but the good woman knew only that he had compromised himself with government, and had been forced to return home in haste to exculpate himself. If it had not been for her anxiety respecting him, and the sadness that arose from the dreadful scenes she had lately witnessed, Anastasia would have enjoyed the novelty of her voyage. She loved well, at night, to sit on the deck and watch the quiet stars disappear one by one, till at last the glorious moon uprose and silvered the flickering waters, broader and wider, till the light seemed to reach her very feet. She loved well to mark the bright gleamings of phosphoric light, as they now twinkled for a moment like mimic stars, and now shot down a long line of radiance through the depths of the placid waters; — but better still she loved, as they neared the quiet lake-like scenery of the Dalmatian coast, to recline on deck and

watch the glories of the setting sun — shut in, apparently, by the long low range of hills on the Italian side, and by the bolder promontories of Dalmatia opposite, secluded from the world—even the vessel partaking of the tranquillity of the hour and scene, floating idly on the quiet waters ; it seemed as though the heart had nought to do but to dream of eternal repose, and the eye, no fitter employment than to gaze through the golden-touched clouds into Paradise itself. In due time they arrived at Venice, and with the assistance of her good old friend, Anastasia was soon settled in a home suited to her fortune. Donna Anna's next care was, to inquire of every one likely to give intelligence, the accusation brought against Rosario ; she was herself a Venetian, and had gone to Corfù, for the sole purpose of being near her foster-son. Morning and evening, was the good woman in her gondola, going from one end of the city to the other, besieging every friend, relation and acquaintance, with questions ; returning at night sometimes with a budget of news, that was contradicted the next morning ; for the proceedings of the Venetian government were at that time sufficiently obscure. Of two facts only, she received certain intelligence. Rosario was in prison, and the Conte Naranzi shared his fate, and the suspicion attached to his conduct. She could no longer keep the secret of Rosario's name and birth, which he had once imposed on her. “ It was his whim,” she said, “ to

pass himself on you as a Greek peasant, lest you should be awed by his rank, and no longer converse with him, with the openness and simplicity, for which he loved you so much. He is a 'Pisani,' only son to one of the 'Ten;' and though every one else in the city may be ignorant of his imputed crime, and of the fate that awaits him, his father at least must be acquainted with both."

On the next day, the old nurse went to her former master, but she returned in the evening, disconsolate as usual. "He would not speak, but to reproach me," she said; "he insisted, that I might have prevented this sad misfortune. Oh, lady! see him yourself, he cannot refuse to answer you!"

Anastasia's resolution was taken; that very evening, she determined to venture alone into Pisani's presence. It was with a beating heart, and trembling step, she passed from her gondola, into the corridore of the palace. She walked through the long lofty passages, and ascended more than one magnificent stair-case, before she reached the private apartment of the noble Conte. It was a small, yet lofty chamber, with carved cornices, and walls resplendent with gilding and paintings; a chandelier hung from the centre of the doomed roof, and shed brilliance over all, yet these things dazzled not the eye of Anastasia. She saw only, before her, the father of him, who was dearer to her than the whole world, and she feared not, with all her ignorance, and simplicity, to throw herself at his

feet, and passionately implore, to know the fate of her father, and of her friend.

The Conte could not withstand her tears and supplications; he told her that a conspiracy had been formed against the Venetian government at Corfù; that the life of the governor had been attempted, and that Naranzi, and his own son, were named as the ringleaders.

“They are innocent! he is innocent,” she answered.

“It may be so,” replied the Conte, mistaking her meaning, as she corrected herself; “you cannot be more certain of your father’s innocence, than I am of my son’s, although he refuses to defend himself; but justice must be obeyed, and innocence that cannot be proved, is of little avail: I have succeeded in obtaining a respite of one week, and then —”

“But,” interrupted Anastasia, “on what grounds do they accuse him, Rosario; your son I mean?”

“The meetings of the conspirators,” was the reply, “were held in a lonely cavern by the sea-shore. On the day, on which the governor’s life was attempted, their steps were tracked thither, and for many days, nay months, my son had been observed to go to the same spot, every evening.”

“It was to see me, he came,” answered Anastasia, gasping for breath in very eagerness: “to teach me, to comfort me, he came; for I was alone in the world, and now he will not declare the

reason of his going there, lest he should injure me. I see it all, kind, generous Rosario !”

“ Can you swear this, young maiden, and on the day of St. Anastasia, on which the fearful attempt was made,—can you swear, that he was with you then? — if you can !” — and the bright gleam of hope in the father’s eye, finished his sentence ; but the animation of the girl’s countenance faded, as his was awakened ; for well she remembered, that on the very day alluded to, she had been disappointed of her accustomed pleasure ; she recollected it well, for it was her own festival day, and Rosario had accounted for his absence, at their next meeting, by giving her the MS. volume, he had laboured, though vainly to complete as a birth-day offering ! he had been so anxious to finish it, that the hour had passed unheeded.

As all these things passed through Anastasia’s mind, she turned very pale, and the Conte said, anxiously, “ Are you sure, quite sure, that he was not with you on that day ?”

“ Quite sure,” was the unhesitating reply.

The Conte leaned forward, and he said, in a lower voice, “ Nay, nay, you forget ; if it was his custom to meet you every evening, you cannot be so certain as to one particular day. On the day of his trial you will come forward as a witness,—the life of Rosario, the happiness of his father, will depend on your testimony, you will save——”

“ I understand you,” answered Anastasia, rising

to depart ; for unconsciously, in her deep agitation, she had sunk on a couch, and drawing her veil round her with an air of unwonted dignity, she continued, “ But I cannot give you a hope that will never be realized, not even to save——”

“ Stay, finish not your sentence,” hastily interrupted the Conte; “ hear yet one more word ; it is not the custom of the proud nobles of Venice to smile if their sons marry the obscure and lowly born, — nevertheless—do not turn away and blush so deeply. — If you will on this occasion obey my bidding ——”

“ No,” replied the girl, “ Rosario himself would despise me if I could listen to your suggestions. I cannot, even to save his life, and it may be, my own also, utter a falsehood : it is over ; I have now but one boon to beg. An aged friend of Rosario’s is staying with me here in Venice, and I would pray you to give me an order for her admittance to him, that I may send him some words of comfort in his loneliness.”

“ And why not beg this boon for *yourself*, fair maiden ?” asked the Conte, with something of asperity in his tone. “ No,” was her answer; “ after what your excellency has said, that is impossible. As to my father, he loves me not ; therefore I will at least procure for Rosario all the satisfaction he may yet enjoy.” The Conte gave her the order, and with it his signet ring, and one parting injunction: “ At least,” he said, “ promise to use all your

influence with Rosario to induce him to justify himself." This she agreed to do, and so departed from the Pisani palace.

When she reached her home, she found Donna Anna, quite wearied with exertion, fast asleep. She listened to her deep breathing, and felt unwilling to disturb her. Yet the privilege was granted for that night alone. A new thought darted into the girl's mind. Hastily she drew Donna Anna's large cumbrous robes over her own slight figure, and found, when the hood was arranged, and her handkerchief held to her face, that the disguise was sufficiently complete. "I will go thither," she said, "and one of them shall escape." But whose life should she save at the probable expense of her own?—Now came the moment of trial: she thought on the unwearied kindness and patience of the one,—on all of happiness and hope she owed him: she thought on the cold neglect and sternness of the other,—that father, who was to her as a stranger; and yet, she said, in an agony of uncertainty, "He is my father, and I have promised not to see Rosario: it may be, I may whisper to him the words I would have sent by the old nurse;—and my father,—ah! yes, it must be my duty to save him. I must not let Rosario think he has taught me my duty in vain!"—She soon arrived at the prisons, and holding up her kerchief, and bending lowly on her staff, she followed the porter to the apartment of the jailer. To him she pre-

sented her paper and her ring; and recognising the latter, he desired her to follow him. Her heart beat painfully, and her trembling knees almost refused to support her, when, on reaching the bottom of the steep narrow steps, leading from the keeper's guard-room, she stepped into the dark, damp and low passage, on one side of which the prisoners' cells were ranged. The Conte, in his hurry, had forgotten to indicate the one to which she desired to gain access. There was another moment of doubt and fierce conflict, another terrible trial; but it was the last.

“To the Conte Naranzi,” was her trembling reply. The man applied his ponderous key to a low iron door at the extremity of the range, on the left-hand side of the passage. There was a lamp fixed against the wall about half way down, but recently lit, and over the door of every cell was a small hole to admit a feeble portion of light. The man pointed to it, and said, “I must not give you a lamp; it is not named in the order, but that will burn as usual for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time I will return for you. Now, Signora, enter!” Anastasia almost started as he cautiously threw open the door, for the entrance was so very low that a child could not have gone in without stooping. She, however, crept in; the jailer shut the door upon her, and the next moment she heard his step retreating. The light gleamed through the hole so faintly that she could not at first dis-

cern one object in the little cell. As her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she saw that it contained only a chair and small iron bedstead. On the latter, the figure of a sleeping man reclined. Anastasia advanced, and lightly touched his arm. "What! more tortures?" exclaimed the wretched prisoner,—“be it so then, I will not betray them.”

“Father,” answered Anastasia, “it is I, your own child. I am come to save you. Look,” she continued, slipping off Donna Anna’s large and flowing robe, “you can wrap this round you, and give me your capote. Father! arise and hasten, or the prison keeper will return.”

Naranzi was silent with astonishment, and indeed, too much interested in following his daughter’s advice to waste the precious time in asking questions. He hesitated not—severe as he knew the laws of Venice to be,—to leave his innocent child in the loathsome dungeon in his stead, yet, when he saw her stretch herself on his iron bed, and felt that he was abandoning her to a living death, some feeling of compunction touched him. He stooped, and for the first time since her infancy, kissed her forehead.

“Father,” said the trembling girl, “yet one moment before you leave me. In one of these dungeons is imprisoned a noble youth, Rosario Pisani, accused of being an accomplice in this conspiracy. When you are safe, yourself, my father, you can testify as to his innocence.” Before Naranzi could

answer, he was summoned from the cell, and, unsuspected, followed the steps of the jailer to his daughter's gondola.

In the meantime, Rosario, summoned from the island which was become to him, almost an earthly Eden, first by his father, and afterwards in a more peremptory manner by government, learnt with surprise from the messenger despatched by the latter, that he was accused of participation in a plot, of the very existence of which, he had been utterly ignorant. The same witnesses who had tracked his steps to the sea-shore, had brought from the cavern there, a fragment of a list, dropped accidentally by some of the conspirators, containing the names of all but one. The number 'ten' was inscribed at the top, Naranzi's name followed, and after it, eight of less note. The remaining word had been torn off. On this evidence Rosario was imprisoned. Well aware, that if the real object of his daily visits to the sea-shore were disclosed, the fair fame of the young Anastasia would be blighted for ever, in a country where women are secluded with almost Eastern severity, he resolved to be silent, even to the death. And he kept his resolution; even to the fond and reiterated questions of his aged father, he answered only, "I am innocent of this imputed crime, but I cannot tell you the purpose for which I frequented the conspirators' haunt."

Wearisome and painful as his confinement was,

his determination never faltered. Fourteen days, he had been buried in utter and sickening darkness, ere even his active mind could suggest any employment. A nail, which he found by chance, proved to him a treasure. During the single quarter of an hour of twilight,—for it was nothing more, which he enjoyed while the keeper went his nightly rounds,—Rosario busied himself in tracing on the walls of his dreary prison, sentences of hope and consolation which might cheer those who should succeed him in his lonely abode. The rest of his time was partly occupied in recollecting and arranging them. It is difficult, nay, I had almost said, impossible, to be thrown into a situation in which a spirit of active good-will may not find means to benefit its fellow-creatures.

This employment was blessed to Rosario ; it prevented despondence, and by occupying his mind, procured for him the sweet relaxation of sleep. Then would his dreams carry him far away to his island home, and his dear Anastasia. One night, more weary than usual, he fell into a deep slumber, and fancied that he was seated by her at the fountain, and she was singing to him in her low clear voice, as she had been wont to do. Was he really asleep or waking ? The image of the fount, and of the sea-shore faded gradually away. He felt himself in utter darkness, — yet the voice, and the words were as clear and distinct as ever they had been in days of yore.

SONG.

When life's sunny days are over,
And the world seems dark and drear,
When thy baffled hopes discover
That they have no refuge here —
When thy heart feels sad and riven,
Cheer thee! there is hope in Heaven!

Though thy prison bonds are on thee,
Though thy cell be dark and cold,
Though the eye of love upon thee
Never more thou may'st behold,
Though thy hopes are wrecked and riven,
Cheer thee! there is peace in Heaven!

Though thy manly strength is failing,
And unnerved and conquered now,
Worn with watching, sorrow, wailing,
Death's cold damp sits on thy brow;
Though thy very soul seems riven,
Cheer thee! there is bliss in Heaven!

Rosario often afterwards declared, that, spite of bonds and darkness, and imprisonment; in spite, too, of the peril of her he loved, that hour, when he lay, half sleeping, half awake, listening to her soft voice, and scarcely conscious in his dreaminess, whether or not it was the voice of an angel, was the very happiest of his life. And now, need we add, that by dint of constant industry, he succeeded in making with his nail, a hole in the wall through which they might converse together?

Lightly passed those hours of darkness, for their intercourse was freer and more delightful than ever. Anastasia knew that she was beloved, and scrupled not to confess to him who was ready to lay down his life for her sake, that his smile was dearer to her than the light of heaven itself. She urged him, with all her sweet powers of persuasion, to assert his innocence, and prove that his visits to the fountain had been made to her, but his answer was invariably,—“No, Anastasia, I cannot prove that I was with you on the day of St. Anastasius, and the rest would little avail; I will keep my secret, and your fair name shall not be uttered with a scornful smile. And fear not for me, it will be sweet to die for your sake.” And then the girl would talk of her gratitude, and vow to dedicate her future life, if, indeed, it should be spared, to prayer and to his memory: so the days flew away unheeded, and Anastasia was grieved and surprised, when, after the lapse of a week, the jailer came to tell her that he had orders to conduct her to the council-room. This man had perceived the exchange of his prisoner four-and-twenty hours after it had taken place, but partaking of the mystery affected by all connected with that gloomy prison-house, had forborne to make any observation to the girl herself; so Anastasia knew not whether she was led forth to trial or to death. Her eyes were bandaged, and when she had ascended the narrow staircase, and first felt the blessed air of

Heaven pass over her face, a sickening sensation came over her, and she paused involuntarily before the window. Her guard led her on : in a few minutes she was in the council-room, and the handkerchief was removed from her eyes. For a moment the light oppressed her, even as the air had done ; she covered her face with her hands, and silently prayed for strength to sustain the presence of her judges. Determined not to be awed by their noble and severe appearance, she said, ere she removed them, “ I will not look on the sweet light of day, until I solemnly declare, that in the trial which is about to take place, I shall speak that only which truth shall dictate. Rosario Pisani was not with me on the day when the governor’s life was attempted, but he is innocent, innocent as the noblest among you ; and now lead me back to my prison ; I will share his fate, since I may not avert it.”

“ You shall share his fate, young maiden,” answered a deep voice ; “ and you have but yourself to thank for it : your trial is over, and your punishment is prepared. Remove your hands, young maiden, and take courage to look on it.” Anastasia did so, but instead of the stern and venerable circle, in the midst of which she believed herself to be standing, she saw only a mild and kindly-looking old man, and one other, beyond, whose smile sent all the blood from her heart to her brow.

“ There,” said the old man, in answer to her

look of surprise, "there is your punishment; lead forth that prisoner from these walls. As soon as your father was safe in Greece, beyond our jurisdiction, he sent us the names of all his accomplices, with papers, establishing at once their guilt, and Rosario's innocence. Go now, and lead him forth from the prison which for your sake he has inhabited so long."

"It is a pretty story," said I, when my young friend had concluded; "but is it true?"

"Quite true," she answered, with a quiet smile; "for Anastasia was my own mother!"

As we returned slowly home, I was desirous of seeing the monk's garden, in which Anastasia had gathered the ripest oranges she could find. It is a sweet secluded spot, snugly sheltered between two high banks, that slope gently down to the sea. These banks are covered with olives, and at this season, the violets grew plentifully among the thick grass; at the back, the garden is shut in, by a thick grove; on the top of the bank to the right, are a few pine trees, and in the midst of them, the little white church dedicated to Elijah, or, as they call him, St. Elia. When you stand in the garden, you may fancy yourself quite shut out from the world, you hear no other sounds, than the singing of birds high up above your head, and the restless beat of the ocean. There is a sheltered seat, under a group of orange-trees, and nothing can be pleasanter, than to sit there inhaling the sweet fragrance

of the flowers, and watching the sun-light as it darts across the ravine, calling up one half of the foliage into brightness and beauty, and leaving the other side in the deep gloom, which is here so peculiarly agreeable, because, it gives the idea of shade and coolness. I could sit, I think, for ever, in this sweet solitude, musing and moralizing on the vanity and worthlessness of all beyond. It was, however, necessary to come home ; so up the bank we scrambled, then on through the olive grounds, to the summit of a green hill ; where, on the very top, stands a hermit residence, a very forest sanctuary, called by the Greeks the ‘ Baron Theotoky’s folly.’ We mounted the staircase, as it was on the outside, not without some trepidation, as the banister was rotten, and the steps in the last stage of decay. We pushed open the door, and found ourselves in a small room, empty and desolate. There were three unglazed windows, each commanding a view of uncommon beauty. The sun was setting behind the low blue hills that skirt the peaceful lake of Calichiopolo, and sending glorious light, and hues of unnumbered beauty through the sky, as it gleamed through the western window. From that to the north, beyond a luxuriant foreground of trees, arose the rock citadel, the town, and the mountains of Epirus, and from the eastern opening, the sea,—the boundless, deep, and placid ocean. A very peculiar feeling steals over the heart, when we stand in one of these ele-

vated dwellings, and look out on the glory and beauty of nature stretched out at our feet. One feels so desolate, yet so raised in spirit,—so cut off from the world's sympathies, yet so superior to them; I do not marvel at those people of old, who loved to worship in groves and in high places. Now, home, down the forest-path, with the dying sun-light gilding here a stem, and there a leaf, as it were, bidding a regretful farewell to the lovely landscape: and there, winding along the narrow path in the dell, are two Greek girls, with their yellow vests, and white veils wreathed round the head and shoulders; and pitchers on their heads, calling to mind the princesses of Homer, or, yet more vividly, the Rachels and Rebeccas of our beautiful bible histories, whom we read of in earliest infancy at our mother's knee, and love and venerate to the latest hour of our after-life. I must sketch these girls: one, blushing and laughing, makes her escape; the other at Nina's earnest request, stands still, and grave as a statue. The sketch detained us, and before we were quite through the grass-grown village of Annalipsi, a pale star twinkled in the horizon; the light in the light-house, rising from the rock at the extremity of the long narrow promontory on which Corfu is built, looked like the eye of a guardian spirit, watching the city, and warned us home. Presently afterwards, came troops of earthly stars, gliding and darting about over the ditches, and from stem

to stem of the lower branches of the trees, on our dresses, and even on our heads,—little flying lamps—fire-flies : this is the season to enjoy their beauty, for as the heat increases they disappear. The children are delighted with them ; Henrietta catches and keeps them in little paper cages, that her dolls may see to read by them ; and Emily, who is a great naturalist, tells me that they are about half an inch long, the body dark brown, and the head bright red ; the light is placed like a little lantern under the tail. I shall not soon forget the delight with which I first saw them, for not only do they call up, instantaneously, many a delightful passage in eastern romance and song, but, also, at our first arriving in a new country, every thing which serves to distinguish it from that we have left, is a new source of pleasure. We were in the country, at Potamo, enjoying the cool twilight in a summer parlour, that opened on a stone verandah, full of night-smelling flowers. They were engaged in the interesting conversation twilight so often brings : but I heard it not,—my thoughts were far, far distant, when an exclamation from one of the company roused me ; one, two, a dozen of these beautiful little insects, came darting into the room ; it was by this time perfectly dark ; they fixed themselves on the furniture, on the walls, and even on our persons ; so the conversation was broken, and we sat for a long time without lamps, on purpose that we might gaze at, and admire them.

MARCH.

ONE of the count's servants married many years ago, and is settled at the little village of Castrades, about a mile out of town. As his cottage offers an admirable specimen of the Greek peasantry, I will describe it to you, only premising that he is better off than many of the villagers. He does not stew myrtles for soup, or eat the weeds out of the fields, as many of them do. Stefanò, on his wedding-day, took his wife's mother to his house, and she still lives with them ; he has two daughters, and a happier or more united family, I never beheld. Stefanò is industrious, and very ingenious: his cottage contains two rooms ; the outer one is neither ceiled nor floored ; one door opens on the road, another opposite to a pretty garden ; for furniture, it contains a few benches, a table, a large carved Venetian chest, and two portraits of some of the old Venetian governors ; all want of other ornament is made up by a superabundance of live pets. These

kind-hearted people take in all the stray dogs and birds of the neighbourhood ; and Stella, the eldest girl, nurses them with the greatest fondness. In this very room, are three singing birds, a whole family of pigeons under the table, a lame cat, and a little jumping black cur, who seems very well inclined to domineer over all the others. One day, we were caught in a shower, and ran in for refuge. Henrietta was mounted on a donkey, so Stefanò would not rest till the donkey was brought in also, and there he stood in the middle of the room, braying in perfect astonishment, to the great amusement of the rest of its inmates. The inner room, the sanctum, is finished with a far greater degree of neatness. I suspect that Stefanò spends half his earnings on it. It is floored, and what is still more uncommon, the floor is kept constantly scrubbed ; in the next place, the beams and tiles are hidden by a very neat ceiling of bamboos closely twined together ; and, lastly, the most expensive improvement of all, one window is actually glazed. The place of glass is generally supplied in these lowly cottages, by cloth strained over a frame, or by gypsum, which is found in some parts of the island in pieces sufficiently large and thin. This room contains two beds, on handsome bedsteads, each covered with a white counterpane, and, folded neatly over at the top, is a snow-white frilled sheet : you may suppose these are taken off every night. Stefanò and his wife occupy one bed ; the

other is shared by the grandmother, two girls, and Chloe, the afore-named little black cur. Old Katrina assured me that she could not sleep without Chloe, and "he is just as fond of me, Signora," she continued; "he goes round to kiss them all every night, but he always comes to sleep on my arm." Every Greek housewife, even the poorest, prides herself on the whiteness and trimming of her bed-linen. Exactly opposite the door, hangs a picture of the Virgin, a black beauty, and the background, as in all the pictures of the Greek churches, is gilt; a lamp hangs before her, but it is only lighted on feast-days, though always full of oil. On St. John's eve, the lamp is emptied before the house, and some wish is spoken for the good of the family, which is sure to be granted. The portraits of many other saints hang about the walls. On each side of the door stands a sofa, that indispensable piece of Greek furniture, and an old-fashioned bureau, decorated with the various curiosities of the children: among them, stands conspicuous an English doll, which we dressed for Angelica, carefully preserved under a paper case.

Behind the house is the flower-garden, neatly arranged with Maltese vases at the corners of the beds. There is a pleasant trelliced vine-walk all round, and in one corner a large stone well: this too, is shaded by trellice work, which forms a pretty arbour. Many an idle noontide hour have I loitered away there, gathering grapes, as they hung almost

into my mouth, and listening to the auldwife-stories and country traditions of the good old 'Nonna.' Here, as every where, the old legends are passing into oblivion, and those ceremonies which the grandmother practised in her young days with superstitious reverence, are laughed at by her children. But I love these remnants of the olden day, these footprints of the fairies, and it is good and refreshing sometimes to turn away from the cold reasoning of truth, and hear the old woman tell how, in her maiden prime, she used to join a company of merry girls, on the eve of Midsummer-day, and they would put a flower-bell, each choosing her own favourite, into a wide-mouthed bottle, and lower it into the well, walking round, and singing all the time, and each one uttering her secret invocation to the goddess Flora, with the name of some favourite peasant lad in her heart; and how, early on the following morn, they used to hasten thither, and woe to those lasses whose flowers were floating with their faces downwards! Then the old 'Nonna' tells me never to walk out at noon in June and July, for then the evil spirits are abroad, free to work their wicked will; and if I admire any thing she values,—her grand-child's hair, or Chloe's silken ears, she spits on the floor, and exclaims, 'Anathema,' to avert the 'evil eye.' This 'evil eye' seems a very formidable bugbear. I never yet saw a Greek child without an amulet sewn in a leathern bag, and hanging round its neck to avert the dread influence.

I do not know whether their constant custom of spitting proceeds from the same cause: climate may have something to do with it, for little Henrietta declares, that in Greece, even the very horses spit!

To return to Stefanò.—He has more ways than one of gaining his bread. When I first knew him, he was employed as a messenger by the legislators; but when the session was over, there was an end of his pay. The next time I called, he was seated cross-legged on the table, with his long white nightcap hanging down tastily over his left shoulder, a huge pair of scissors in one hand, a waistcoat in the other; and behold my hero, a knight of the shears! This sedentary occupation was varied by cultivating and selling his flowers, and two or three ragged little urchins standing round the doorway, and making all at once an odd sort of noise, between chanting and reading, now and then called to order by a tap from a pole, that served Stefanò in the double capacity of yard-measure and rod, gave token to an experienced eye of another trade in embryo, when gardening and tailoring should fail, and so it came to pass; when all the neighbours were supplied with coats and flowers, Stefanò undertook to teach their young ones to read. His whole library consists of a folio copy of the Old Testament, printed partly in red-ink; a quarto, very old and ragged, containing the Epistles and Gospels; two or three spelling books, and a little volume of fables. Stefanò

would fain exercise his scholarship on his daughter Stella, a pretty dark-eyed girl of fifteen; but she will not learn; she cannot speak a word of Italian, though all the rest of the family speak it fluently; she does not know Alpha from Omega. I fear much, Stella is stupid; she works in the garden and fondles her pets all day, and when I reasoned with her this morning on her ignorance, she replied languidly, "I am very happy, Signorina: is it necessary that I should be wise?" Little Angelica is another sort of a person; she is but nine years old, and a perfect miracle in her mother's eyes. She has for some time attended a village school, established by a good English lady, a missionary's wife. The school is conducted on the Lancasterian plan, and has already wrought wonders. Little Angelica can read Greek, a little English; she can write and cipher; she can work too, and already begins to give herself little airs of superiority, which her sister bears with all imaginable patience. I am afraid you will think I have prosed to you a long time about these people, but I own to you, I have a great affection for them, and I was much struck this morning with the contrast presented by their simplicity, their *naturalness*, and kindness of heart, to the frivolity and emptiness of a whole host of English visitors, whom I found here on my return home. However, as I did find them, and we are on the subject, I will say a word or two of the English society here; as my sketches,—scratches,

Andrea calls them, — would scarcely be complete without, and then dismiss the subject as soon as may be. We live in a panorama : strangers coming, travellers just reposing, friends, — no, we have not time to make friends, — acquaintances going ; — we are always on the *qui vive*. This is amusing at first, but soon wearies. Of course, there are a few leading people on whose longer stay one may rely ; but such people, good Lord ! Just now, frivolity is the order of the day ; frivolity reigns high and low ; it is the distinguishing characteristic of the prima donna, the high and mighty queen of the hour. Lady Woudbe is a perfect doll, without sense, manner, or spirit ; she loves dancing, lives on flattery, and adores the last handsome young man out from England, who has light curling hair. Now the head of such a person, you must needs imagine, is tolerably empty ; and empty it is, as the tête on which Madame Trombetti ties her hats and caps.

Shall I touch in some of the heroes of the day ? First and foremost, comes Captain Bagshot, — such a prince of noodles ! He conceives quizzing the highest accomplishment a gentleman can possess, and the “*nil admirari*” as the very summit of human wisdom. He wonders anybody can take the trouble to dance, and yet, to keep up his credit at the palace, where dancing is considered the chief end of existence, inasmuch as they practise every morning, and exhibit every evening, even when the glass stands at 80°, he will drag his weary limbs

after "the Petrides" through a quadrille. Poor young man ! he often complains of the monotony of life, and the vanity of all human pursuits !

Have you read the German popular stories, and do you remember the tale of the man who had a wonderful fiddle, which, when he began to play on it, inspired every one within hearing, with an irresistible inclination to cut capers ? I often think the soul of that fiddle has passed into our band at the palace.

"So here you find us !" exclaimed a gentleman, last night, to a friend who had been absent six weeks ; "here you find us dancing and fiddling, just as you left us."

"Ay !" answered Mr. Crawley, "here you are at it still. I don't believe you have been to bed since."

Captain T—, the next great person, belongs to another order of simpletons. He smiles to show his teeth ; he complains not of trouble, for he never does anything that will not conduce to his own pleasure ; he asks you, with a simper, if you will commit a quadrille, and wonders whether anybody thinks it improper to valse. He is really clever, but thinks it fashionable to affect total ignorance. *Au reste*, he is well enough for his situation ; he can turn the leaves of a lady's music-book, carry her smelling-bottle, arrange her bouquets, and perform all the little tasks which constitute an aide-camp's duty in a peaceful garrison town ; but I

shall never get on at this rate,—a dozen lines for every fool in the place; Mr. Courage will not supply me with paper enough! We have the officers of the commissariat department,—some vulgar and aping gentility; others contented and unaffected; another set always regretting England, while in their hearts they would be heartily sorry to return thither; others again, always complaining of the want of good society, which complaint, one might think reasonable enough, if the said complainers knew what the words meant. This lady, an Algerine beauty, will not speak to a man below the rank of a colonel. That one sketches *à l'envie*, and talks of nothing but effect and *clair obscur*, Mrs. N. gives tea-parties, and calls her husband, Mr. N., “my dear;” and Mrs. B. cries to go to a ball. Oh, ye powers! such twaddles! As to our single belles,—but no, I will spare the trio for the sake of one; for one among them I do heartily and sincerely love. *Au reste*, I will give you a specimen of the intellect of “garrison ladies.” You shall have, verbatim, the chit-chat of this morning’s visitation. Endure it once — I endure it often.

“I saw you at the opera last night, in the General’s box, my dear Mrs. Dick; what do you think of *La Pirata*?”

“Just tolerable; but the ballet is altogether too bad!”

“True; but those who think so, should stay at home, and not make themselves so very absurd as

Anna did last night, with her drawing back, and her affected blushes."

"Why, they do say that she and another English lady sent a petition to the General, requesting him to give orders that the ballet should conclude the evening, instead of coming in as an interlude."

"And did he make himself so very absurd?"

"He gave the paper to Crum, and Crum spoke to the opera people; but they all declared, if any alteration should be made in their arrangements, they would take themselves off to Italy forthwith, and leave us, sans ballet, sans ballerina, sans opera, sans every thing!"

"And did the affair end here?"

"Not entirely; Lady Woudbe resolved to try her influence, and sent orders to the ballerinas to lengthen their petticoats; and the petticoats were lengthened."

"There is an *on dit* abroad," said Harry Dormer, "that one of the opera ladies, enclosed a piece of her robe, when she had finished lengthening, to the lady, as a hint, that charity should begin at home."

"Really, how very delightful! and is it really true?" and the eyes of the speaker glistened as she spoke.

"Can't vouch for it," replied Harry; "but if these stories are so delightful, I'll give you another, as true, as true can be. — On the night the house opened, so great was the fear lest Lady and Cap-

tain Beckford, in their extreme love of putting their legs in a passion through a cotillon, should, when the music struck up, spring involuntarily to the stage, that they were fastened, whether by chains or by leathern straps I can't tell, to their seats."

"Mr. Dormer!"

At this moment, Mrs. Sims, an excellent person, rose to go home.

"There she goes!" said the speaker, with the glistening eyes, "punctual as twelve o'clock. Do you know why? — Every morning at noon, she sends her man Tom with a bason of soup to her better half at his office, and she says, 'Tom, give my compliments to Mr. Sims, and I hope he's quite well.' Mr. Sims drinks the soup, and replies, 'Tom, give my compliments to your missus, and I'm quite well.' — Mr. Dormer, you must give me another for that."

"I will: I'll tell you what I heard myself at the palace last night. We were preparing for departure, and there was Anna, groaning and sighing, and tugging in vain, at the mighty task of changing her shoes. At last, she discovered her mistake. 'Oh, papa, I might have pulled for ever; it's your shoe; no wonder it would not come on!'"

"Capital!" — and from this moment, the lady with the glistening eyes fidgetted about restlessly.

"But you're sure it's not a Schulemburg?"

"Sure! on my veracity." So the lady made her exit.

“ Now,” said Susan ; “ will that nonsense be all over Corfù in less than an hour ; but let us forget it ; come all of you into the verandah ; we will close the doors, and we will shut out from our thoughts all the scandal and frivolity of this frivolous place. Come !”

There was no resisting her entreaty ; so forth we all sallied, and a pleasanter place in which to pass the long morning, could scarcely have been devised. I have already told you, of the bright blue sea and sky, which alone are sufficient here to call up feelings of gladness. This is not all, at each end of the verandah, stands an enormous wooden box filled with earth, and each of them contains an oleander-tree, in all the pride and beauty of its rosy bloom. Among the branches, are fastened the cages of some singing birds. Harry talks in raptures of the oleanders, white and pink, that grow spontaneously on the banks of the Peneus, in the vale of Tempè. A variety of flowers, which you nurse in green-houses, and which after months of anxious nursing, put forth a few pale puny blossoms, flourish here almost without culture. They are planted in vases, and set, some under, some upon the low broad wall, so that scarce a vestige of the dark grey stone may be seen. The whole is covered with an awning, and the slips of trellis work, covered with creeping plants, which support it, divide the view beyond into compartments :—a series of marine pictures, in frames covered with flowers. Two or three

couches were speedily brought out, low luxurious couches, that seem to offer welcome, as one sinks down into them, and very soon we were all settled into quiet and happy employment. Harry was busy tinting some sketches, of meadow green, and mountain grey ; Susan began arranging some dried wild flowers, in her hortus siccus ; I took my work, and Nina, the only idle one of the party, seemed to watch our progress with a very melancholy air. I looked at her speaking face ; it said, in characters not to be mistaken, ‘I can do none of all these things, I can neither serve nor amuse.’

“Nina,” said I gently, “take your guitar ; it is lying useless on the divan ; sing us that old Venetian ballad, I admired so much last night.”

The girl started, and blushed, as though aroused from a reverie on a beloved object,—yet she looked pleased ; and trembling, she took up her instrument, and touched a few low chords. “Not that song,” she said in Italian, quickly, “any but that, cara :”—but I would not be refused ; I knew how well it suited her soft, plaintive voice, and I wished my friends to discover, that my favourite could do something well, though she had not been in England. English people are so apt to fancy themselves quite superior to all the rest of the world.

SONG.

Come hither, come hither, my own mother dear,
 And list to my words, they're the last thou wilt hear ;
 Dost thou see the bright sun, sinking slow in the wave ?
 To-morrow its radiance will gladden my grave.

Poor, poor Rosine.

Do thou robe me, dear mother, in robings of white,
 And wreath thou my ringlets with lemon-flowers bright—
 Lay me to rest in the dark cypress grove,
 And round my fair tomb, plant the myrtles I love.

Weep not for Rosine.

Let all traces that rest of my name upon earth,
 Be sweet as a day-dawn of spring's sweetest birth ;—
 When the girls come at twilight, to strew me with roses,
 Bid them not weep, that Rosina reposes

Far, far away.

Bid them not love. — Love on earth is a crime,
 It is love lays me low in my early spring time :
 Should *he* come, mother dear ! tell him all is forgiven —
 And bid him repent — lest he meet not, in Heaven,

Poor, poor Rosine.

“ No, no,” said Susan, laughingly, “ don't give me your guitar ; it's not in my way ; I am not at all sentimental, and cannot sing. Go on.”

Poor Nina, who understands English but imperfectly, looked disconcerted, so I answered for her. “ But Susan, you must amuse us in your turn ; tell us where you found all those pretty flowers ; did you gather them in your morning walk, while we were at Stefano's ?”

“I did,” she said, “I went this morning to Alipù. The almonds are in full blossom by the road side, what does their Hebrew name signify, Harry?”

“The awakener,”

“Ah! yes; and a very appropriate name it is. The delicate pink blossoms contrast beautifully with the dark green of the pines. I left the carriage at Alipù, and with little Henrietta, than whom I would not desire a pleasanter companion, began ascending the mountain. I with my trowel, and Henrietta following with her flower basket, and truly a richer treasure did never botanist collect. The foot of the mountain is covered with olive groves, and there the birds were singing *à l'envie*; but as we ascended, every sound was hushed. The air was absolutely fragrant from the violets.”

“Stop, stop,” said Harry, “not so fast, fair lady; are you quite sure that your imagination is not wandering in fairyland? St. Sauveur says, there are no singing birds in this island.”

“St. Sauveur,” returned Susan, “is mistaken, every one says,—I must believe my own ears.”

“What! in preference to a book,—a real printed book!”

“Yes; I read in a book, a real printed book, that in Cephalonia once on a time, boys used to be born with tails; and that at a certain time of the year, the winds were so violent that they blew the sea over an isthmus at one end of Cephalonia, com-

pletely separating the peninsula from the main land, or rather island. Now, Mr. Harry, don't interrupt me again."

"But," persisted her tormentor, "Charles Wilson, who has been here four years, never heard a singing bird."

"Very likely. Charles Wilson wrote home that there was not an oak to be seen in Corfù. Some people are not blest with eyes. You know the road that has lately been made; on one side of it is a high shelving bank; to the left a deep precipice, and beyond, valleys, plains, the sea, spread out like a vast map. Well! a thick blue mist rose up from below and veiled the valley. It was like standing alone in the world. I happened to look down, and there close to the edge of the precipice, was a large bed or border of these bright carmine flowers, the *saponaria*; can anything be lovelier? — if you had but seen it, trailing over the rich red soil in such profusion. — I have often observed the beautiful groupings of colour in which nature delights. These blossoms showed to tenfold advantage among the delicate pale green moss that clung round them; the pink cyclamen delights in the neighbourhood of the dark glossy leaves of the ivy; and the *anemone pratensis* never looks so lovely as when rising in solitary beauty from the reddish brown rock which relieves her lilac blossom. We left the road, and entered a narrow path bordered by *laurustinus* in full flower. The

bee and the butterfly were sporting about. The hyacinth, coronella, crocus, the purple and the white Iris, the veronica, all our spring favourites, are out. See, they are all here!" and she held up her basket.

"But what is this?—did you catch some of the bees and pinion them?"

"No; those are bee orchises. They grow in England, but not so profusely as here. And now, I am tired of talking. Give me your portfolio, Harry. Ah! beautiful!—trees—mountains—costumes, all jumbled together in most amiable confusion. I will sort them. Give me some of that blue ribbon, and I will tie some of the stragglers together. Ha! what is this?"—A manuscript was handed forth. A quire of Bath, gilt-edged, very closely written.

"Nay, don't attempt to snatch it from me. The very thing we wanted. An old song, and now an old story,—shall I begin?"

"No," answered Harry; "I will not lay such a tax on your tongue just now; you said you were tired of talking; in truth, I begin to think with Marmora, that women's tongues never do tire."

"But it must be read; we will not lose it indeed."

"Give it to me then; *must* is a powerful word. This story," he continued, looking rather shy and uncomfortable, "was given to me by my sister, and written by a friend of her's."

"Oh, never mind the introduction, begin at once. Nina and I will turn over all your sketches

while you read, and you shall have the benefit of our criticism afterwards."

"And the hortus siccus?"——

"Will repose till evening."

So Harry began reading; but in spite of his prefatory remark; in spite, too, of a few words dropped in, I suspect, a l'impromptu, about woman's feelings and so on, I am more than half certain that the thing was a scribble of his own, although the varlet did not choose to own it.

"When I was at Milan—but this is a sort of introduction, Susan, shall I miss it?"

"No; not if it speaks of Milan."

"Well then. When I was at Milan, my favourite place for a morning lounge was the Ambrosian library, and there my morning ramble always terminated. One day I set out, intending to examine very minutely the splendid wonders of the Duomo, in itself a gallery of sculpture, but my eyes soon ached with gazing upwards, and my attention wearied. Another time I was resolved to stand for at least an hour, before Guercino's inimitable Agar; that picture which, of all others, is most fitted to touch the heart of woman. But I gazed till a strange uncomfortable feeling depressed my own; my eyes were full of tears—in either case I was glad to forego my first intention, and take refuge among the delightful old MSS., and interesting objects of every sort, preserved in the Ambrosian library.

“Blessed be the memory of those good Borromeos! many a pleasant hour do I owe to them; and this I will say for myself, that I never quitted the building without pausing a moment before the picture of Federigo to do him homage. The books were my chief attraction, such charming musty, fusty old volumes; a copy of Josephus, written on papyrus in the fourth century; another more modern, yet to me more interesting, of Virgil, written by the hand of Petrarch, and illustrated by Memi, a friend of his. It is impossible to look on this without picturing to oneself the pale poet, panting after immortality and consuming over the midnight lamp, youth, health and strength in its pursuit. I did not bestow all my attention on these, and other lions of the collection. Many an humble little missal, unadorned, except by its antiquity, was handled again and again. One among them particularly excited my curiosity: it was very, very old, bound in velvet, clasped and studded with silver, and one illumination adorned the frontispiece. It represented a kneeling girl, and the girl's countenance was one of undying beauty. The single word ‘Berenice’ was traced under it. How I did pore over that book, but it was written in Latin, and I pored in vain. The librarian observed me one day return it to its corner with a deep sigh, and sympathising, as every good Cicerone does with all who properly value their treasures, offered to lend me a translation he had written himself. No proposal could

have delighted me more. I seized the treasure, and scarcely staying to thank my good old friend, hastened home to devour it. That evening, I pleaded head-ache as an excuse for not going to the Della Scala, and having sent off all the party, locked myself in my own room for an evening's quiet enjoyment. I cannot describe the feeling of deep satisfaction with which I drew my comfortable fauteuil and reading table close to the wood fire, which seemed to blaze and crackle in very mirth of heart; and I trimmed my lamp, and set my feet snugly on the fender. The room was small, but very lofty, and adorned with the gilt cornice and domed roof so common in Italy. One painting, a copy of Domenichino's 'Agnes' hung before me, and I could almost fancy I traced a likeness between the face of 'Agnes' and that of the illumination I had gazed on with so deep an interest. I send you the story, and you must make allowance for the double translation it has undergone. The librarian's copy was written in pure Tuscan."

A TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, there lived in Rome a good old senator, who had two daughters. Veronica and Berenice were noted, less for their beauty and gentleness, than for the

extraordinary resemblance they bore to each other, and for their mutual affection. These girls were twins, their mother had died during their infancy, and it was found, after her death, that a mother's eye only had been able to distinguish the children. Had their father, Flavius Torquatus, bestowed much of his time and attention on them, he might have acquired the same power of discrimination ; but the noble patrician's hours were divided between the senate-house and the court ; and when he came home at night, wearied, he was well enough pleased to play with his two sweet little girls without farther troubling himself concerning them. And yet he was a kind father : he entreated his widowed sister to take up her abode with him, that she might take charge of the children ; he allotted for their use, a magnificent suite of rooms ; he purchased for them a numerous train of slaves. Veronica and Berenice had scarcely a wish ungratified.

As they increased in years, the remarkable similarity of their persons remained undiminished, but their characters became essentially different. Berenice was pensive, gentle, it might be somewhat melancholy, studious and fond of retirement ; Veronica was volatile, giddy, of quick and warm affections, yet did these points of difference not lessen their fond affection.

They had completed their sixteenth year, when, among other presents brought by their father on his return from a visit to the East, was a young female

slave of extraordinary intelligence and merit. She soon became the favourite of Berenice, and the noble young Roman would frequently recline for hours on her couch, while the slave beside her, occupied at her embroidery, would tell her tales of her own family and native land. She wept when she spoke of her peaceful home and aged parents, and Berenice felt as though she loved the girl the more for her fond regret. She asked her for what cause her liberty had been forfeited, for she knew that Alcè had not been born a slave, but on this point she could not obtain satisfaction. Berenice would not pursue the painful subject, but her sister's curiosity was not so easily suppressed. She questioned her father, and the reply of Flavius made both his daughters start with horror.

“It was for crime,” he said, “for crime of a blacker nature than you can conceive, for crime that merited death, but I pitied her youth; nay,” he continued, “be not alarmed, she cannot, will not injure you; she is gentle and skilful in the healing art, for this reason I have placed her about you, and—you are Romans and noble, Berenice!—you will not descend to undue familiarity with a slave.”

Berenice remembered this injunction; she meant to obey it; but shortly after this conversation she was attacked by a painful illness, and during the tedious hours of sleepless nights, she could not refrain from desiring Alcè to tell her stories, and sing

her songs, as she had been wont to do. Often and often as she watched the quick soft step of her attendant, and compared her unwearied assiduity and gentle activity with the indolence and carelessness of her other slaves, she wondered what could be the crime of which so meek and unoffending a creature had been guilty. One night, she felt worse than usual, and having persuaded her sister to retire for awhile, she lay perfectly still, meditating on the past, and on the future, that fearful future, of which she knew so little, and which she so much dreaded. Alcè was kneeling by her couch, and believing her mistress to be asleep, she prayed in a soft low voice to the God of the Christians for her recovery. Berenice listened in still attention; she heard, to her utter surprise, the mediation of a Being implored, of whose very existence she was totally ignorant; she saw Alcè rise at last, with an expression of resignation and holy hope in her meekly raised eyes, which she had never witnessed in the votaries of Jove. She called the trembling girl to her side, and bade her quickly explain her secret faith. Alcè hesitated; she knew the danger she would incur for both, and some remains of the fear of man yet lingered about her heart; but she conquered the unworthy feeling, and drawing from the folds of her robe a roll of parchment, she read aloud to her attentive auditress, the record of the most surprising event in the history of mankind.

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Many months had passed away. One evening the sisters were together in their own apartment. Veronica stood before a mirror, her vest of satin, her flower-wreathed robe, her zone of brilliants told that she was preparing for a festival. At the farther end of the room Berenice was seated. She was arrayed in a plain white dress, and her long hair fell unbraided in its own rich luxuriance about her throat and shoulders; with one hand she fondled a snow-white dove, and ever and anon her dark hair fell over the gentle bird, and it nestled lovingly within it; the other rested on a parchment which appeared to engross the maiden's deepest attention.

"Come now, Berenice," said her sister, playfully fixing the wreath of roses, prepared for herself, on her sister's brow, "lay aside for once your melancholy book, and send your dove to his rest, and come down with me to the banquet." Berenice looked up, and answered gently —

"Not so, Veronica, not to night; it is the anniversary of poor Alcè's death; and did she not die for love of me, watching and waiting when all others slept? Her image has been with me through the day; I cannot join the banquet with my heart full of sad memories; leave me, sister;" and Berenice took off, and returned the wreath.

"Yet listen, one word more; thou knowest who will be there this evening. My father will frown, and Lucius Emilius will sigh when I go in alone.

Lucius departs to-morrow for the battle; and shall he go without one benison from his affianced?"

"No," replied her sister, speaking low and faltering; "you, Veronica, will tell him that I wait to see him here, before his departure."

"Berenice! my sister, bethink you of our father; remember his patrician prejudices; surely this step —"

"Go, dear sister," answered Berenice, mildly yet firmly; "for the love you bear me, do me this errand. I would not any other eye should mark the weakness, I fear to betray at parting with one, whom my father has commanded me to love; tell my father I am unwell, and it is true, my head and my heart ache,—go, dearest."—And Veronica, unconvinced, yet persuaded by the tears of her sister, which in truth were flowing fast, left her alone.

Berenice resumed her reading, but not for many minutes; she arose and shut the volume, saying, "Not thus, not thus, with divided attention, and with wandering thought, may I presume to read this holy record. She placed it within a small golden casket, locked it carefully, and then walked forth into a balcony, on which the windows of the apartment opened. The moon had just risen, and shed her soft light on the magnificent buildings of the eternal city; the cool night air swept over the brow of the maiden, and calmed her agitated thoughts; she had a bitter trial before her, for she

was about to inflict a deep wound on the heart of one whom she loved with all the innocent fervor of a girl's first affection; and she trembled, as she pictured to herself his surprise and sorrow. Then Berenice looked up at the deep quiet of the evening sky, and thought of the time, when earth's interests would be over for her: and could she thus look, and thus think, and still hesitate? — Ah, no! When she heard the step of Lucius drawing nigh, she plucked a single flower from a creeping plant, that overshadowed the balcony, and keeping it in her hand as a token, to recall her better resolutions, she advanced to meet him.

“It was not for this, I sent for you hither,” she said, in reply to his passionate expressions of regret and love; “you are a Roman soldier, Lucius, and I know it was neither your destiny, nor your wish, to be ever at a lady's side. Believe me, I have learned to look on this parting, as on a thing inevitable;” but even as she spoke, her voice faltered.

Lucius leaned forward to console her, to whisper of re-union, of life-long re-union: “Your father has promised, dearest,” he said, “that this campaign once over, the Marcomanni once defeated, I shall be rewarded at my return, with the hand of my Berenice.”

“It may be so,” she answered sadly, “if you still wish it.”

“If I still wish it! Berenice, of what are you dreaming?”

“I am not dreaming, Lucius Emilius, I am speaking the words of sober reality. You think of me, as of the beloved child of Flavius Torquatus; the co-heiress of his wealth and honours; of one whose hand will confer distinction. If on your return from Germany, you should find me despoiled of all these advantages, an alien from my father’s house, it may be from his heart, scorned and forgotten by my friends, despised by mankind——”

“You would still,” replied Lucius, “be to me the same Berenice, whom in her hour of prosperity, I had vowed to love and to cherish; but what can be the meaning of your terrible words? why do you torture yourself, and me, by such utterly vain imaginings?”

Berenice withdrew from the encircling arm that supported her; she leaned against the slight column of the verandah; her voice was softer than the softest whisper, yet every word fell with terrible clearness on the ear of her lover.—“Lucius Emilius, I am a Christian.”

Lucius went forth that night from the chamber of his betrothed, an altered man; for the chill of disappointment had fallen on his proudest and fondest hopes. He had tried all his persuasive powers, to induce the girl to forsake her new opinions; he had tried in vain; so now nought remained for him to do, but to fulfil the engagement in which his honour was concerned, and then to return,—to love her still, and to protect her,—if

necessary, with his life. He bore with him two precious gifts,—to console him in absence, as far as any thing could console him,—the golden casket and the carrier dove.

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Berenice was again alone, not, as heretofore, in the solitude of her own luxurious apartment; not surrounded, as she was wont to be with her books, and music, and flowers; she was alone in the solitude of a gloomy prison chamber. A small aperture near the ceiling, guarded by iron bars, admitted just light enough to show the dismal emptiness of the place, no tapestried hangings to hide the cold damp walls, no warm carpets to cover the stone floor. It contained only a low couch, and on that the maiden was seated, sometimes raising her clasped hands in the deep earnestness of prayer, sometimes covering her red and swollen eyes to hide, it might be from herself, the tears she could not restrain. Presently a low knock was heard at the door, and her father entered. Berenice shuddered, and said, “Not this, oh, let me be spared this worst grief! — yet, no! the sacrifice must be complete; give me only strength to bear it.” Then she advanced, and led Flavius Torquatus to her couch, and meekly kneeling before him, prayed him yet once more to lay his hand upon her, and to bless her.

The old man answered, “It is not for this I come, unhappy girl; I come to tell you that all my

entreaties have been in vain ; the orders of the emperor must not be disobeyed, and his orders were, that all of your fanatical sect should be exterminated. Were Marcus here, the tears and prayers of his faithful old servant, might avail ; but he is beyond the Danube ; — to-morrow, a general execution !— Oh, Berenice ! my child, my child ! must I live to see your blood flow forth, by the hand of a common executioner ?” ——

“ I come not, as I came yesterday,” he continued, after a long pause, “ with tears and entreaties to move you ; yesterday, I knelt to implore you to save your father’s heart from breaking ; and all in vain. To-day I come with harsher purpose. You asked me but now, to take you in my arms and bless you, as I did when you were a little child. Berenice, if you do not abandon your infatuation, if you persist in bringing eternal dishonour on your line,—Berenice, listen ! may the curse of your father —— ”

The girl pressed his arm heavily ; she tried to speak, but her parted lips were white as marble, and refused to utter a sound.

The old man looked on her ; and the curse on his lips was stayed. He looked on her, and kissed her, ere he went, for he had tenderly loved her mother.

“ My sister !” she faintly murmured, as he moved away, but Flavius answered,

“ You will never see her again ; you would infect

her with your superstition; I cannot be left childless in my old age." And the old man went, and as the last sound of his departing step died away, Berenice thought her worst trial was over, and she withdrew her thoughts from the world, and sought to prepare her soul for death.

Late in the following day, the people of Rome assembled in the amphitheatre, to witness the martyrdom of the Christians. Horrible deaths they died! Some were torn to pieces by wild beasts; others were burned at a slow fire; some few were crucified, and they counted such death an unmerited honour. Berenice was reserved for the last, and because she was of Roman and patrician blood, she was to suffer the milder punishment of decollation. The sign was given, and when it was proclaimed by the herald that the Christian maiden was coming forth, there was so deep a silence among that vast multitude, that even the advancing steps of the girl and her conductors were heard. But what was the surprise of all present, when they beheld, not one, but two young maidens, both dressed alike in white raiment, both coming forth with the same quiet step, and placid demeanour; and one, it might be the most tranquil, advanced a step towards the seat where he who governed the city during the absence of Marcus Antoninus sat, and thus addressed him:

"It is I, most noble prefect, who am Berenice the Christian; this girl, my sister, for love of me,

would fain take my name and punishment on herself, but credit her not; it is I who am the condemned."

Then arose a touching dispute between the sisters;—sisterly love lending one the eloquence which the other derived from truth. Many of their friends, and even of their relatives in the amphitheatre, were called on to come down and decide between them, but some spoke for the one and some spoke for the other. Veronica, in her agonising fears, had lost the light and joyous expression of her countenance; and Berenice's meek and holy hopes had chased the deep melancholy from her face and mien.

One or two brutal voices arose and said, "They both call themselves Christians, let them both die the death!" but one of the maidens answered, "Think not, most noble prefect, if you thus decree that you will be guiltless of my sister's blood: she is not a Christian at heart; would to God she were! then would I no longer oppose her sharing my early death. Veronica, acknowledge the truth, and let me suffer alone." But Veronica, if she it was, persisted in her first declaration, and none could tell how this dispute would terminate, when a new incident attracted the attention of the multitude, and silenced every doubt.

A speck was seen in the air, it came lower, nearer; it was a milk-white dove. The bird fluttered round one, then drew near the other; no caressing

hand was held out to receive him, but his instinct was not to be deceived ; he settled on the shoulder of her who had answered the harsh voice from the crowd, and sought to nestle as he was wont in her long hair. Many were present, who knew the pet belonged to Berenice, so the people were satisfied with this decision, and the weeping Veronica, still protesting against her own identity, was torn from the arms of her sister. Then the prefect, who had been much moved at this singular scene, turned to Berenice as she stood alone in the arena, and said,

“ It is not yet too late, young maiden, to preserve thy life ; have pity on thy youth and loveliness, and on the grey hairs of thy aged father. What harm is it to swear by the fortune of Cæsar and to sacrifice and be safe ?” But she answered more firmly than ever,

“ I am a Christian, and I cannot sacrifice to your false gods ! You condemn me to death, but I fear not to die in defence of the truth.” She advanced, unbidden, to the fatal block, and knelt by it ; yet, ere she joined her hands in prayer, she bent once more fondly over her little messenger bird, as if to bid farewell to the last object that told of earthly ties. There was a small scroll of parchment under its wing ; Berenice felt it, and thinking it might perhaps tell her the only tidings she cared now to hear ; she arose again, and holding it forth, she prayed permission to read it. The prefect did not refuse, and Berenice read, first in

silence, and then aloud : “ The emperor Marcus is dead, and Commodus is already proclaimed Cæsar.” A loud shout rent the air. It was well known that Commodus, in his heart, favoured the despised sect, and spite of their prejudices, the beauty and heroism of Berenice had moved the hearts of her countrymen in her favour. A general outcry for her release was heard, but this the prefect dared not grant. Berenice was remanded to prison until the pleasure of Commodus should be known respecting the Christians. It was not very long ere, wearied with the hardships of the camp, he returned to his capital, and his first order was, that all Christians should be released, and restored to their privileges as Roman citizens. In his train came the young Lucius ; he had found leisure, amid all the excitement of glory, and the hardships of his campaign, to study the precious gift of his betrothed ; at first for love of her, and afterwards from a wish to know the truth. So, when their nuptials, delayed awhile by the death of Flavius Torquatus, were at last solemnized, Berenice had the deep happiness of knowing that the husband of her choice, shared the sure faith, and pure hope of her own spirit. They remained not long in Rome ; the follies and cruelties of Commodus, rendered it distasteful to them ; and although Lucius stood high in his favour, as he was very capricious, they knew not how long it might remain in their own power to depart or to abide in safety. They,

therefore, bade adieu without a sigh, to the pomp and luxuries of the capital, and embarked for a little island in the north-west of Europe, without the range of civilization, where they knew they should enjoy safety and freedom.

Berenice was perfectly happy; she gave not one regret to the magnificence she abandoned, for Lucius was with her, and as she stepped into the boat, a trembling, caressing girl clung to her, and a soft voice whispered in her ear, "My sister! whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

I began this chapter with Castradès; and having much more to tell you of that very remarkable village, you must even bear with me, while I prose on a little more about it. Castradès consists of one long straggling street, with shops, such as they are, on each side of it; tables covered with fish, roasted chesnuts, grapes, and brown bread; two or three churches, outside of which the papas stand pulling the bells, and dunning one with noise from morning till night. There is, too, an English alehouse distinguished by the sign of the Two Soldiers, and between this street and the sea there is a straggling irregular row of cottages, in one of which Stefanò lives. The inhabitants of Castradès are as remarkable for their peaceful, as those of Manducchio are for their quarrelsome dispositions; and of this you may perceive signs, even outside their dwellings

You will not pass a cottage in Castradès that has not flower-pots on the roof, and about the doorway, and a bird-cage hanging by the window ;—no man who loves birds and flowers is either a quarreller or a drunkard ; and so indeed they say, that the English sailor who last kept the alehouse, failed for want of customers, — perhaps he loved too well to draw for himself. More than half these cottagers are supported by their potteries, which occupy the ground before and behind their cottages. The jugs and pitchers are all set out in squares, to harden in the sun, in front of the factory, which stands a little way back from the road. I assure you, I have had some very elegant Grecian vases manufactured there. — But it is not all this which renders Castradès so interesting to me. It is built on the site of the ancient city Corçira, the capital of the island : and I must give you a translation of Marmora's description of this çidevant magnificent city, and you must remember that I give it you verbatim.

When the line of the Pheacian kings, descended from Alcinoüs, was extinct, Chersocrates, one of the Heraclidæ, came hither from Corinth. He ingratiated himself so much with the Corcireans, that they elected him to be their king. Now for Marmora.

“ Chersocrates built Chersopolis on a peninsula between three and four miles long. It yielded not in magnificence to the noblest cities of ancient Greece. Temples composed of mosaic and marbles ; palaces innumerable in the long and straight

streets; fountains adorned with statues that petrified the beholders with astonishment; sumptuous buildings, in which the youth exercised themselves in literature and in arms; baths at every step; porticoes over every street, so that you might traverse the city without fearing sun or rain — rendered it so illustrious that Xenophon was right in praising it extravagantly. It was surrounded by strong walls, and the walls were washed by the sea, for there was a canal cut across the isthmus that joined Chersopolis to the island of Corçira. The water came into the city from a distance of ten miles, and was brought under magnificent arches, which in themselves were highly ornamental. Between two basins formed by the sea, Chersopolis was seated, each capable of containing many vessels, and each frequented by the Romans, as well as by the Greeks. These latter, however, preferred the port to the right of the city, (now the lake Calichiopolo) because it was more sheltered from the winds, and also, because, being defended at its mouth by two towers, and a chain passed over from one to the other, it offered greater security from inimical vessels, and seemed to invite the mariners to repose. This port was called by Dion Cassius γλυκὺς λιμὴν, that is, *Porto dolce*; not on account of the water that entered it from the sea, but on account of that which ran down from the hills in a thousand limpid streams. Such was Chersopolis. Now the port is full of saline

marshes, which afford nutriment to many fish ; and of the city nought is to be seen but ruins. The magnificent remains of temples, arches, theatres, sculpture, buildings, &c., show the ancient glory of an illustrious land, which, unable to exist, without inhabitants, now nourishes numerous trees and flowers in various delicious gardens. Thou shalt see the plan of the ancient city, that thou mayst weep over the miseries of the world, which, pretending to improve by change, is continually passing from bad to worse. Look on it, reader, and reflect that they who rise in splendour are at last laid low !”

So much for my old historian, and I will only add, that of the magnificent remains of which he speaks, none are now visible. Neither is the peninsula divided into gardens. A part of it is cultivated, chiefly with herbs and vegetables, and is unenclosed : over the rest, the olive waves in wild luxuriance.

In order that your curiosity may be fully gratified, I send you a drawing, a faithful copy of the old engraving that accompanies Marmora's description ; merely premising that his map is imaginary as far as the disposition of the buildings, temples and statues are concerned. At the extremity of the village is a little church, still called “Panagia de Paleopoli,” which last word signifies “ancient city.” Probably it owes its name to its site, for the church itself is of modern date ; but it

is entered by an arched door way, which is exceedingly ancient. On each side stands a Doric column, and over it, inserted in the wall, is a frieze containing an inscription in very ancient Greek, which informs the reader that the church was built by Jovian. The whole is surmounted by a tablet containing, in rude sculpture, the winged lion of St. Mark, which, it must be confessed, does look very much out of place. Elsewhere this venerable animal commands respect, as a memento that carries us back to the past, and bids us dream of the departed glories of Venice. Departed!—ay, even those glories are now but as the memories of vanished dreams.—But here, frowning over an inscription that bears the name of Jovian, even the lion of St. Mark bears a very modern appearance. Jovian occupied himself in repairing the injuries, which his predecessor Julian, the last of the race of Constantine, had inflicted on Christianity. He overthrew the heathen idols, and restored the temples to the service for which they were originally destined. This inscription bears no date, but must have been written early in the fourth century.

It is thus translated by Dr. Walsh.

“I, Jovian, having powerful faith, as the auxiliary of my attempts, have built this sacred temple to Thee, Blessed Ruler on High! Overturning the heathen altars and shrines of the Greeks, I present this offering to thee, oh King! with an unworthy hand.”

At one time they were continually digging up, about here, marbles, large masses of stone, medals and bits of statues. Among other things, Dr. Spon, in his voyage, written in 1675, says they had found, some years before his arrival, a statue of Germanicus, and a vase full of copper medals, principally in honour of Severus and his family, with the word 'Corçira' and a galley on the reverse. Germanicus was forced by a tempest to take refuge here, as he was proceeding to Asia, and the people, weary of the slavery to which Octavius had reduced them, begged the young prince to intercede with Tiberius in their favour. Germanicus, grateful for the kind reception he had experienced, and interested by the traces of fallen grandeur, which met him at every turn, promised to do for them all he could. On this occasion a statue of the finest Grecian marble was erected to his honour. The pedestal bore the following inscription.

"The city of Corçira recommends to the gods, Germanicus Cæsar, son of Tiberius Cæsar Augustus, exercising the consulship."

Germanicus also gratified them by reading publicly the chronicles of their ancient origin, and most distinguished actions. It must have been an interesting day for Corfú, when this amiable prince, with his wife, the noble Agrippina, thus went about their city, exchanging kind words and marks of good will with the inhabitants. He promised to re-

visit them on his return from Antioch, and, alas ! his promise was fulfilled. The vessels that had set sail so proudly, wafted on by the good wishes of thousands, returned : the bark of the prince anchored, and Agrippina stepped forth alone. She bore a vase in her hands, and the vase contained the ashes of her husband. The widowed princess, in her mourning garments, was received by the generous islanders with a welcome as heartfelt as when she came in the proud day of prosperity. She was received with sighs and tears ; the women and children wept with her ; the soldiers who had fought under Germanicus, grasped their swords and murmured of revenge. The principal citizens, advanced in procession, took the vase from Agrippina, laid it on a superb bier, and with mournful wailings and hymns carried it to the temple, where sacrifices were made by the priests to the infernal deities. The statue, on being discovered, was carried to Venice by Valieri, but the pedestal was left behind, and was here in the days of Marmora, in 1672. Of the medals dedicated to Severus, I have sad news to tell you. Severus had granted the Corfiotes, at a time when Christianity was elsewhere persecuted, free exercise of their religion, in requital of service rendered by them in his various conquests. In 1632, there were sad troubles in the island, caused by the harshness of the nobles, and the impatience of the people. The Venetian senate interposed her authority, and sent hither

three inquisitors of state, Contarini, Cappello and Corraro. Thinking that the memorials of ancient grandeur fomented and kept alive a spirit of ambition and revolt, these men caused all the statues, ancient pieces of armour, inscriptions and medals, to be carried away from the island. Perhaps, they may still be found in the museums and collections at Venice.

And now I have told you all I yet know of Castradès, gathered from many a walk thither, many a twilight chat, and many a pore over Italian, French, and English authors. I love this little peaceful village, as much for the veil which the days of departed grandeur have thrown over it, as for the interest which, being built by the sea, and inhabited by fishermen, it still possesses. Therefore, I often bend my evening walk hither. At their cottage doors, the villagers, old and young, are seated; in various, always picturesque groups. A mother with her playful children clinging about her, resting a moment from her work to caress them; — a young wife with her first-born, looking as much as may be, like a mummy in its swaddling clothes, reposing on one arm, while the other hand flings back the falling veil; — two or three idle girls standing about a door-way, pretending to wind flax, and looking quite classical with their old fashioned rocs and olive faces; — a group of merry boys with bamboos across their shoulders, imitating the English exercise; — a widow, making

nets, fastened to the back of a chair, and looking far over the ocean all the time, to see if her only one is not returning; — an old man, sitting on his door-step, with his pipe in his mouth, watching the movements of his grandchild in a go-cart beside him; — and all these several people have one common point of interest among them.

The matron promises her children their supper when their father shall come home; the young bride thinks the long long day will never finish; the maidens are impatient to join the evening dance; all are casting, from time to time, anxious glances towards the sea.

And how beautiful is the little bay itself! Near the shore is a fisher's boat just come in. All the idle stragglers of the village wade off knee-deep, and surround it: then such shouting, and screaming, and laughter, and noise, as each fills his basket with fish, and wades back again to the shore! A little farther on are twenty or thirty men, yoked together with ropes, and pulling with all their might, at a very heavy net, in the contents of which they all hold some share. Scattered about the bay are many graceful latteen sails, waving with every slight breeze; farther off is the round white ruined mill, rising at the end of a mole which runs some little way into the sea. The sun, which is setting in the opposite quarter of the sky, lights it up with his last rays, and makes it shine forth like a beacon light. Away, beyond the blue

waves, the view is bounded by the mountains, and gleaming in the distance is a little white shining speck. A sea bird ! no, it is a ship ; it may be a noble English ship, bearing us good tidings from that dear land, which if it were not for these welcome visitants, we might, in this our island solitude, almost deem a fancied region. Home ! ay, there is magic in that word, which they who have never wandered without the sacred limits of their Lares can never conceive. Let it be spoken, and, lo ! all that has passed since last we left it,—danger, toil, chilled hopes, and repulsed affection,—the vain aspirings of ambition, — the unquiet dreams of love that have kept our hearts in one perpetual fever during the stormy days of youth ; — all these things are forgotten. We know they exist there to whom we are yet dear ; hearts that throb for our welfare, and ache for our return ; — a mother who has vowed to love us on through good report and through evil report ; a sister, who imagines in the innocence of her pure affection, that the thing we do can never be wrongly done. We forget the cold and clouded looks of all around, and are again, as in our early days, happy, loving and beloved. Amongst the advantages of travel, we will not then forget this most important one, that it endears to us doubly every dear object, which for a time we lose. In the excitement of actual movement, we have scarcely time for memory or regret, and even for the first few months of sojourn in a

foreign land, so many new ideas and characters are presented to us, we are so eager to receive and detail them, that home is but a secondary object ; but when the novelty ceases, when we quietly settle to our regular employments, when we look round for the familiar faces that have been wont to cheer our labours, and share in our pleasures, and look in vain, we exclaim with a sigh, “ Where are they ? ” And if, too, we have left the society of very dear ones, the void in the heart is more painful than can be imagined : for we very soon learn, that of all the strange crowd who press around with smiles and kind words, there is not one to love us, as we have been loved ; not one, to whom our well-being is as dear, it may be, dearer than their own. Then if we possess quick sensibility, we turn away in disgust, and judging with as much harshness, as at first we judged with too much credulity, we exclaim, in the bitterness of disappointment, against the falsehood and hollowness of the world. Alas, for the breaking of the first illusion ! Alas ! for the sighs, that we then breathe after our dear and distant home !

APRIL.

The flowers of Spring are beautiful,
And well their sight may cast
Before our visions fresh and full,
The memory of the past.
The spirit alters ; ne'er again
Will life restore the hours
Of innocence, when, free from pain,
Our day was like the flowers.

MOIR.

OH ! the glory and beauty of Spring in this southern country, where every breath you inhale, seems to bring with it a fresh joy in existence. Many, and many a day we pass in the open air, and I thank Heaven, that I am neither botanist nor entomologist, nor any other 'ist ; for, not for a kingdom, would I pass one of these glorious days, with my nose and eyes bent to earth, in search of specimens. No, the happiness of happiness, is to deposit gloves, and hat, and such like incum-

branches under a tree, and to roam along, through the olive groves, and by the sea shore, free as the breeze itself. Yet I am not unlike that hermit crab, of whom I told you,—sufficiently willing to profit by the labours of my friends; and therefore, as I wish to give you a correct idea of the botanical productions of this place, I will send you a list of its indigenous plants, which Mrs. Flowers has given me; she has extracted it from the work of Michele Pieri, entitled, “Flora Corcirese,” and well I know what you will all say. You will exclaim, “Since the poor child has given herself the trouble to write all this, the least we can do is to read it;” and Mrs. Newfort will say, “She thinks too much of all these trifles, her enthusiasm will spoil her for better things;” and cousin Emma will cry out with a yawn, “Let us skip half-a-dozen pages!” Skip them, Emma, for I must have my way. I do love flowers passionately, I own it; alas! where is the being, who, depending for felicity on the capricious and uncertain affection of man, does not prepare for himself illusion and regret? And even if he should neither be forgotten or betrayed, does not the fear of death hang suspended over our steps, embittering every joy, and poisoning every sweet affection? And is it not the part of a true philosopher, to love those things, which can neither change nor die? Therefore, I love mountains, woods, stars, and above all, flowers. They live, and thus have a right to my sympathy; and they delight me, be-

cause they are connected with every memory, and every regret of my heart. In by-past days, when I was a happy and careless child, I read fairy tales ; and even now, I remember how eagerly I sought the fairies' homes in the bell of the blue violet, because, said the book, " the fairies love these sweet and modest flowers." The illusions of that age are past, but I doubt if the more reasonable pleasure of finding and arranging new plants, be equal to what I then experienced. After fairy tales, came the inventions of mythology, more interesting, because they gave a separate history to every individual of my beloved creation. Here Narcissus had languished even unto death, for love of himself. There Daphnè was changed into a laurel, as she fled the embraces of her lover. In this grove, the unfortunate Clitia, fixes ever her eyes upon her faithless one, and when night withdraws him from her gaze, she remains immoveable, till the new day shall restore him to her. In that valley, the young Hyacinthus, with the mournful words "*a'ì, a'ì,*" upon his petals, speaks even yet, of the sorrow that filled his heart, when the death blow was given him by the hand of Apollo, his beloved master. I learned these stories, and learned to love the flowers that preserved them in my memory, and lingered on earth as testimonies of their truth. As we advance along the dreary high road of life, imagination gives place to reality. Every year deprives us of an illusion, but the memory of them is dear

to us, because they embellished those days, to which we always look back with regret. The fables of the Greeks have disappeared, before the truth and beauty of Christianity: but who may read them without pleasure? Who may read them, and not take deep part in them, when he remembers, that they formed the creed, and influenced the actions of thousands and tens of thousands!

A LIST OF PLANTS

INDIGENOUS TO CORFU.

The asterisks signify that those plants after which they are placed are natives also of Britain.

CLASS I.

ORDER 1.

Salicornia, samphire ; herbacea*, fruticosa* : October.

CLASS II.

Ligustrum, privet ; vulgare* : May.

Phillyrea, latifolia : May.

Veronica, speedwell ; six species, asinifolia : April.

Verbina, vervain ; officinalis : April.

Salvia, sage ; nilotica, horminury, officinalis* : April.

CLASS III.

Valeriana, valerian ; rubra, plur. officinalis* : May.

Crocus, saffron ; sativus* : October.

Gladiulus, cornflag ; communis : April.

Iris, pseudoavrus ; florentina, germanica, lutescens, spuria : Apr.

Cyperus, greater galangale ; flavescens : October.

ORDER 2.

- Alopecurus*, foxtail grass ; *bulbosus**: April.
Agrostis, bent grass ; *stolonifera**: November.
Briza, quaking grass ; *maxima* : May.
Festuca, fescue grass ; *bromiodes**: April.
Avena, oats ; *elatior* : April.
Lagurus, hare's tail grass : *ovatus**: April.

CLASS IV.

- Scabiosa*, scabious ; *transilvanica*, *integrifolia* : May.
Galium, ladies'-bed straw ; *sylvaticum*, *aparine* : October.
Asperula, wood-roof ; *arvensis*, *calabrica*, *cynanchica* : October.
Rubia, madder ; *tinctorium*.
Plantago, plantain ; *altissima*, *lagopus*, *pysllium* : May.
Sanguisorba, great wild burnet ; *officinale**: May.
Cornus, dog-wood ; *sanguinea**: November.

ORDER 2.

- Ilex*, holly ; *acquistium**: May.
Hypecoum ; *erectum* : April.

CLASS V.

- Heliotropium*, turnsole ; *Europeum* : September.
Anchusa, bugloss ; *officinalis*, *tinctoria* : March.
Cynoglossum, hounds'-tongue ; *officinalis** *apeninum* : April.
Symphytum, comfrey ; *officinalis*, *tuberosum**: April.
Cerinth, honeywort ; *major* : March.
Onosma ; *echioides* : April.
Borago, borage ; *officinalis**: January.
Lycopsis ; *arvensis* : January.
Echium, viper's bugloss ; *vulgare**, *creticum* : April.
Cyclamen, sowbread ; *Europeum**: September.
Anagallis, pimpernel ; *arvensis**: April.
Convolvulus, bindweed ; *cantabrica*, *littoralis* : June.
Campanula, bellflower ; *uniflora*, *rapunculus* : May.
Lonicera, honeysuckle ; *caprifolium* *periclymenum**: May.
Verbascum, mullein ; *ferragineum*, four species: June.

Datura, thorn-apple ; *stramonium**: August.

Hyoscyamus, henbane ; *albus* : April.

Solanum, night shade ; *nigrum* : May.

Hedera, ivy ; *helix**: January.

ORDER 2.

Chenopodium, goosefoot ; *polispermum**: September.

Gentiana, gentian ; *centaurium* : May.

Buphleurum, hare's ear ; *rotundifolium**: May.

Tordylium, hartwort of Crete ; *officinalis** *maximum**: May

Cancalis, base parsley ; *grandiflora*, *maritima* : April.

Imperatoria, masterwort ; *ostrutum* : May.

Symrnum, Alexanders ; *olusastrum**: March.

ORDER 3.

Viburnum, pliant mealy-tree ; *tinus* : January.

Sambucus, elder-tree ; *ebulus**, *nigra**: July.

ORDER 5.

Statice, thrift ; *limonium**: September.

Linum, flax ; *hirsutum*, *usita**, *cath.**: May.

CLASS VI.

Galanthus, snowdrop ; *nivalis**: November.

Allium, garlic ; *odorum* : April.

[April.]

Ornithogalum, star of Bethlehem ; *umbellatum** *pyrenaicum**:

Scilla, squill ; *maritima autumnalis**: April.

Hyacinthus, hyacinth ; *comosus bortryoides* : October.

Asphodelus, king's-spear ; *ramosus lutelus* : April.

Asparagus ; *acutifolius* : September.

Juncus, rush ; *acutus**: April.

Rumex patientia, dock ; *hydrolapathum**: May.

ORDER 3.

Colchicum, meadow saffron ; *autumnale**: October.

Epilobium, willow herb ; *montanum**: October.

Chlora, yellow centaury ; *perfoliata**: June.

Erica scoparia, heath ; *cinerea**: March.

ORDER 3.

Polygonum, knot grass ; *aviculare**, *divaricatum* : March.

CLASS IX.

Laurus, bay-tree ; *nobilis* : April.

CLASS X.

Cercis, Judas-tree ; *siliquastrum* : April.

Ruta, Rue ; *graveoleus* : April.

Tribulus, caltrops ; *terrestris* : October.

Arbrytus, strawberry-tree ; *uneds**: October.

ORDER 2.

Saponaria, soapwort ; *officinalis**: October.

ORDER 3.

Cucubalus, berry bearing chickweed ; *behey**, *glutinosus* : May.

Silene gallica, viscous campion ; *bellidifolia*, *quinquevulnera* :

Stellaria, greater chickweed ; *dichotoma* : January. [May.

ORDER 5.

Cerastium, mouse-ear chickweed ; *procumbens* : April.

CLASS XI.

Lythrum, willow herb ; *hyssopifolium**: May.

ORDER 2.

Agrimonia, agrimony ; *rupatoria**: June.

ORDER 3.

Euphorbia, *helioscopai**, *serrata* ; *platiphyllus* burn : March.

ORDER 5.

Sempervivum, houseleek ; *sediforme* : May.

CLASS XII.

Myrtus, myrtle ; *communis* : June.

Amygdalus, almond-tree ; *communis* : January.

ORDER 2.

Crataegus, wild-service tree ; *oxiacantha**: April.

ORDER 4.

Pyrus nivalis, pear-tree ; *pullueria* : April.

ORDER 5.

Rosa canina ; *sempervivus* : September.

*Rubus fruticosus**, raspberry ; *tinctorium* : October.

CLASS XIII.

Chelidonium, celandine ; *glaucium**: May.

Papaver, poppy ; *rhocas* : April.

Tilia, lime-tree ; *europa**: April.

Cistus fumana, rock rose ; *ladaniferus salvifolius* : April.

ORDER 3.

Delphinium, larkspur ; *consolida**: September.

ORDER 5.

Nigella, fennel flower ; *damascena* : May.

ORDER 7.

Anemone, wind flower ; *palmata* : May.

Clematis, virgin's bower ; *viticella**, *flamula*, *viticella* : June.

Adonis, pheasant's eye ; *vestivalis**: April.

Ranunculus, crowfoot ; *nivalis*, *bulbosus**, *parvulus* : March.

Helleborus, black hellebore ; *viridis**: November.

CLASS XIV.

Ajuga, bugle ; *reptans**: April.

Teucrium, germander ; *scordium**, *camaedris**: May.

Satureja, savory ; *thymbra* : October.

Nepeta, catmint ; *cataria**: May,

Mentha, mint ; *sylvestris**: April.

Lamium, dead nettle ; *amplexicaule**: March.

Stachys, base horehound ; *hirta*, *cretica* : October.

Phlomis, Jerusalem sage ; *fruticosa* : May.

Origanum, wild marjoram ; *vulgare**: June.

Thymus, thyme ; *alpinus*, *vulgaris* : July.

Melissa, balm ; *officinalis* : October.

Prunella, selfheal ; *vulgaris**, *laciniata* : May.

ORDER 2.

Rhinanthus, elephant's-head: viscosa, trisago, cristagalli*: March.
 Antirrhinum, snap-dragon; spurium*, majus*, orontium*:
 Scrophularia, figwort; canina, auriculata, scoradonia*: February.
 Orobanche, broom rape; major*: May.
 Vitex, chaste-tree; agnus castus: July.
 Acanthus, bear's breech; spinosus: May.

CLASS XV.

Myagrum, gold of pleasure; perfoliatum: March.
 Draba, whitlow grass; verna*: January.
 Thalaspi, treacle mustard; montanum*, alpestre*, bursa* pas-
 Alisum, mad wort; incanum: April. [toris: January.
 Biscutella, buckler mustard; lyrata: April.
 Cardamine, lady's smock; gracea: January.

ORDER 2.

Cheiranthus, stock July flower; annus, tenuifolium, tricus-
 Raphanus, radish; raphanistrum*. [pidatus: February.

CLASS XVI.

ORDER 4.

Geranium, crane's bill; robertianum sanguineum, seven species:

ORDER 7.

[January.

Sida, Indian mallow; abutilon: September.
 Malope, base mallow; malacoides: May.

CLASS XVII.

ORDER 2.

Fumaria, fumitory; bulbosa, officinalis*: March.

ORDER 3.

Polygala, milk wort; vulgaris*: April.

ORDER 4.

Ononis, rest harrow; arvensis*, viscosa: May.
 Anthyllis, lady's finger; vulneraria*, tetraphylla: April.
 Lupinus, lupine; hirsutus: April.

- Pisum*, pea ; *arvense* : April.
Orobus, bitter vetch ; *tenuifolia* : May.
Lathyrus, chickling vetch ; *angulatus*, *sylvestris** : June.
*Vicia lutea**, vetch ; *sativa**, *cracca**, *bithynica** : May.
Ervum, bitter vetch ; *tetraspermum** : April.
Cytisus, trefoil-tree ; *argenteus*, *spinosus* : February.
Coronilla, joint-podded culetea ; *glauca* : February.
Hippocressis, horse-shoe vetch ; *unisiliquosa* : May.
Scorpiurus, caterpillars ; *sulcata*, *subvillosa* : May.
Galega, goat's rue ; *officinalis* : May.
Astragalus, liquorice ; *mons pessulanus* : May.
Biserula, base hatchet vetch ; *pelecinus* : April.
Trifolium, trefoil ; *alpinum*, *cheleri*, *lappaceum* : April.
Lotus, bird's-foot trefoil ; *hirsutus*, *græcus*, *tetragonobolus* : April.
Medicago, moon trefoil ; *marina*, *polimorpha* : May.

CLASS XVIII.

ORDER 4.

- Hypericum*, St. John's wort ; *perfoliatum* : May.

CLASS XIX.

- Geropogon*, old-man's beard ; *glabrum* : May.
Tragopogon, goat's beard ; *porrifolium** : May.
Sonchus, sow-thistle ; *oleraceum* : February.
Leontodon, dandelion ; *squamosum* : March.
Crepis, base hawkweed ; *vesicaria* : May.
Lapsana, nipple-wort ; *stellata* : April.
Chicorium, succory ; *intybus** : June.
Cnicus, blessed thistle ; *spinosissimus* : May.
Onoropordum, woolly thistle ; *acanthum** : May.

ORDER 2.

- Tussillago*, colt's-foot ; *farfara** : February.
Senecio, groundsel ; *vulgaris* : January.
Aster, starwort ; *tripolium** : November.
Inula, elecampane ; *pulicaria bubonium*, *crithmifolia* : February.

Bellis, daisy ; *perennis* : January.

Matricaria, feverfew ; *montana coronaria* : May.

Buphthalmum, oxeye ; *spinosum*, *maritimum* : October.

Anthemis, chamomile ; *nobilis**, *maritima** : October.

ORDER 14.

Calendula, marygold ; *arvensis*, *officinalis* : May.

ORDER 6.

Viola canina, violet ; *odorata**, *palustris** : January.

CLASS XX.

Orchis, *globosa* : *morio**, *coriophora*, *pyramidalis* : May.

Ophrys, twy blade ; *spiralis**, *arahnites* : May.

ORDER 8.

Arum, wake robin ; *arisarum* : January.

CLASS XXI.

ORDER 10.

Momordica, male balsam apple ; *elaterium* : April.

CLASS XXII.

ORDER 6.

Smilax, rough bindweed ; *aspera* : December.

ORDER 8.

Mercurialis, mercury ; *annua**, *alternifolia* : January.

CLASS XXIV.

ORDER 1.

Adiantum, maiden hair ; *capillis veneris* : January.

Asplenium, spleenwort ; *ceterach* : January.

Polypodium, polypody ; *vulgare* :

Acrosticum, forked fern ; *polipodioides*.

I send you this list, not because it is very correct, or very copious, but because it is the best, I believe the only one to be procured. Pieri himself acknowledges, that he directed his attention chiefly to medicinal plants; and the very circumstance of his limiting his number to three hundred, shows that he did not intend to embrace all the flowers of the island: indeed, I find, daily, plants which he does not mention, for it is said, that Corfù offers a more fertile field for the botanist than any space of like extent, in the known world. The irises are just over, to my great regret, for they are among the most beautiful of the wild flowers: first we have the blue iris; I have seen banks literally blue with it; then follows the white iris, of the same size, white as snow, with a single golden stripe in the centre of three of the petals,—this species is very rare in our part of the island; and lastly, comes forth in matronly beauty, the iris tuberosa, the last of the band. I never saw this flower until I came here, and believe it is unknown in England; the petals are green, but the lip of the three inferior is of a dark rich brown. Even the leaf of this species is singular, having four sides; we find it sometimes in the woods, but on the island of Vido, it grows abundantly. I am surprised that this very singular flower should escape Pieri's attention. From the petals and calyx of the blue iris, bruised together, a very fine green colour is extracted, used by painters; and

shame on me ! I had well nigh forgotten to tell you, that the iris tuberosa, is the Hermodactylis of the ancients, and is mentioned by Pliny, and by Matteoli. Ever since the middle, or I may say, beginning of March, the country has been in high beauty ; but the little island Vido is a perfect garden. I will just tell you what a nosegay I gathered there last week ; first a handful of Virginia stock, which I found creeping in and out, among some large masses of lime-stone rock, close to the sea-shore ; then asphodel, white asphodel, with which a sloping bank was covered,—it grows to the height of three and four feet, and when the wind passes over it, the blossoms wave, and give it the appearance of a miniature forest ; lupines, there were whole fields of them ; and the bouquet was enlivened by marigolds, which are as plentiful as daisies, and the beautiful little scarlet winged pea, a vetch, with one single golden spot on its bright red petals. How happy we were digging, and hoeing, and transplanting, I can scarcely tell you. Our abode itself, was an Eden ; a pretty low cottage, with Venetians, and a broad verandah running down one side, and surrounded by a garden,—such a luxury to me, who had not been in one, excepting the Casino gardens, for two long years. This garden too, was full of new shrubs and flowers ; cherry-trees in full bloom, which were sown only five years ago ; the coronilla, indigenous ; orange trees ; numberless flowers, and among them the

large white iris. Then the delight it was to awake in the morning to the chirp of birds, instead of to the odious cry, “*La vuol miente sopra, della Marina ;*”—of sitting to work at the open window, before a view of unimaginable beauty,—the bay of St. Salvatore, which many travellers say, surpasses the far-famed bay of Naples in beauty, blue and bright, so as to dazzle your eyes, and bounded by the majestic mountain of St. Salvatore itself, whose colours vary every moment with every cloud that passes by, and leaves the impress of its beauty on it; at the foot of the mountain, may be distinctly seen the broad, bright line of sand, and one wreath of snowy foam, that seems to divide it from the sea; — the mornings divided between drawing, work, and Dante, — the evening’s pleasant gossip, from which even a thought of scandal was excluded, — the total freedom from all the odious *ciarlaterie* of the town, Heaven be praised! never once did I hear the names of Lady Woudbe, or of Lord Newcome.

There are times and places, and persons too, are there not, which we love to shrine in the heart’s sanctuary, and keep there as its own peculiar treasures? Such are to me this happy week of rest and tranquil enjoyment at Vido. Such was the first delightful summer-day I spent at Govina, when we dined a joyous party under the trees, and I met for the first time for many months, with some one who could understand me, some one who loves enthusiasm, and

admires talent as I do; and we talked, ye gods! how we did talk of the faded glories of Venice!—of the half forgotten days of chivalry,—of all our pet poets, — and of painting, divine painting, with energy unwearied, with tongue and ear alike untired, until some of the prosy people of our party complained of the damps of evening, of summer's heavy dews, and we were obliged to return to the city, and to the dull realities of every day life; but the memory of that day, that white day, in a life of change and grief, is hallowed.

Then for places:—the view of Geneva from Vattay, — Mont Blanc at sunset, — the fair queen of the Adriatic, — Richmond hill at early morning, — these are the places I most love to think upon. I wish I could name as many persons, but that may not be; few are there against whom we have not an “if” or a “but;” nor is this surprising; for how very few are there who can enter fully and minutely into the feelings of each other, and of those few, how little is it likely that the chances and changes of this troublous world should throw them together; how still less likely that the formalities and nonsense of society should permit casual intercourse to be fostered into intimacy. Let me consider: I have found only two persons since I left you, with whom I could pass a life,—only two whom I care to welcome, or should grieve to lose. I look round the circle of my acquaintance, I look back and call up all whom I have known, all with

whom I have held but casual intercourse; they pass in review before me like the shades in a magic lantern, and how very few would I wish to detain. The greater number are distinguishable only for frivolity and folly; people who have but one set of ideas, or rather but one idea which seldom extends beyond the present moment; people whose thoughts, words, and actions, travel one unvarying round, day after day, from January to December,—one might as well be a squirrel in a cage! Of the few who stand out a little in relief, we shall find one perhaps clever, but so conceited, as to make one wish he had never learned to read; another polished and refined, yet wanting in principle or in kindness of heart; a third, possessing every right and honourable feeling, but like many other good and excellent articles, most particularly insipid; and this is society about which men rave so much, and for which they are so often ready to sacrifice some of the best blessings of life. One only, I know here, of exquisite talent, yet disdaining not to enliven with it the every day intercourse of life,—of keen wit, yet so careful not to offend, that even you would admire it,—gay and good humoured, and possessing principles, which the severest could not condemn; full of enthusiasm, yet untinctured with a shade of folly; endowed with conversational talents of such order, that hours enlivened by them, speed by like minutes; but I must not go on; I cannot dwell on this subject without feeling mournful, for

we have met, and we have parted, and shall never meet again; we have joined hands in the merry dance, and now I care not to dance with any other; we have looked together on the lovely scenery of this lovely island, and now the fairest scenery has lost one charm; for if I turn round to see if it thrill the heart of another with admiration as deep as my own; if I look to see whether it sends tears into other eyes than into mine, I look in vain. We shall never stand together to look on mountain and valley more. We have enjoyed together the cool sea-breezes of the long summer evening, and standing apart in the recessed window, have talked of all bright and beautiful things, of flowers and poetry, and of all the forms of beauty and grandeur that ever visited minstrel's dream, or painter's easel. Now I meet none who care for these things. We have met by the cheerful winter fireside, and have exchanged with light hearts, the merry jest, the momentary smile, the sparkling repartee, the song and the story of by-gone times, but we shall never meet thus again, and even the fireside has lost its principal charm. To my own communing then; better, far better to live in solitude, — to cultivate the acquaintance of one's own spirit, — to live over again the days that are gone, — than to go forth into the world, to sicken at its selfishness, to weary at its nonsense, to find perhaps a treasure, — and just as we begin to understand and appreciate it, to new-

model our own thoughts and feelings, to set our whole hearts on it, to feel that the one object for which alone we care to live, is necessary to the enjoyment of every moment of life, — to lose it for ever.

I have been for some time trying to understand the religion of the Greeks. As far as I have hitherto succeeded, it appears a strange mixture of feasts and fasts; of ringing of bells and muttering jargon. This morning, as Nina and I were trying the music of a new opera, an unusual noise on the esplanade drew us to the verandah, and we saw a procession passing by: a military band; priests in their flowing robes, bearing lighted wax tapers as tall as themselves; flags, crosses, pictures, carried aloft; incense waving; a penitent clad in white, barefooted, and bending under the weight of a heavy black cross; and last of all the hero of the day, the mummy of St. Spiridion himself, in a sort of sedan chair, borne aloft on men's shoulders, and shaded by an embroidered canopy; no, I was wrong to say, last of all, for those who came after the body, made me blush for my countrymen. The governor, the representative of majesty, followed, bareheaded, the idol of the people. Little sick children were brought out and laid in the road, that the shadow of the saint might pass over them. If, by chance, they recover, their mothers will make them wear a priest's robe for a certain number of years, as a thank offering to the saint.

Vows are as common among the Greeks as among the Roman catholics. Nina was telling me of one of her sisters, who had vowed to wear a veil for three years, during her lover's absence ; but in the midst of her discourse she stopped short, coloured deeply, and seemed to forget what she was speaking of. I heard some one enter the sitting-room ; and going in, saw Harry Dormer, fling himself on the sofa, with an air of vexation, quite unusual to him.

“ At last,” he said, “ I have given them the slip. It is really a most abominable stretch of authority, for the governor to force us to take part in this ridiculous mummary. He sent for us this morning, and said he should consider the absence of any one of the officers, as a mark of disrespect to himself. I suppose he had been reading the fable of the fox, who had lost his tail.”

Here several visitors entered, and the conversation, perhaps influenced by the day, turned on vows. Many ridiculous, some very touching vows, were spoken of as having been made and kept ; no one could recollect any as having been broken.

“ I knew,” said a lady, “ a young girl who fell a victim to a hopeless attachment ; she promised to dedicate herself to the Virgin for life, if he she loved should smile on her once, only once.”

“ And thus,” said Harry, “ sacrifice her life for a moment's happiness ! I cannot believe in such self-devotion, it is too much.”

“No, no,” interrupted Nina, clasping her hands passionately, as she spoke, “liberty, life itself, were a cheap price to pay for a moment of such deep happiness !” Then, blushing, she turned away as fearing she had said too much, and bent attentively over a book that was open on the table before her. We could not draw her into any further conversation ; indeed, she seldom speaks at all, before strangers. One by one, our visitors departed ; and when only Mrs. Flowers and Harry remained, wishing to draw Nina from her silent reserve, I asked her what she was reading—she started at the question, and turned to the title page.

“It is an old chronicle,” she said, “of the life and miracles of the Corfiotes’ patron saint ;—the papa Gerasimo sent it me this morning.”

“And you will read it to us,” said Harry, “now we are again alone ; and restore me the good temper which the saint made me lose this morning ; nay, do not refuse, and if the book is yours, while you are reading, I will sketch the procession, and it shall serve as a frontispiece.” Nina did not look up at the petitioner, but she complied immediately with his request.

THE HISTORY OF SAINT SPIRIDION.

In the reign of Maximinian Cæsar, a cruel persecutor of the Christians, there lived in Cyprus, a poor shepherd, who, although wanting the

necessaries of life, received all desolate wayfarers into his hut, and shared his morsel with them. He had one daughter, Herina, and as he had long since determined to offer up to God all his possessions, so, although he loved the girl tenderly, for her mother had died in giving her birth, he would not withhold her, and as soon as she reached the fitting age, she became a nun. The piety of Spiro did not go unrewarded; he was elected Bishop of Tremissond, and by the exertion of miraculous power, proved himself worthy of the charge. I cannot write down all the miracles he performed; were I to do so, the volume would be as large as the island itself; nevertheless, some few I will relate, to show the true believer that he puts not his trust in one, incompetent to save. There dwelt in the city a rich man who claimed a large debt from his poor neighbour: now, if this poor man had sold his vineyard, his hut, and all that he possessed he could not have discharged the unjust demand; so they went together to the saint. Spiridion heard them, and knew by inspiration that the debt had never been incurred.

“Perhaps, you are right,” he said to the extortioner, “I cannot prove the contrary, but your debtor is poor, let him go in peace; I will satisfy you.” The rogue was profuse of thanks, for the saint gave him a large golden serpent, with which he went home in high glee. The next day he went to examine his treasure, which he had carefully en-

closed in an iron chest. Slowly he raised the lid, and beheld within—a real snake.

One day, a lady complained to St. Spiro, that she had given a rich gem in trust to his daughter, who, dying soon after, had neglected to say where it might be found.

“No person,” replied the good man, “shall complain of me or mine.” With that he went into his garden, in which the nun lay buried in a fair white tomb surrounded by myrtles. He called aloud, “Herina!” and a soft voice answered,

“You will find what you seek, buried beneath the pomegranate in my summer bower: go, and leave me to my repose.”

The Emperor Constantine being afflicted with a grievous illness, saw in a dream a choir of bishops, one of whom was dressed in shining white robes, and was pointed out by an angel as the person who should effect his cure. Constantine accordingly issued an order for all the bishops to repair to his palace. It was with difficulty the good saint could determine to leave his flock, yet conceiving it to be the will of his Master, he hesitated not to obey. He travelled, for security, in a beggar’s garment, yet this did not prevent him from being attacked by thieves. But no sooner did the sacrilegious wretches raise their hands against the holy man, than an invisible power drew them back forcibly, and pinioned their arms with strong ropes. Arrived at the palace, Spiridion was instantly ad-

mitted to the emperor's presence, in spite of his disguise. He cured his royal patient, and predicted that Constantine would die, and be buried in poverty.

"But you are weary of this," interrupted Nina, and we did not deny it.

"Turn over a few leaves," said Harry, "and read us some of his doings after death; they are still more marvellous."

Spiridion was buried in the place of his birth, but in the seventh century, he was carried to Constantinople, for the Saracens had taken possession of Cyprus, and these barbarians care no more for saints than for sinners. His remains were received with great delight, and the emperor walked barefooted to the church, that was honoured by the saint's presence. But here, for our good fortune, he was not destined to repose. In 1442, the Ottoman power became formidable, and many of the Greek Christians determined to flee from coming danger. In 1456, the city was taken by the Turks, among the fugitives was a poor man, called George Calocheretti, who, more anxious for eternal salvation, than for the safety of his worldly goods, abandoned his possessions, and thought only of bringing away in safety the bodies of St. Spiridion, and Santa Teodora. George did not trust entirely to the holiness of his relics, but depositing them in two sacks, flung them over the back of a strong mare, and gave out, that the animal was

carrying her own provender: so, although the road was lined with soldiers, thieves, and vagabonds, (a goodly train,) he reached in safety that part of the coast of Epirus, which is opposite Corfù. Truly saints extend their saving power over all connected with them! Calocheretti came here; his first care was to raise a rude church over his precious treasures; his pious cares were not lost; miracles and cures innumerable were wrought; numbers flocked to the lowly shrine, and George grew rich. He married, and had three sons, Mark, Luke, and Philip, among whom he bequeathed the rich inheritance, he had so piously saved from sacrilege. Mark took Sta. Teodora, and his brothers appropriated St. Spiro. Luke and Philip wished to take their treasure out of the island, but the Corfiotes, who had benefited so much by the residence of the saints among them, refused to suffer this. A dispute arose; it was referred to the council of Venice, and the venerable fathers decided in favour of the citizens of Corfù. Assimina, the daughter of Luke, married Stamatello Bulgari, and her uncle giving up his claim in her favour, she received the saint as her dowry. It remains in that family even to this day. In the course of time, a magnificent church was erected to the saint's honour, in the heart of the city. The foundation stones were laid by the highest dignitaries of the place, and thither the body was removed, with all due splendour. In 1534, a thunderbolt fell on the steeple,

and struck the angel with which it is surmounted ; the building caught fire, but the citizens thronged to extinguish it, and of all, even of the most active, not one received the slightest injury : one man fell from the very summit of the tower headlong, but came down on his feet unhurt, being supported, as he declared, by the saint himself. During the last terrible siege of Corfù, by the Turks, which, as the fishermen say, frightened away all the fish from our coast, the power of the saint was made manifest. The Turks, the infidels themselves, declare, that they saw in the very hour of noon, a little black man flitting about in the air, and busied in doing them all mischief, wounding, killing their men, and even sinking their bravest ships. At last our good patron raised a violent storm ; the Turkish fleet was dispersed ; such of the barbarians as escaped drowning, were taken prisoners, brought to the city, and distributed as slaves, among the nobles and merchants. But the Corfiotes, ever mindful of mercy, fixed on a day for their baptism ; an immense concourse thronged to the cathedral of St. Spiridion ; the Venetian general himself was present at the ceremony, and gave his own name to the most distinguished among the infidels. At the conclusion, they all knelt, and as the turbaned heads touched the pavement, a brilliant light streamed from the campanile, and when the people arose, illuminated the faces of the young converts. Verily our saint's chief attribute is mercy !

Here ends the good papa's chronicle.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Flowers, “and like a priestly chronicler, he has omitted the only fact in the saint's life, redounding to his honour, which history authenticates. Spiridion attended the council of Nice, and there illustrated the doctrine of the Trinity, in a manner which confounded the Arians; —‘You cannot comprehend,’ he said, ‘the doctrine of Three in One: can you comprehend the simplest operation of nature?—look at this earthen pitcher, are not the three elements of fire, water, and earth, so mingled in its composition, that it could not exist without any one of the three. You believe it, but do you *see* the fire, or the water that enter therein? Nay, you cannot even see the dust of which it is composed.’ Now this is really true.”

“Then you do not believe all I have been reading to you,” said Nina: “oh, I must convince you,—do not smile so incredulously, Mr. Dormer,—I will relate to you a miracle, of which I have seen the effects myself.—In the early part of the last century a Venetian governor, called Andrea Pisani, wished the church service to be read in Latin, instead of Greek, against the wishes of the Protopapa. The point was violently contested, and at last Pisani placed one of his own creatures behind the altar of the church of St. Spiro, who began reading according to his wishes. Scarcely had he uttered a sentence, before such a storm arose as had seldom been witnessed: the powder maga-

zine at the old fort blew up, and did incalculable mischief, a large silver lamp which hangs in the cathedral, fell to the ground, the chain being broken by unseen hands; Pisani was struck dead by lightning; and at the same moment, a thunderbolt fell at Venice, in the Pisani palace, and passing through the portrait of Andrea, escaped at the other end of the gallery. I have seen the portrait often; it has never been touched since, but remains in its shattered condition, a proof of miraculous interposition."

"Or of priestly craft," said Harry, — "of the cunning of men who took every advantage of circumstances, to establish the influence of your stormy saint. However, as miracles are the fashion of the moment, I too will say my say; and my tale, depend on it, is truer than any of yours.

"There was, or rather is, an English merchant here, who imprudently trusted a Greek nobleman to a large amount; the Greek, finding payment not to agree with his purse, settled the affair in a summary way; he denied the debt altogether. The cause was tried, and for want of witnesses, thrown out; one only resource remained. The parties adjourned to the saint, and there the Greek was enjoined to lay his hand on the body, and declare the whole and sole truth. You know the people, — lying is far more natural to them than truth; so that if you ask them the simplest question, you must always understand the answer, to mean the

reverse of what they say. Judge what will happen, when interest is a party concerned. The Greek perjured himself, and though hundreds were present, who knew how matters really stood, the cause was dismissed, and the merchant ruined. Thus does your turbulent saint pay the debts of them who swear by him."

At this juncture entered the Conté Laurelli and his wife.

"We are on the old subject," said I, "of religion ;"—for I had already held many an argument with my worthy host.

THE CONTE'. Ah, Signorina, and it is one, on which we shall never agree, though I think we approach nearer than we did. Did I not hear you say this morning, that you do not believe in the divinity of the pope, as those vagabond Italians do?

"You did," I replied ; "we believe the pope to be, as it may happen, good, bad, or indifferent, — a man."

HARRY. Or an old woman,—as it may happen.

THE CONTE'. And the Virgin, —blessed be her name!—do you not worship her?

MRS. FLOWERS. We do not:—she was good and innocent, but she was mortal, and we may not worship aught but the immortal Three in One.

THE CONTE'. And we worship all that we are taught to consider as holy. This little cross (here he took an ebony cross from its resting place near his heart,) receives my adoration night and morn-

ing. I have worn it from childhood, and thrice it has saved my life ; from drowning, from robbers, and from the plague.

“ Do you think,” asked Harry, inquisitively ; “ it will save you again, if this terrible cholera should, as we fear it will, find us out in this distant isle ?”

THE CONTE'. Doubtless it will save me, as it has done before.

THE CONTESSA. Ah, if that terrible disorder should indeed come, we must put our trust in our protector. (The good lady raised her hands and eyes to heaven ; you would have thought she appealed to the Almighty ; but she appealed to St. Spiridion.)

“ The divinity of the Virgin, the necessity of saintly mediation, the doctrines of purgatory and of transubstantiation, are the chief points of faith wherein we differ from you,” said I to the Conte, anxious to obtain some more information on the subject ; “ but there are many external points, less essential, perhaps, but of more power to influence the people, which we cannot approve. For instance, your reading the church service in an unknown tongue, as is the ancient Greek to the common people ; your substituting such lives of the saints as that we have just heard, for the Word inspired by the Holy Spirit ; your prayers for the dead”—

THE CONTE'. Stay, lady : I will answer your objections singly. It is only on one day in the

year, on the saints' festival day, that their lives are read aloud in the churches. As to our prayers for the dead, ——”

HARRY. Ah, my good sir, pray justify that; there is so much poetry in the idea, that I would fain believe in its efficacy myself; the petition of your beggars never fails to transfer the denari from my pocket to theirs “For the love of the souls of your dead ancestors, charity!” I cannot resist such an appeal, though Heaven knows, I have inherited little enough from my dead ancestors; rest their souls!

THE CONTE'. Do you not pray for your distant friends, for the well-doing of their souls and bodies?

HARRY. Assuredly, it is allowed by our church.

THE CONTE'. If you pray then for their souls while they live, why not pray for their souls which perish not, after death?

MRS. FLOWERS. Because it is written, “As the tree falleth, so it shall lie.”

THE CONTE'. As to reading the Scriptures in the Romaic tongue, it is a thing too absurd to mention. Every man would interpret them after his own manner, and we should have, pardon me, Signorina, as many sects and schisms as you have in England: we leave the interpretation to the papas; they tell us what is right, and we practise it.

HARRY. Sometimes, when right happens to be convenient.

MRS. FLOWERS. But would it not be better to

draw from the fountain head itself? The holy book is, in all its practical parts, so easy to be understood.

THE CONTE'. Not by the utterly ignorant.

MRS. FLOWERS. Then why not teach your people?

THE CONTE'. Because they are unwilling to learn, and the papas are unable to teach.

MRS. FLOWERS. Pardon me. When I was at Cefalonia last autumn, I offered, one Sunday evening to read a chapter from a Romaic Bible, to the old Greek couple in whose house I lodged. At first they were all astonishment. "Why," exclaimed Donna Maria, "she reads better than the priest!" But they soon lost this feeling, in deep and devoted attention; they soon learned to love and admire the Bible histories, and begged me every evening to read to them more about the good Abraham, and the pious Jacob. The old woman had never heard even their names before, and she lamented, with tears in her eyes, that it was now too late for her to learn to read. She had been taken to church on festa days, all her life long, and listened to a long jargon, but no more thought of trying to understand it, than she would have thought of trying to fly home. These people are not unwilling to learn, but they have not the opportunity. Undeterred, except by the probability of punishment if they are found out, and by the very faintest glimmering of a future life, can it be a matter of surprise if they should plunge into every crime?

HARRY. But the priests, why do they not teach them verbally?

MRS. FLOWERS. The priests are the worst part of the population, neither respected nor respectable. So ignorant, that they often read prayers for rain, when they are directed to pray for fine weather; many of them, in fact, cannot read, but merely learn the service by heart;—so contemned, that often when convicted of theft, they may be seen, two or three working in chains on the roads, with their sacerdotal robes about them;—so poor, that many of them are forced to work as bricklayers, &c. Their very language is a lie; they come into your house with a white loaf, and tell you the Virgin has sent it; another day they come with incense and myrtle boughs, to sprinkle and bless your home, and if the master is not at home to pay them, walk off without performing their duty. Are these the men to reform a nation?

THE CONTE'. Have you finished condemning our religion and its ministers?

HARRY. Not quite; I have one other fault to find with your faith,—a fault she shares with her elder sister of Rome. She substitutes a blind and erring doctrine for all the softer feelings of nature. To believe, is all; to act nothing. Yesterday I was reading of Irene the Grecian empress, who put out the eyes of her son Constantine. This deed, justly execrated by all other writers, is thus commented on by one of your church: “This action

may appear cruel ; but Constantine was a heretic, and it is real piety to conquer the feelings of nature, for the public good of religion and mankind." What but the blindest bigotry could thus contemplate with satisfaction, a mother depriving her child of the blessed light of Heaven !

THE CONTE'. Signore ! signore ! I have done ; enjoy your opinions, I shall not change mine ; I was brought up in the Greek church, and without reflecting on its errors, I will die in it.

And so we separated, as usual, each party firmer than ever in their own opinions.

The Greek church, arrogating the title of orthodox, divides her clergy into two orders. The first comprehends the patriarchs, exarchs, metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, and caloyers ; all these are vowed to celibacy. The second comprehends the secular clergy, the papas and deacons, who are allowed to marry before taking orders. The patriarchs *should* be equal. He of Constantinople is superior to the others who occupy the thrones of Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, only on account of his credit with the Ottoman court, and of his residence in the capital of the empire. Mahomet II. after conquering Constantinople, ordained that the patriarch should be elected ; but at the fourth election, a monk called Chilocarabés, purchased the patriarchal crown, and since then simony has prevailed. The patriarchs pay dearly for their dignity, and indemnify themselves by selling the pre-

lacies. The bishops in their turn raise a revenue from the lower clergy. The first year of the enthronement of a patriarch, is for the orthodox church a jubilee, which she celebrates by paying doubly. It is the same in the dioceses at the installation of a prelate. He sends round his suffragan bishops on a tour of survey; they are escorted by Turkish hadgis, armed with sticks to enforce the payment of the rights of the altar. In vain does the poor Greek peasant represent that his papa has blessed his hovel on the first day of the month; he must open his door; if he refuses, it is forced, and *bon gré malgré*, he is incensed, blessed, and sometimes beaten. If no money is to be had, they take the furniture, kitchen utensils, and even the instruments of agriculture. Thus the Greeks look on their bishops as tyrants, and bestow all their affections on the secular clergy, who draw from the lowest among the people, learn by heart the forms repeated at baptisms, marriages, and burials, and repeat them mechanically, without understanding one word of what they utter. They become shepherds, labourers, and mechanics, and are paid a few pence for the masses they recite. The Greek church extends her benediction over the country, the rivers, the seas, and over every object in creation destined to the service of mankind. She commands confession, and gives absolution; she borrows from the libations of the ancients, the composition of the chrism which is

administered at baptisms, and at the death bed. The receipt for this mixture exists in the euchology at Goar; it consists of oil, wine, the leaves of myrtle, laurel, rosemary, marjorum, agnus castus, balm, myrrh, &c.; with oil thus prepared, the sick man and his bed are rubbed, and the lamps are fed; it is supposed to have power to chase the evil one from the room. There are special prayers for the first time the beard is shaved, and for the first assumption of the linen veil; they, the priests, fail not to purify a boat, bought of a Jew or of a Turk; they purify corn and flour by excommunicating the mites and weevils; they sprinkle the ground where a well is to be dug, and the first stone of a house that is laid. The first fruits are presented at the altar, with hymns and benedictions; the threshing floor is always blessed, and the field before it is ploughed. The gathering of olives, bread, wine, and colyva, or boiled corn, offered to the dead, have each their orison in the ritual, and it even contains a form of adjuration for evil dreams. They bless the criminal's fetters; on the fifteenth of August they bless the grapes, barrels, and the new wine. To free a field or vineyard from caterpillars, they address themselves to St. Eustace; after repeating a mass in his honour, they sprinkle the ground in the form of a cross, with holy water, in which a few drops of wax from a holy taper have been dropped. St. Peter presides over fishermen, nets, and lines; the prophet Elijah is invoked to bless

salt ; forges, limekilns, &c., are protected by Ananias, Azarias, and Michael. The priests pray that the wisdom of Solomon may be given to the child when he first enters the lowly village school, and they invoke the Holy Ghost in favour of the remarkably stupid, recommending him, at the same time, to St. Procopius, patron of thick skulls. The possessed are exorcised in the name of Sabaoth, Adonai, and Elohim, and the devil is desired to dislodge with a string of epithets and execrations, to which our language can offer no parallel. In short, this is a very land of fairy, and the gods and demigods of other days, are succeeded by saints and devils ; every event is attributed to supernatural interference. The Virgin takes the place of Venus, St. Nicolas calms tempests, St. Demetrius is but another name for Pan. The Greeks of the present day, but too much resemble the Lycanians of old, who wished to offer sacrifices to St. Paul. Here, at Corfù, the priests assert constantly, that Spiridion walks the sea on stormy nights, and indeed, sea-weed is often found about his legs, which furnish a lucrative article of commerce. The devil's name is never pronounced by the boldest Greek ; they allude to him only as " the wind," " darkness," " misfortune," " the vagabond." Some maladies are attributed to envy, and for this reason, they always spit, if you admire the beauty or health of an individual. They drive a coffin nail into the door of a house from which they would

chase ghosts ; a triangular paper with the name of any disease written on it, has power to chase that disease away ; garlic replaces the laurel of the ancient Greeks, with which they used to propitiate Esculapius.

The word *death* is never pronounced ; they say “ he sleeps,” “ he is gone.” There are yet people living in Cefalonia, who remember seeing the obolo placed in the coffin to pay old Charon ! The weepers, or myriologists, are still hired. To hear an ass bray, or to see a priest at sunrise, is a very bad omen ; dreams, of course, are held to be of the very highest consequence ; neither are the woods and groves tenantless. The Anaraïdes have replaced the Graces, and sometimes carry off shepherds who are so imprudent as to follow them ; and the Esotics are now what the Thessalian sorceresses were. There is a genius which presides over fountains ; and the Greek women never fail to wish him “ Good morn,” and “ Good even,” when they go to draw water. But the most beautiful of their superstitions is that which relates to the souls of infants who die before baptism. As soon as spring awakens the early violets, these “ Telonia” come forth from Erebus, and hover on the light vapours of morning. The mother who weeps her early dead, thinks she hears his sighs in the murmur of the wind ; and to appease them, she burns incense before the Virgin Mother. During the forty days which follow the festival of the resurrection, the

souls of the dead are let loose, and flit about in the form of bees and butterflies. Superstition penetrates also the interior of the house; the hearth is fixed after a peculiar fashion; and when they lie down to sleep, they take care not to extend the feet towards the house-door, as doing so would be a sure sign of death. These remarks on the religion and superstition of the Greeks are principally borrowed from Pouqueville; but I have seen and heard so many of their ideas on the subject myself, that I am quite willing to take the rest upon trust.

Before I close the chapter, I must tell you a word respecting the ceremonies they observe at Easter, which amuse me exceedingly. Exactly at noon, all the bells in the city burst out in one peal, at the same moment the bishop says, "Our Lord is risen;" and crash, crash, crash, go all the broken pots and pans out of all the windows in all the narrow dirty streets of Corfù; while the old women, who have been on the *qui vive* for the moment, exclaim, "Avaunt fleas, bugs, and all vermin! make way for the Lord of all to enter! The people have eaten nothing but vegetables for forty days; and now, alas! for the lambs." At the door of every house may be seen the master with his white apron on, and knife in his hand: he cuts, himself, the throat of the poor little wretch, and ere life has quite departed, dips a lock of wool in the blood, and marks a cross on the lintel of the doorway.

Our sketching excursions are very delightful. This morning I was seated under a group of olives, and had just marked in the citadel, and a little bit of mountain, when a troop of Greek women came about me. They had never seen a drawing, and their astonishment was most amusing. I showed them some sketches that I thought they would understand,—those of their own countrywomen,—particularly one of a girl winding flax, delighted them; but when they came to old Barba Stefano, a beggar who lives up among them, at Annalipsi, they roared out in unextinguishable laughter. One stroked my face, another patted my head, a third snatched my glass and peeped through it,—in short, they played all sorts of antics; and at last, as my pencil was idle *par force*, I left them to their mirth, and, with Emily and Henrietta, went insect-hunting. You have seen the bee orchis,—it is very common here,—an insect among flowers; we have also flowers among insects. I first saw it on my dress, and took it for a head of grass, that grass whose blossom is purple; but it moved, walked, and at last I found out that it was an insect, a mantis. We have, too, the brown and green mantis; which last is also called the “walking leaf,” and in very deed its wings are exactly like long slender delicate green leaves. I kept one of them for many weeks, and it used to sit for hours on my work-table. The mantis has an odd way of waving about two long feelers; so they call it the praying mantis; and the

country people here give it yet another name, "the devil's horse." And they say, if a child loses its way, and has the luck to find one of these insects, it shows him the road with its feelers. We find also the nest of the mason-bee; a long purse, buried in the earth, and neatly lined with a soft hairy substance, with a lid at top which shuts down exactly, and is fastened with a hinge. The outside of this lid is covered with moss; so it is difficult enough to discover them. Sometimes we amuse ourselves with watching the ant-lion, who burrows a deep hole in the sand, and lies down snugly at the bottom of it, covering himself slightly over. Presently, an unwary ant, trotting along with her burden, tumbles down the pit, and out walks the treacherous monster to devour his victim. One day we found some nests of the mason-ant: they are formed of clay and fine gravel, and generally deposited on limestone or marble. The parent deposits the eggs within the nest with some flies, by way of provision, and then, blocking up the entrance, walks off, leaving her progeny to its fate. Locusts are abundant, and very destructive here; and there is a little round spider, snow-white, which is very curious. But the most beautiful of all the insects, after the mantis, is the green beetle that lives in the cistus, a gem bedropped with gold in a palace of ivory. One might fancy this the vainest of insects; for I have never found it in any other situation than in this one, so peculiarly fitted to set forth its beauty.

At evening the cicadas come out with their shrill humming song; but this is so very peculiarly a Grecian insect, that I must write out for you a note relating to them, which I found in Beloe's Herodotus. "The Athenians, in support of their antiquity, assumed many romantic appellations; calling themselves the 'sons of the earth.' Opposing, also, these names to the fiction of the Egyptians, concerning the generation of man from the slime and mud of the Nile, they afterwards, as an emblem of their own fortuitous generation, wore the cicada, or harvest flies,—commonly translated 'grasshoppers,'—in their hair. Their comic poet, who on no occasion spared his countrymen, makes of this, their emblem, a happy but sarcastic use; telling them that the cicada, which they pretended to be a symbol of themselves, did really exhibit their faithful picture; with this only difference, that whereas the cicada only sung on the boughs for a month or two, they sung away their whole lives in hearing causes, sauntering through the streets to pick up the loose grain which fell from the industrious farmer, and to find out a place where they had nothing to do. This claim of the Athenians to antiquity was disputed by the Arcadians, who boasted that they existed before the moon; and they wore limulas or moons in their shoes, as the Athenians wore the cicada in their hair."

Now, having told you of all these pretty and amusing insects, I will only slightly mention, that

the same country which produces them, also produces that most tormenting of all tormentors, the musquito; also, fleas, bugs in abundance, and, now and then, scorpions. I once found a scorpion under my pillow; and had he happened to wake and sting me, he would have been any thing but an agreeable companion: the sting of a scorpion is not mortal, but very—very painful.

When we have an opportunity of sending to England, you will receive from my young naturalists a fine box of specimens, which they have preserved in spirits of wine, and afterwards dried in the sun; and then you may make personal acquaintance with my Corfiote insect friends. I cannot understand this rage for collecting and preserving, which shows itself sometimes in young children. I love insects,—that is, I love to watch them working at their tiny habitations; chasing each other in play or in anger, sporting in the sunbeams; I could sit for hours, and have sat for hours, on a certain sunny bank in the vicinity of Virò, watching the beautiful little lizards with which it is peopled, racing up and down, and darting along in every direction with the velocity of thought;—these little creatures, often not more than an inch in length, are of a bright green, and shine in the sun-light like gold,—no diamond can be brighter than their eyes; and their tails, ye gods! what an epitome of elegance is a lizard's tail!—Yes! I love to watch them, sporting, and chasing, and

playing lizard-fashion at leap frog, but not for the wealth of a world would I attempt to catch them. Not so with my young friends. No sooner does Henrietta behold a pretty or new insect, than straightway a vicious inclination arises in the child's heart, which leads her to catch and imprison, and pickle the poor little reptile. Surely she is a Linnæus in embryo! Neither does she respect persons or circumstances, whether it be a venerable green frog taking his afternoon siesta on the point of an agabè leaf; a young butterfly, sporting in glee of heart from bud to bell; a locust reposing in all the security of conscious innocence, and trusting to the milk of human kindness which ought to dwell in the heart of every biped;—no matter; if Henrietta's bright eye detect them, their last beads are counted; into the glass of spirits of wine, that tomb of all the Capulets, they go. My own dear tame mantis owes its safety only to the vigilant watch I keep over it, and I have heard sundry debates as to the possibility of abstracting from Harry's study, a certain lizard which has dwelt there this month, and of introducing the same, being of extraordinary size, — a Goliath among the race, measuring full three feet from the nose to the tip of the tail,—to the intimacy of his smaller brethren in the aforesaid glass[jar]: however, I am in hopes his size will save the poor reptile from being pickled alive.

TO THE CICADA.

Glad child of Summer ! much I love
To hear thy merry song,
Ring out at eve, the dark pine grove,
And the bright flowers among.

Thine is a blest existence — born
Beneath a Grecian sky,
Thy home built in the golden corn,
Thy task — to sing and die.

When the first winter blast wails round
It brings to thee no gloom,
For thou art sleeping safe and sound,
Safe shrouded in thy tomb.

Oh say, what lesson sweet, from thee
To thoughtful heart is sent ?
Whate'er our path in life may be,
Therewith to be content.

To praise our God at morning prime,
To love Him all the day,
And at the holy evening time,
To thank Him ere we pray.

Would that like thine, my life might be,
A merry life of song ;
Passed with true hearts, all happily,
My own home-trees among.

Ah! would that when the first deep grief
Came cloud-like, o'er my heart,
Bidding youth's hopes — ever so brief,
Its love and trust depart,

Making me look on days to come,
With changed and tearful eye;
Would that like thee, in that first gloom
I had lain down to die!

Ah, me! — regret thus idly spent, —
Can this the lesson be;
Of cheerful hope, and blithe content,
I came to learn from thee?

I do forget! thou hast thy day,
Of sunshine, song, and mirth!
But, passing like a dream, away,
Thou hast no second birth.

A fairer destiny is mine,
Of heavenly hopes the heir,
And shall my coward heart repine
Earth's transient griefs to share?

Beyond that sky so blue and bright,
Lie fairer worlds than this;
Realms of untold, unseen delight,
Where every breath is bliss.

The bitter tear of trust betrayed,
The tremblings of despair,
Hope unfulfilled, and faith dismayed,
Can find no entrance there.

And there too, we shall meet again,
 The loved ! the lost ! the true !
 Who would not bear earth's sharpest pain
 With such sweet hope in view ?

I will not mourn — tho' all that cheered
 Life's early days be fled,
 Tho' they whom early love endeared,
 Dwell now among the dead.

I will not wish, Cicada, more,
 My life should be like thine ;
 Thou diest ! — thy life and hope are o'er ;
 Death opens bliss to mine.

I will look up — all murmuring past,
 Upon the bliss to come ;
 And cheerly tread, while life shall last,
 Life's pathway to the tomb.

MAY.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
Slowly to trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot, hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ! —

BYRON.

ONE of our principal summer amusements,—but it must be early in the summer,—is to go into the country and enjoy a picnic. Little do you, in your happy ignorance, know what summer is in its fullness of sun and dust. A few hot days in July we sometimes experience in England, but they are gone before we have time to complain. Imagine the thermometer ranging between 80° and 90° week after week, and month after month. Ay ! from the latter end of May to the beginning of

October. Imagine the tedium of a long, long day, unvaried by active employment. One must rise early, while it is cool enough to bear the fatigue of dressing. Reading, working, drawing, all tire at last, even the dinner hour, which is always looked forward to as a break in the monotony of a long English day, is no amusement here. The bell rings, and we rise languidly from the divan, and saunter as languidly into the dining-room; then we throw ourselves back in a chair, and call for a lemon or a glass of Verdèa. Too hot to eat, too hot to talk, too hot to flirt with one's neighbour; and Goths there are in this world, who have hot soup and meat set on the table; it gives me half a fever to think of it! After dinner each person withdraws to his dressing-room, and then the battle begins. Some people undress at once, and take a regular siesta, but I do not; for the misery of waking in a bath, and the plague of dressing again, counterbalance the luxury — so, with me, the battle is, to keep awake, and for that I force my weary legs up and down the room, rub my eyes and drink soda-water, sometimes, it must be confessed, in vain. Imagine then the delight it is, to escape from the hot, crowded, dusty town very, very early in the morning, to drive fourteen or fifteen miles away, and spend all the day in the open air under the shade of the olives, and on banks of flowers. The country is every where delightful, but here, most especially so: no trim quickset

hedges, square fields of turnips and potatoes, — no little stiff red brick houses, such as charm the cockneys in Surry and Middlesex; but mountains rising in pristine beauty to the skies, land which has never felt the plough, valleys and banks enamelled with those flowers of which you cultivate a few roots so carefully in your cold gardens; here, clumps of the fair and graceful cyclamen; there, fields purple with anemones, blue lupines, crocus, snowdrop, virgin stock, and a thousand more of various colours, are thrown together in such profusion, and are so mingled, that, in very deed, the ground looks like a mosaic pavement. Over head, hang bowers of the sweet-scented clematis, the scarlet berries of the arbutus enliven the rocks by the sea shore, and the myrtle grows every where. The trees are never pruned, and grow up as graceful and fantastic as nature intended they should be. Some people complain of the prevalence of the olive here, but they have no taste; it is the principal growth of the island, but we have also pines, cypresses, and orange-trees. I do not think a more perfect and beautiful contrast can be found, than is presented to the eye by the bending olive, whose graceful foliage varies with every sweep of the wind, turning now her silver, and now her dark side to the breeze; the tall spiral cypress of the richest darkest green, standing upright, towering above his brethren of the woods; and lastly, the round compact sturdy orange, with bright burnished leaves of a

midway tint between the other two, with fruit of gold, and flowers of fragrant alabaster. And then the mountain paths, narrow, never admitting more than one at a time, steep, full of great loose stones, but bordered with shrubs, which here might almost be called trees. Can you imagine any thing more pleasant than scrambling along the face of the rock, while every now and then you stop to peep through a little opening of the hedge of laurustinus or myrtle, and, looking beyond the rough ascent, the eye wanders delighted over the waters, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," that murmur far beneath, and fancy revels in the isles of Greece, that repose on the sea, like "far off islets of the blest." Then rises by fits and starts the low wild song of the fisherman, and the sky is so fair and transparent that almost you might expect to look through it into Paradise; and the thousand wild flowers and herbs send up delicious fragrance, and the air itself is so balmy, that the heart seems to swell with a new sense of happiness, and the tongue involuntarily utters, "This is indeed enjoying existence, and this is indeed a lovely world to enjoy it in!" Oh, if you were but with me! But noon approaches, and we must look out for shade. The island of Corfù has always been famous for its gardens, from the days of Alcinoüs, downwards. They still point out the spot, where the young Nausicaa, walking with her maidens, beheld for the first time Ulysses, that much-tried hero, buffeting with the waves,

which had pitilessly swallowed up his ship and his companions. Turn now to Homer, and read the Sixth Book of the Odyssey; it is too long to quote. The nymph courteously received the warrior, directed him to her father's palace, where Ulysses, according to his laudable custom, enchanted the ear of Alcinoüs, with the recital of his adventures, and, like another Othello, won the heart of the maiden. Marmora goes on to say that he married her; but this is slander, mere Greek slander, and vile injustice to the husband of the constant Penelope. The chroniclers of Corfù, when relating the various sieges she has sustained, appear always to dwell more on the destruction of her fair gardens and olive grounds, than on that of her palaces; and with good reason. What her buildings were in the days of the Pheacians, when, according to Homer, the palace walls were of brass, the doors incased in gold, the supporting pillars of silver, I cannot tell; for long, long ago, all traces of such wealth have passed away;—a more miserable town than it now is, cannot be seen: long, narrow, unpaved streets, high tottering houses, dirty inhabitants, and nuisances of every sort, are the delights it offers. Cities rise, and cities decay; they owe their existence to art. The walls of stone that girded the Chresopolis, her lofty spires, her wonders of sculpture and architecture, her temples filled with images of gold, her fleets that carried terror and death to Corinth, and in after days humbled the pride of

Solyman himself,—all these have passed away,—utterly ; but the groves and gardens remain fresh and beautiful, as when kings and conquerors delighted to wander among them, and the distressed of all ages and conditions came here as to a refuge.

I cannot conceive a pleasanter retreat than the garden in which I spent the whole long day yesterday. Do not picture to yourself, at the word “ garden,” plots of flowers, straight gravel-walks, stone rollers, and trim arbours ; the walks are covered with fine grass, soft to the foot as any Turkey carpet ; flowers and vegetables grow up altogether pretty much as they like ; the trees are stuck about irregularly just where nature planted them ; and for arbours, every grassy walk is an arbour from end to end : a light lattice work of bamboo is fixed on each side and over the top ; this is covered with vines, which, creeping in and out, quite hide the sticks, and present to the eye the grateful sight of green walls and ceiling, (so to speak,) just high enough to allow you to gather the rich purple clusters that hang from it. There is sure to be a fountain or streamlet near, and its low gurgling noise fills the mind with all sorts of pleasing ideas. Harry says, it must have been in just such a spot that Ariosto wrote. I know not how that may be, but I know it is the very spot in which to enjoy reading Italian poetry. How delicious we found our dinner under the trees, I can scarcely tell you,—you must be one in such an *al fresco* party, to conceive it. The ladies forgot,

for once, that it was necessary to give themselves airs, and look interesting; and the male part of the assembly were no less happily oblivious. Attendants, hot soup, and other equally unnecessary appendages were dispensed with, and we were as gay and as free from restraint, as though there had not been such things as a palace, and a Lady High, in the island. I could almost fancy we were the very party Boccacio describes, as being assembled in just such another pleasant spot. When dinner was over, we began to occupy ourselves according to our different tastes. Lady Woudbe, always anxious to produce effect, signed to her Albanian to bring her guitar; and withdrew with it to a little distance, surrounded, as usual, by her aid-de-camps and lap-dogs. Harry took out his sketch-book; Susan sat by to look over him, and cut his pencils; near us was a group of Greek noblemen,—some of them arranged themselves for their afternoon slumber, and others began telling stories of their younger days. I lent them all my attention, for you know how I love stories; and I will try and repeat some that I heard, in the speakers' own words. He who first began, was a fiery-looking old man, in whom the frost of age had extinguished the kindly feelings of youth, a native of the neighbouring island of Cefalonia; his name is Metaxà; and little suspecting that the quiet English girl near him understood one word he spoke, he thus addressed his companions:—

TIRATO LANGOTHO.

“Times are changed since I was a young man, and our island is as different to what it was, twenty years ago, as I am myself. The English rule us now,—protect is the word,—but that’s humbug, and they have brought all sorts of changes,—improvements they call them, but no improvements at all, in my opinion. Those were the days for us, when every noble held law and authority in his own hands, and the life of every man on his estate was at his disposal! This power was sometimes tyrannically exercised, but to they who used it well, it was a sweet possession, and some there were who obtained the title of ‘Father of his vassals.’ I had a house in Argostoli, the capital city, and another in the country, about twenty miles distant. Whenever a nobleman visited the capital, it was the custom, that near the time of his return, two or three of his vassals should leave their homes, and repair to Argostoli, to escort their master to his country house. At that time the French held the islands under their protection, but their influence was little felt in Cefalonia, and indeed, as they were about to quit us altogether, they took very little interest in our affairs; every noble lived like a king on his own land, and we were always at war with each other; the spirit of revenge dwelt amongst us,

—a lamb slain, or a tree up-rooted, was sufficient to keep up a quarrel through many generations; and on these occasions, the vassals of one party would lose no opportunity of harassing, or even murdering those of another. Well; I was at Argostoli, and having sent a messenger to signify my wish of returning home, on the eve of my departure, two trusty dependents came to attend me; they were armed from head to foot;—Giorgio was a brave lad, ever ready to fight those who were weaker than himself, and Johannes declared he feared nobody alive, but the devil. Off we set at day-break, each mounted on a sure-footed mule. We had no intention to hurry over our journey in one day; my brother had a house about half way on our road, and I reckoned on reaching it before night, and on sleeping there. We had, as far as we knew, but one danger to encounter. About two miles from my kinsman's house was a valley, called 'Tirato Langotho,' in which, it was said, the devil himself had taken up his abode. There was an awkward turning in this valley, behind which, if a man had a grudge against any neighbour, whose evil stars led him to traverse that road, he could hide himself, and shoot his foe at his ease. So many crosses had been erected round about this pass in memory of murders committed there, that one's mule could scarcely pick his way through them. It was said, that the devil would station himself there, and call out to passing tra-

vellers; if they answered him, there was an end of them, down he pounced with his fiery eyes and long tail, and seizing the hapless wayfarer by the hair of his head;—a rustling noise, as of rushing wings, was heard, and the traveller was lost for ever! If, on the contrary, a man had courage to pursue his way steadily, without turning his head or making any reply, he was safe enough. I need scarcely say, that my two companions believed all this, as firmly as they believed in their own existence. I had my own opinions on the subject. Unfortunately, soon after starting, a hare crossed the road; to proceed under such circumstances, was impossible, one or all of us would certainly have met with an untimely end. We were forced to halt, till some traveller, knowing nothing of the matter should pass, and break the charm. Thus we wasted two good hours; but at last, luckily for us, a sturdy peasant came singing along, and the evil omen being averted, we continued our journey. Not having traversed this road for many years, I asked, naturally enough, every ten minutes, if we were near the dreaded spot; at last, the fellows began whispering together, and they said their master was afraid. So to let them see their mistake, I halted as evening began to fall, and proposed to rest awhile under the trees, and refresh ourselves with some excellent cold lamb, and Muscat. Although they were not the men to refuse such an offer at any other time, I could see

the proposal was far from being agreeable. ‘Come, come, my merry men,’ said I, ‘we must fortify ourselves, in case we should meet with ——.’—‘If you value your life, my lord,’ said Giorgio, ‘do not mention his name; nothing enrages the evil one so much, as to hear himself talked of. Pray, pray! my good master, be silent for our sakes, and for your own.’—‘In my opinion,’ said Johannes, setting down the last bottle, which he had emptied during his companion’s speech; ‘the best thing we can do, is to turn our mules’ heads, and find our way back to Argostoli; true, we are eight miles distant, but what of that. — *He*, (here they both crossed themselves very devoutly), does not lie waiting by the road side to devour us.’—‘But to-morrow, my friends, we shall have to begin all our journey again, and to Pisades I must go.’—‘True, master, but we will set out earlier. *He* has not so much power, by the broad day-light, as at night!’—‘Bah! bah! you will not persuade me, my friends, that you are such women as not to be able to keep your tongues quiet for five minutes; and if you do that, you need not fear. Up, Giorgio!—mount, and go forward; and you, good Johannes, keep in the rear.’ Johannes was not ill-pleased at this; for he thought the devil could not possibly seize us all at once, and that the last would have the best chance of escape. On then we went, my two guards silent as fish; I singing away merrily.

Presently, Johannes pressed forward, and laid his hand forcibly on my arm. ‘Tirato Langotho!’ he whispered. We entered the valley; all within was dark and dismal; the hills seemed to close in around us; the fantastic stems of the trees assumed new and fearful shapes; my heart did begin to beat rather quicker, especially when I saw the black crosses thickening around my path. We approached the pass; Giorgio lingered for me to join him; Johannes pressed on till his mule’s nose touched my saddle; then I raised my voice, and called aloud—‘Approach, good Signor Devil!—approach, and seize my fellow traveller, Giorgio!’ I heard a low, suppressed exclamation of fear, and just caught a glimpse of Giorgio’s mule’s tail, as, with whip and spur, he goaded her on. ‘Approach!’ I cried again, ‘Johannes remains.’—I turned round; but Johannes was gone! ‘Come, then, to me, my good fellow!’ I continued; ‘if the men have escaped, here is the master; enter into my body, if it please your devilship, and dispose of me as you think proper.’ Perhaps the gentleman did not think me worth having; or, it may be, he loves cowards better than brave men. Certain it is, I continued my journey unmolested by man or spirit. The road was straight and safe, and in less than an hour I reached my brother’s house. I was received with a warm welcome; for no sooner did I set my foot in the court-yard, than

my sister-in-law, and her mother, ran out, each holding a flaming firebrand, which they waved about in the air, crying, as they did so, 'Avaunt! avaunt! evil one! keep far from us and our household!' 'Excuse me, brother,' continued Giulia, 'it is not you I address, but the evil spirit who accompanies you. We have heard of your meeting with him at Tirato Langotho; but now we have exorcised him with a flaming brand. So, come in; he has not power to follow.'—'And Giorgio and Johannes!—are they here?'—'They arrived about ten minutes ago, sick and wounded; they are both in the stable.'—I went to see the poor wretches. True enough, I found them as Giulia had said; sick and wounded, stretched out, side by side, on their straw bed. Giorgio's arm was broken, and Johannes was bruised all over. In their haste, they had fallen over stick and stone; but no power on earth could persuade them that they had not been thus maltreated by the devil! 'Ah, master!' cried Giorgio, 'a pretty trick you played us! We have been nicely handled, and all for your sake!' I tried to console them, but in vain; neither could they, or would they, proceed with me the next day. I left the poor fellows some *colonnati*, and journeyed on alone. They returned in a few days, but I did not see them; for I had been summoned in the interim to Zante. A year elapsed ere I was again in the bosom of my family.

“One festa-day, I walked over to a little village,

near Pesades. I went to the church; it was on a hillock, commanding the village. Mass was over, and the villagers were enjoying their holiday; the young people walking about among the trees; the elders sitting about,—some on the church steps, others on benches. I saw my two good old friends, and advanced towards them. Johannes was presently out of sight, and Giorgio was about to follow; but I stopped him. ‘Be not alarmed, my good fellow!’ said I; ‘we are not now at Tirato Langotho; and if we were, no harm would befall you. Did you not hear me call aloud on the devil, to come and take me? yet you see I am here, safe and sound.’ ‘True enough!’ answered Giorgio; ‘and I know the reason too, may-be.’ ‘And what may the reason be, pray, sir?’ — ‘No, no! I dare not tell your lordship. I am a poor peasant, and you are my master. Lords can wield sticks as well as evil spirits.’

“There was a sly smile in the fellow’s eye;—all the time, he was longing to speak his mind. ‘Come, come! out with it, my good Giorgio; I swear to you, by the health of my children! no harm shall befall you.’ ‘Well, then,’ he replied, with a saucy grin, ‘the devil did not run away with your lordship, because he would not hurt his own!’”

Here the Count paused; and, on peeping over Harry’s book, I saw he was preparing to sketch the

narrator; so we drew yet a little nearer to the group. There was a slight *sourire furtive* on Susan's face; but we affected not to notice them.

The next speaker was an old man; he might have numbered seventy summers. He, too, was a Cefaloniate; and, turning to Metaxà—"You have told a good story, Spiro," he said; "and now you may go sleep, if you will. I am going to tell these youngsters something of our Venetian governors; and it is all familiar to you. — He finds fault with the present order of things," continued he, to his other listeners; "but he knows not what is good for himself. We were never happier, or more independent, than we are now."

"How!" interrupted Metaxà. "What do you mean? When we are forced to pay money for making roads, for the support of foreign soldiers, and the devil knows what besides! when, if a man affronts us, we must tamely bear it, or go to law, and pay sums of money, for which we never see any return! When we are not permitted to keep even a bravo in our pay!—what do you mean, Count Pietro?"

"I mean what I say," answered his friend, quietly. "Is it not better to pay a few dollars every year, than to break our necks over rugged precipices? We pay a certain sum for the maintenance of the military, and know what we have to pay; but there was no end to the exactions of our

hired bravoos. And better it is, to lose our money at law, than to have our houses burnt down, and our lands laid waste in a single night."

"It is a meek and cowardly spirit that thinks so," returned the fiery Metaxà. "Vengeance once dwelt in the soul of every island noble; but now every thing is changed. We give our servants money, and they give us the service of hirelings. I will tell you what we loved:—A neighbour, who was no friend, once injured me; he spoke wrong and falsehood of my name. That very night, an ancient retainer came to me, and said, 'Metaxà, my fathers have lived for ages on the estates of yours. Your bread is yet in my mouth. Condelli has offended you. This night I will build a wall over his body!' This was the service we loved."

Metaxà did not tell us the fate of his adversary, for Count Pietro seemed anxious to change the discourse. "We met for pleasant pastime," he said, "and we are beginning to dispute. I was going to tell you,—I forget."—His eye involuntarily followed his countryman, as he withdrew from the circle; there was something of regret in his glance, but the younger members of the party drew nearer each other with an appearance of satisfaction.

"You were going to tell us of your Venetian governors," said one of them.

"True," was the answer; "and now I see

that my angry friend has composed himself to sleep, I will perform my promise.—You all know that so early as the year 1386, the Corfiotes placed themselves under the protection of Venice. We were at that time governed by the Counts of Arta, and for many after-years remained tributary to them; but at last Venice made herself the mistress of Cefalonia also. You will imagine, perhaps, that the Venetians chose the wisest of their senators, the bravest among their warriors, to rule over us. We love our seven islands, our ‘ring of brilliants,’ so well, that we expected this, but it was not so. Did a general die, and leave his heir unprovided for? Did a courtier ruin himself by his extravagance? Did a man, too powerful for punishment, offend the senate by not being in all things subservient to its will? Straight, the portionless heir, the spendthrift noble, the refractory citizen, was sent here to recruit his ruined fortunes, and to speak of freedom at a safe distance from the capital. They were allowed only to remain a certain number of years, and in that time their sole aim was to collect as much money, by means, just or unjust, as they could. Justice was publicly bought and sold in the streets, and the poor man was the only criminal. The lady of the governor of Ithaca, being asked, after a stay there of three years, how she liked the island, answered candidly enough, ‘Not at all, we shall soon be ruined, only three murders since we came!’ Such were the

governors appointed to rule over Corfù, the chief of the islands ; we were yet worse off. I remember well, one Giacomo Pezzamano, who came as usual, with great pomp and ceremony, and was received with loud acclamations. I chanced, one day, to ask him what o'clock it was : he drew out his enormous silver watch, and showed it me ; ' Look,' he exclaimed, ' see for yourself.' This was not courteous, and the next day, I whispered a friend to put to him the same question. The same reply was given, and we soon found out that this worthy could not tell the clock. We did not much relish having such a fool to reign over us, and determined to frighten him away if we could. On the first levee day, my brother Paölo, who had insinuated himself into his confidence, stood at his elbow to tell him the names and histories of the different nobles, as they presented themselves. — ' That,' he said, ' is Pietro Veja, a man who keeps six bravoës in his pay, and finds them bed and board. His friend, who bows down till his forehead almost touches the ermine of your excellency's robe, has already married four wives ; three of them sleep in peace, but nobody knows how they died. He who follows, with a yataghan in his belt, was the youngest of seven brothers, but he has won all their inheritance to himself.' — ' But who is that tall pale man, with the long hair flowing down in curls almost to his crimson belt ?' — ' That is Stefano Marcorà ; he has killed fourteen men with his own

hands.'—'Enough! enough! good Paölo; please the Virgin this levee were over.'

"From this time forward, it was amusing to see the care with which Pezzamano avoided the visits and civilities of our nobles, but more especially of Marcorà. An universal tremor came over him, whenever Marcorà approached, for which the other was at a loss to account.—'Don't be afraid,' whispered Paölo, 'he's quiet enough with his friends, besides he is unarmed.'—'True, my friend, but what of that? he has killed fourteen men!'

"One day we were walking in Argostoli, and it came into his excellency's head to wish for some new bread. We entered a baker's shop, and were regaling ourselves, when Marcora passed by. Quite unconscious of Paölo's treachery, and anxious to be very civil, he joined us. Pezzamano instantly drew away to the back of the shop, Marcorà bowing and smiling, pursued him.—'What do you want? what do you want?' cried the governor.—'Please your excellency, seeing you all so pleasantly engaged, I wished to share in the entertainment.' Pezzamano seized half a dozen loaves, and almost threw them at the wondering count.—'Take them!' he cried. 'Come away, my friends. That fellow has killed fourteen men!' he added to us in a lower tone.

"Sometimes Marcorà would ask, with all due humility, for a pinch of snuff. Pezzamano could not refuse, but he would hold the box at arm's

length, and jerk it away so hastily, that half the snuff would fall to the floor. Scarce a day passed in which we did not find, or make some joke against our clever Venetian. When he wanted to buy any thing, he would stand higgling for half an hour, trying to get it for half its value, and then drawing out his long leathern bag full of paras, would bid the tradesman pay himself. He wished to pass this off for liberality,—it was beneath his dignity to count over a few beggarly paras. The shopkeepers did not fail to take advantage of this mock magnificence, and paid themselves so liberally, that the governor was at last obliged to confess that he could not count beyond ten.”

The next person who spoke was from the continent,—a native of a little village near Mistra, and he might himself have sat for the portrait of an ancient Spartan, such was the high determined dignity of his countenance, and the simplicity of his manner and appearance. “Since we are on the subject of Venice,” he said, “I will tell you an anecdote of Emo, the great Venetian admiral, in which I took some share. You know, in Calouri, my native village, we have many legends respecting the ancient dwellers on our soil, and our chief aim is to preserve their simplicity and hardihood among us. Thus, we have, from time immemorial kept ourselves apart from the neighbouring villages, and have refrained from adopting any new

fashions or luxuries. Perhaps our poverty may something assist us in this. We are governed by the oldest men among us ; our laws are few and simple ; and if to our indigence we owe the want of many of the comforts of life, we owe to it also, that nobody deeming it worth while to disturb us, we have been allowed to choose our own government and laws. Our only export is pitch, and for that, in my younger days, we were so famous, that it was sent for from far and near ; it was almost the only produce of our village, and on it we subsisted. When I was quite a young man, part of the Venetian fleet, commanded by Emo himself, whose name, however famous, we had never heard, anchored in a little bay near our village. Emo heard of the excellent quality of our pitch, and sent by a special messenger, a letter, conceived very nearly as follows, for we read it so often to come at its meaning, that I remember it even now : —

“ ‘ Emo, admiral of the most serene and illustrious republic of Venice, to the syndics, primates, or governors, as they may style themselves, of the loyal and faithful village of Calouri : Whereas we have heard that our faithful and illustrious friends and allies do export a certain commodity called pitch ; we, in the name of the most serene and illustrious republic, do beg, entreat, and require, that our aforementioned good friends and allies of the village of Calouri, do forthwith consign to our trusty and loyal messenger, the undernamed quan-

tity of the said commodity called pitch, in lieu whereof, we, of the serene and most illustrious republic, do promise, agree, and offer, to give any remuneration our friends of Calouri may require; provided always that the said remuneration be within the bounds of moderation: and now praying that all prosperity ——”

“Nay! spare us,” interrupted a lively Athenian, who sat by the speaker; “spare us; we all know the unmerciful length of a Venetian epistle, especially of the interminable formula at the beginning and end. What was your answer?”

“What, indeed!” answered the Calouriot. “The old men assembled under the mulberry trees, where all public debates were held; they turned the paper over and over, without being any the wiser, wondering why Èmo, or any other living soul, could think it worth while to send such a string of compliments to a set of poor vine-dressers: they were also at a loss to know, of whom they were the faithful friends and allies. At last, they called us young men in: we could not enlighten them a whit. As a final resource, they sent for the messenger, and asked him whence he came, and what he wanted.”

“But your answer, my good friend, — what was your answer?”

“Thus it was written: ‘We of Calouri, to Èmo the admiral:—Send us your money, and you shall have our pitch.’”

The conversation now returned to the injustice of the Venetian administration, and one of the young men asked how they managed when the governors were changed?

“I will tell you,” replied an old Cefaloniotte. “Some of my uncle’s cattle once trespassed on Metaxà’s ground. Metaxà ordered his peasants to shoot some of them. My uncle complained to the governor, who was his intimate friend, and a hundred men, secretly supplied with powder and money by my uncle, entered Metaxà’s village by night, burnt the houses, shot the cattle, and in short, destroyed the place. There the matter rested till the governor was called home. Now his successor was an old friend of Metaxà’s; my uncle was in despair, expecting nothing less than that his house would be burned, and himself—perhaps, hanged. He went by night to the governor with four or five rouleaus of sequins in his pocket, which he divided between the ruler and the ruler’s secretary. So, on the next public day he was sent for,—and, to the astonishment of every one was received with every mark of favour.”

“And how did you get on when the Russians came!”

“Signor Saranopolo will tell you that.”

“Willingly,” answered the aforementioned Athenian. “I left Athens a mere lad, and poor as a blighted olive. I am now, thanks to the Virgin, well to do in the world; and it is not by keeping

my ears and eyes shut I have become so. I was at Corfù about thirty years ago; the Russians had just arrived, and they helped me on a little. I soon formed an intimacy with a Russian captain, which I failed not to turn to advantage. At that time, our cattle being somewhat neglected, we had neither butter nor cheese in the island. One of these deficiencies I resolved to supply speedily, for I knew my Russian friend had brought with him an ample supply of the former article. Accordingly I invited my worthy friend to breakfast, desiring him to bring his officers with him. Knowing them to be very fond of fried fish, I desired my wife to prepare a sufficient quantity, but to fry it in the very worst oil she could find. The good woman looked aghast,—‘Why, you know, we have just received a large skin full of the very best from Cefalonia.’—‘Hold your tongue, Bianca, and do as you are bid.’

“The morning came, and with it my guests. The floor was strewn with fresh bay-leaves, and the table was washed clean, and covered with fresh honey, bread made of Indian corn, well salted olives, coffee, wine, and to crown all, a noble dish of fried mullets. This, they all eagerly attacked: it is the custom in Russia, to fry fish with butter, and some of them, my friend among the number, cannot abide oil. A horrible grimace he made when he put the first unsavoury morsel into his mouth.

“ My wife, who stood behind, waiting upon us, looked at me as black as thunder, but I turning round, assumed a most formidable aspect, and roared out, ‘ How is this woman ! how dare you set this uneatable trash before my worthy friends ? Did I not tell you the Russians cannot abide your filthy olive oil ? ’ The dark cloud on Bianca’s brow disappeared : she folded her hands meekly, like a good wife, and half kneeling, she said, ‘ Pardon me, my lord ; it was not from ignorance I did this thing ; perhaps my lord has forgotten, that there is no butter in the island.’ But I was not to be so appeased,—‘ How ! no butter, slave ! and why not hire a boat and send, were it even midnight, to the continent for some ? Are the plains of Epirus laid waste ? ’ — With that I took up the dish, and made as if I would throw it at my wife’s head ; but she falling on her knees, it went over her, and was dashed into a thousand pieces. The captain put his hand on my arm, and said ; ‘ For the blessed Virgin’s sake, be pacified ; butter is not so scarce with us, that my friend should break his wife’s head for the sake of a tub full. Come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and bring a little tub in your boat.’ — ‘ Nay,’ I began, ‘ it is not for the sake of the butter,’ — but the captain over-ruled all my scruples. As soon as they were gone, I desired Bianca, to go about among all the washer-women of her acquaintance, and beg or borrow,—*not buy*, the very largest tub that could be found.

I set off with it the next morning, taking care to cover it over with matting, lest the captain should be on deck. As soon as we were seated at table in the cabin, I told my friend that I had taken the liberty of obeying his orders. 'Yes, yes,' he answered; 'here, steward, fill that tub that Signor Saranopolo has brought with him, with butter immediately.' We went on eating and drinking: presently I heard a tremendous 'Yo, yo, yo'! I knew they were hoisting my tub over, and began to quake; but the sound was too common a sound to disturb the captain's tranquillity; we went on eating and drinking, and when I thought all was right, I rose to take leave, forcing my friend to remain in his cabin, and refusing strenuously all his polite efforts to accompany me up stairs. I arrived safely at home with my prize, and the next morning, when the good captain sat down to his breakfast, his steward came with a very long face to tell him, that not a morsel of butter was aboard, for all their stock had been scarcely enough to fill the Greek's tub."

"Brava! Brava! Saranopolo!" echoed round; "was this the only trick you played the northern bears?"

"The only one! not it, truly: I had always a spite against them. When the noble Count Czer-nicheff was appointed governor, I had a fling at him. You know the little creek of Cardachio, about half a mile from the citadel, where there is a

spring, and a tank of pure sweet water: vessels have gone there to take in water from time immemorial. The ships which brought out the governor, wished to recruit their stock, and sent out boats for the purpose; but when they reached Cardachio, some Greek peasants who were standing about the tank, waved their hands, as if to warn them away. Not understanding a word of their language, and very fearful of giving offence, in a country of which they knew so little, the Russian sailors returned to their ships, and assured the governor that the Greek peasants refused to let them land. Czernicheff sent for me, and foreseeing an opportunity of making a few sequins, I shook my head gravely, and replied, 'Tranquillise yourself my lord,—a mere trifle, a slight insurrection, but leave it all to me.' It was evening, and a pouring wet evening. I came home, and quietly went to bed. The next morning I rode over to Cardachio, and asked the peasants what they meant by driving away the Russian sailors. 'We did not drive them away,' was the answer; 'we only warned them off, because the rain that had fallen all day had made the water in the tank thick and muddy.'—'Very well, my good fellows; here, scramble for this;' and I threw a handfull of paras among them. They shouted aloud, 'Long live our good Saranopolo!'—'Brava! my friends; here are some more paras; and now remember, to-morrow, when the

Russians land, to shout, 'Long live the emperor Alexander!'—so we parted with mutual good will. Home I came to dinner; the evening again proved wet, — and because the distance between my house and the governor's was but short, I hung out my coat and hat on the roof of my house, and when both were thoroughly wet, put them on and went to the palace.

“ ‘ Just returned from Cardachio,’ said I to my friend. ‘ Wild work I’ve had there, since yesterday-noon, in the Emperor’s service; but it’s over now. You may sleep quietly in your bed to-night.’ — ‘ How! what! my good friend?’ said his Excellency. ‘ What thanks do I not owe you, Count! But how did you do it?’ — ‘ Not so easily. A few menaces, and a good many bribes.’ — ‘ Bribes! That must have cost you something! What am I, or rather what is the Emperor, indebted to you?’ — ‘ A mere nothing — a few handfuls of gold; for, to tell truth, the rascals were rather numerous.’ — ‘ But *you* must not be a loser. Here! pens and paper! My dear Saranopolo, here is an order on the treasury for two hundred sequins; and, remember, I am your debtor for life!’

“ I pocketed the order with an air of perfect indifference, though secretly resolved to get it cashed before his Excellency should open his worthy eyes. So, pretending my wife would be uneasy at my long absence, I left the palace. To the treasury I went;

but the treasurer was just sitting down to his supper, and the treasury fast closed. He begged me to return on the morrow. ‘Willingly,’ said I; ‘but, in that case, the disaffected peasants, who have followed me into town, and among whom I am going to distribute a part of this money, must be provided with beds and suppers. This house is roomy,’—here I affected to look round curiously,—‘you can accommodate half a dozen.’—‘Don’t speak of it! my dear Saranopolo; you shall have the money directly; come with me;’ and off he walked in real alarm. In less than ten minutes the two hundred sequins were safe enough in my pocket.”

Here ended the story of Signor Saranopolo; and whatever might be our opinion of his exploits, his companions highly applauded them; and he looked round with an inimitable air of satisfaction, as though conscious of deserving high praise.

“How did you like the arrival of the French?” asked one of them.

“Not at all. The first thing they did was to burn our ‘Golden Book,’ in which all our genealogies were recorded. Much of our feudal power passed away at their arrival: we could no longer beat, fine, or murder whom we pleased. My brother had bought some goods of a Jew, who asked twice for his money. My brother sent his bravoos, who fired straight into the house, and killed the Jew and his son; but the French put a stop to all this.”

“ And what did you think of the English, when they first came ?”

“ We used to eat their good dinners, and laugh at them. With the Venetians, it had been the custom, after an entertainment, for the cook to stand at the door, as we came out, and give us slices of brombola, wrapped up in paper. The first time I dined at the palace, after Sir Thomas Maitland's appointment, I put a cold partridge in my pocket, thinking to relish it for my supper; and what should a rascally footman do, but come softly behind me, and empty a mustard-glass after it;—so I saved my supper, and spoiled my best court dress.”

“ And when you went to Cefalonia, did you try to introduce the English manners and customs there ?”

“ Ask Demetrius Metaxà,” answered Saranopolo, with a very peculiar smile.”

“ I did so,” replied Demetrius, a middle-aged man. “ I was then very young; and, for the young, novelty has always charms. I invited my uncle to dine with me in the English fashion. Now, my uncle had been well accustomed to Venetian dinners, at which it was the fashion to pile the plate with rice, meat, and bread, as high as possible. My uncle, having heard wonders of English wealth, expected to have, at least, dishes for plates, tubs for dishes, and bullocks roasted whole instead of turkeys. The first thing that struck him was the

two wine-glasses. What could they be for? For different wines. But such tiny things! Then he filled his tumbler with wine, and sent the tiny things away in a huff. The next complaint was against the soup. It contained neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. ‘What!’ he cried,—‘then the English meet to drink dinner, not to eat it?’ But when I sent him the wing of a turkey, he, who expected to have, at least, half the bird, called out, angrily, ‘Why, what do you send me this for? Do you mean me only to taste whether it be good or bad?’ Thus he went on; and, before leaving table, he sent home orders to his wife to prepare a good hot supper. At parting, he turned to me, with a deep sigh, and said, ‘Demetri, you are a good fellow,—a very good fellow;—but never invite me to your English dinners again. I don’t want to be starved alive!’”

“Was that the Conte Anino?”

“It was; the same who, at Corfù, years afterwards, at a grand ceremonious dinner at the palace, drank out of his finger-glass; and, making a nightcap of his napkin, sunk back for his evening sleep.”

We heard nothing, after this, but desultory conversation, and healths proposed; for, as they sat in a circle, under the trees, they did not forget to pass the bottle. So Harry proposed that we should go and look at the village of Benizza. We did so;

and examined the springs, from whence Corfù, about three miles distant, is supplied with water. This undertaking was completed by Sir Frederic Adam ; and it is one for which he deserves the gratitude of every inhabitant of the city. As we returned, the silence of Lady Woudbe's guitar,—which silence is, in very truth, its most amiable quality,—and an unusual bustle among the attendants, told that the hour of departure was at hand. We scrambled down the hill to the sea-shore ; we could no longer see the delicate blossoms of the shrubs that skirted our narrow path, but we enjoyed their perfume. It was a delicious moonlight night ; and the influence of the calm, sweet light,—of the rich, balmy air, that seemed to enter, as it were, into our very heart of hearts,—and of the deep tranquillity that reigned over sea and shore, disposed us all to silence. Even Harry Dormer, who calls all sentiment, humbug, felt the influence of the hour. Why is it, that, at the moment of deepest enjoyment, we often feel the most melancholy ? What power does the pale, quiet planet, passing along in solitary grandeur, possess over the hidden springs of feeling !—that she always disposes the heart to regret, and to memory—never to hope ! The waters darkened around, save only the long light gleam awakened by the moon, wherein the waves seemed to sparkle and leap up to meet her smile. I looked round, and thought—not of the gay people around me—not of the pleasant day we

had spent—but of the long by-past; of smiles I shall never see again; of fond eyes that were drowned in tears for my sake, and that will never beam forth a welcome for me; of that distant land, in which my young and joyous days were passed. Alas! the hand trembles, and the heart sickens, when we think of friends, home, country,—lost, perhaps, for ever! But it is more—oh! infinitely more bitter, to mourn over hopes that will never revive,—illusions that will never, never again deceive,—affections, lavished fondly, foolishly, that henceforth we must lock up and keep to our own selves! Aye! all is vanity!

The silence was first broken by one of the boatmen, who pointed out a light speck in the distance, which he said was a chapel, called *La Chiesa del Vino*. A captain, tossing about here, encountered a terrible storm; and, amid the horrors of darkness, not knowing how to find the land, he vowed to the Virgin that, if she would deliver him, he would build her a church, and the mortar employed in it should be mixed with wine instead of water. A light suddenly appeared, and by its assistance he guided his bark to the continent. Then the sailor amused us with some of their national songs; will you have a specimen or two?

“ ’Twas midnight when I stole a kiss
From fair Areté’s brow,
Who saw and envied our moment’s bliss —
Who told of our murmured vow?

No eye was there — one star alone
In the dark sky of midnight shone.

That star looked o'er the trembling sea,—
The sea told the fisher's oar,
What time at eve all dreamily,
They sought the Grecian shore.
The fisher tells tales to the young Chreone,
And thus was our secret meeting known."

"He who has a daughter to marry; let him rather give her to an old man, than to a young sailor. The miserable sailor, if he dines, he does not sup,—if he makes his bed, he does not sleep.—And when he is sick at the prow, how much he is to be pitied! He has no mother to nurse him, no brother or sister to pity him; none, but the captain of the vessel, who says to him, 'Come, rise now, sailor, we must enter the port.'—'But I am sick, and cannot rise. If I rise, you must support me, wrap round my head this gilt kerchief, which I received from my love, and bring me the charts:—do you see those two mountains, with the fog on their summits, and the dews at their feet—Between them there is a good harbour; throw out the anchor; and captain, when I die, do not bury me in a church, or in a monastery, but bury me on the sea-shore, in the sand, that I may hear the cry of the sailors when they land. Farewell, comrades, farewell captain, and farewell to the songs I loved to sing. He speaks no more, his eyes close,—he is dead.

The young Irené smiled and sung, this was her summer lay,
 “ Away with death, he shall not come, near my fair home to-day ;
 My brothers brave will distant keep all sign of grief or ill,
 Their love is fond, but one there is, whose love is fonder still.”

Death hovered near, he smiled to hear, the simple maiden sing,
 And soon he sped his sharpest dart ; she fell a lifeless thing.—
 Her lover came, he came from far, and hundreds followed him,
 But he hushed the music of their mirth, and his flashing eye
 grew dim.

“ A cross is at my maiden’s door, — is her lady mother dead ?
 Or has her warrior-father’s soul to the better region fled ?
 Perhaps, she has lost her brothers, brave ?” he dared not name
 her name,

But spurring on his courser black, soon to the church he came.

An old man rested on his spade, a half-dug grave was near ;—
 “ Tell me old man, God help you, tell, who is to slumber here ?”
 “ Her of the golden hair, whose eyes shone as the night-stars
 shine,

She should have been the bride this day, of the young Con-
 stantine.”

“ Stay not thy hand, thou grey old man, work on while it is light,
 A little wider make that grave, it will hold two to-night.”
 Then out he took his yataghan, he threw him by his bride,
 And they who loved in life—in death, were buried side by side.

Do not put on a critical face. Remember, these songs of the Archipelago are composed by men who can neither read nor write. — They are sung at the olive-gathering, by the winter hearth, and in the fisherman’s boat, and thus they pass on from generation to generation : I cannot tell you how old

they may be. You used to accuse me of not loving music : but I do love it passionately ; not the music made by a posse of misses, sitting down to harp and pianoforte ; not London music : private concerts are my abomination ; public singers, public nuisances,---glees and duets, noise and nonsense. But I love it, when it comes unexpectedly, and fitting the hour, and when it does not claim attention or praise. One of my neighbours is learning the guitar ; another, on the other side, has an old harpsichord ; a few doors off there is a flute : these are going on all day, but are never annoying. They are so associated with the climate. After noon, in summer, when not a breath of air is stirring, when I have walked languidly up and down the room, till my weary limbs “ non possono piu,” and I am fain to sink down on the couch, and close my eyes, the low lingering tones of the guitar, even though only the chords are struck, fall on the ear as something peculiarly fitting to the hour and season. Then at night, when all angry and discordant sounds are hushed, the harp and guitar come forth to perambulate the streets, and Italian songs are warbled forth by many a deep-voiced cavalier. — Of all music, commend me to night-music. Sometimes I have been awakened,—half-awakened from my first slumber, my thoughts half in heaven, and half on earth, and, in that state of demi-consciousness, have listened to snatches of old songs and simple chords, to soft melancholy strains, which,

heard thus in darkness and solitude, breathed forth by an invisible musician ; and while my heart was occupied, perhaps by sweet and tender memories, seemed of an unearthly character, and invested the moment with the very essence of enjoyment. Something of this, too, I felt last night, as the rough songs of the boatmen rose on the night-air, and there were others present who felt as I did, for Nina's hand trembled in mine, as she whispered, "This is music to listen to, when those we love are by !" And now, I am almost ashamed to confess to you, what my next musical favourite is : what do you think of a barrel organ ? — a barrel organ, which you fine London people condemn as an utter abomination ; a certain barrel organ, which has been smuggled, God knows how, into this island, — is the very joy and delight of my life, for it plays the old English tunes, and oh ! the visions, the remembrances of home and happiness, that it conjures up ! Do not laugh at my taste, — in the melody of my pet instrument, far more is couched than meets the ear ; and if the hidden springs of feeling are roused, does it signify whether it be by Bochsa's harp, or by a hand-organ ?

Father land ! Father land !
Bright, oh bright, the sky is glowing ;
Cheerily the stream is flowing ;
In the trees with joyous ringing,
Merrily the birds are singing,
Merrily, the grass among
Sounds the shrill cicada's song.
Soft and pure the breeze sweeps by,
Laden with the lemon's sigh,
Sweet as breath of Araby !
Yet all sadly here I stand,
Father land ! Father land !

Father land ! Father land !
Not a bosky bourn or glade,
Darkened by thy broad oak's shade,
Is so sweet as this recess,
In a southern wilderness.
Streams the sunlight gloriously,
Thro' the branches dark and high.
Gleaming now upon the ground
Where, like pearls in emeralds bound,
Fragrant myrtle blossoms lie
Thrown about all carelessly !
Garlanding the old grey stone,
With a beauty all their own —
And just enough of sound is brought
To soothe and aid, without repressing,
The silent luxury of thought —
The soft note of the dove caressing.
Just heard at intervals — the low
Faint murmur of the waves below ;
The south-wind's moaning, hushed yet deep,
Like the hymns we hear in sleep !
Aye ! all sweet sights and sounds are blent,
Yet, do they bring the heart content ?

Ask the hot and fevered glow,
Mantling over cheek and brow !
Ask the tears that thronging start,
Bitter — burning from my heart —
Alas ! I sigh, and dreaming stand,
Of my own dear Father land.

Lone, and sad, and desolate ;
None to love, and none to hate ;
None who bear my father's name ;
None to praise, and none to blame.
If I weep, none know or care !
If I smile, no smile I share.
None to heed my joy or sorrow ;
None to bid me glad good morrow !
None to cheer me through the day,
Tho' all toilsome be the way.
When eve's fire-side hour draws on,
And the jocund laugh rings round,
I listen : well I know that none,
To echo mine, will there be found.
None, my last good night to share,
None to kneel with me in prayer.
Oh, mournfully ! oh mournfully !
I think upon the past,
And wonder why such things must be,
Why childhood cannot last ;
Why, just as we begin to prove,
The happiness of fire-side love.
To know that earliest friends are best,
Tho' others may seem true and fond,
To own, by our own hearths at rest,
The worthlessness of all beyond.
Why, then, e'en then, the storm must fall,
Upon our roof, and send us all,

Wandering about a world of woe,
The exile's doom to undergo.
I would give up the brightest hours
That wait me in this lovely isle,
Its sunny clime, its breath of flowers —
Music that makes e'en sorrow smile.
All, all ! but once again to stand
In my own dear Father land.

JUNE.

THIS island, lovely as it is, does not owe all its beauty to its natural scenery. There is scarcely a spot in it unconsecrated by history ; and cold must be the heart of that man who can look on a place invested with a thousand interesting recollections, and call it "common earth." It was originally called "Pheacia," which word, Bochart says, signifies "Place of Commerce;" afterwards "Corcira," or "Karkara," "tranquil country;" and finally, Corfù, which means "top or height." I think they should rather have given it some name, indicating refuge, for such it has always been to the unfortunate.

Themistocles, the saviour of Greece, at Salamis, exiled by his ungrateful fellow citizens, found a peaceful and happy asylum here.

Aristotle, banished from Athens, for raising altars and composing hymns to the memory of Ermia, came hither, and was so delighted with the island and its inhabitants, that he persuaded Alexander, then in

Epirus, with his mother, to join him. Do not we walk with double pleasure under the olives, when we remember that in the same place, it might be, the illustrious philosopher and his pupil, who was destined to conquer the world, once walked and conversed? In those days, luxury had reached a great height in Corfù. The Corçirean ladies wore the finest linen in the south, and their banquets were so studiously elegant, that it was said their supper tables might serve as maps of the world; do you not think that perhaps the prince of philosophers was a little — a very *leetle*, influenced in his praises of Corçira by this circumstance?

The marriage of Octavia and Antony was celebrated here; and hither came Octavia from Rome, whither she had been to appease the anger of her brother, at Antony's neglect of herself; hither she came to hide her tears and regret. Received with all due honours, she yet made but a short stay, being impatient to join her inconstant husband, to whom she was carrying money and soldiers; yet she had scarcely lost sight of the island, when she met ambassadors from Antony, who desired her to stay in Corçira till the end of the Parthian war. I do not know how it was, that when war was declared between Octavius and Antony, the Corfiotes declared for the latter. I suppose his pleasing manners had won their good will. Marmora says, that perhaps the influence of the stars inclined them to a measure, which proved the ruin of their

country ; for Antony having left the island with a great number of Corciran vessels, Octavius suddenly landed on it ; and after much furious fighting, took the city, put even the children and young men to the sword, and reduced the few he spared to utter servitude. He staid here some time, to re-fit his vessels at the noble arsenal, and then went forth in pursuit of Antony, leaving a governor and numerous garrison in possession of Corçira.

Titus, returning from the conquest of Jerusalem, came hither for repose, and was so well received, that he afterwards obtained for the Corçireans many privileges. They celebrated in his honour games and festivals, and they amused him with a mock naval combat ; half of their fleet representing their old enemies the Corinthians on this occasion. This festival is described at length by Dion Cassius.

The next illustrious visitor was Helena, who passed here on her way to Palestine, in search of the true cross. Twenty vessels, armed and equipped accompanied her, and the Corfiotes received as a reward one of the three nails, found with the cross under a statue of Venus. We should think this but a worthless gift ; but the historian who related the circumstance, assures us that this nail was often thrown into the Adriatic to calm its tempestuous waters, and never failed to do so.

Even Augustus Cæsar, who gave peace to the world, did not disdain to alight here, on his way

from Apollonia, where he had been educated, to Rome, whither he was going to be crowned.

Dioclesian visited Corfù on his passage to Egypt, and finding the greater number of the inhabitants converted to the Christian faith, he prosecuted them cruelly, and put many who were baptized, to death. He stayed his sword at last, fearing lest the Corçireans would withhold all aid from him; they gave him fifty vessels well manned, with which he departed to besiege Alexandria.

And poor blind Belisarius! — who has not sorrowed for his sufferings and felt indignant at his wrongs? — He came hither in the height of his fame, and many of the young men of the island followed him to battle and to glory. He came, too, in an after-hour, in his desolation, for comfort and rest, and he enjoyed both.

The island itself has more than once been given away as the dowry of a princess. Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, gave his daughter Lanassa in marriage to Pyrrhus, king of Epirus; and Corfù was her wedding portion. When the princess reached her new home, she was somewhat astounded at being welcomed by a host of barbarian wives. She demanded their dismissal; Pyrrhus refused, and the high-spirited dame made her escape, and took refuge in the island so lately declared her own. The Corçireans welcomed her warmly, and declared her their queen. Pyrrhus besieged the fortress, but was driven away, and his quondam

bride bestowed her hand on Demetrius king of Macedon.

“She ought not;” says Marmora, “to have admitted a partner to her throne, but she was a woman, and what can you expect from a woman but folly!” — The old historian never spares us! On another occasion, speaking of a queen whose cause was lost because she confided an important secret to a man who betrayed her, he adds, “Loquacity is always dangerous, but excusable in Teuca, because it is born with woman. Teuca was capricious, and,” adds the cross old cynic, in a very supererogatory remark, “Era variabile perche era donna.” Neither had he a fairer opinion of our candour; here is another of his sentences. “Woman can do what they will, and dissimulation is twinborn with every one of them. From a merry heart they can send tears to their eyes: often they disguise a sad one with smiles. Socrates was wrong to wish for a window in man’s breast; it would be better in that of a woman, for the secrets of her soul never yet have I been able to discover.”

“It is wonderful,” said Harry, “to see how these sentiments have prevailed in all ages and in all countries.”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Flowers, “because men write books, and we read them. Do you remember the fable of the lion and the painter? But you, Harry, might do better than add such comments to that cross old Marmora; you have been amusing

yourself for a long time with your book ; will you amuse us a little ? We have yet half an hour before our arch-enemy, the sun, will allow us to drive to the lake."

"I will do my best," answered Harry ; "and the more readily, because, as you are on the chapter of historical recollections, my lecture will be sufficiently german to the purpose. Now then, for a few pages of Herodotus."

"Is that Herodotus ?" asked Susan ; "I thought Herodotus must needs be a musty old gentleman, dressed in parchment, all torn and dog's-eared ; whereas, that dapper little person, is arrayed in russia, with gilt bands, and really might take place by my own pets, Moore and Byron."

"Silly goose ! as if an old author might not be dressed *à-la-môde*. Listen now, you will not find his language so very cramped and incomprehensible as you may expect :—

"Periander had, by his wife Melissa, two sons. After he had put his wife to death, Procles, their grandfather, sent for them to Epidamnus, and treated them with all kindness. At their departure from him, he drew them aside, and asked them if they knew who had killed their mother. Lycophron, the youngest son, took this so exceedingly to heart, that on his return to Corinth, he would not speak to his father, and Periander indignantly banished him from his house, and moreover, commanded his subjects not to receive him.

Lycophron was driven from place to place, yet always found an asylum. At last, Periander proclaimed that every one who should harbour his son, or even speak to him, should pay a fine to Apollo. Lycophron then retired to the public portico. On the fourth day of his stay there, Periander observed him covered with rags, and perishing with hunger. He entreated him to return to him, saying, 'If the incident which induces you to think unfavourably of my conduct, has any evil resulting from it, the whole has fallen on myself.' Lycophron merely answered, that his father, by conversing with him, had incurred the penalty which his edict had imposed. The king then sent him in a vessel to Corçira, *which place also belonged to him*. In process of time, Periander, weary of the cares of government, sent to Corçira for his son. Lycophron took not the smallest notice of the messenger, and then Periander sent his daughter, thinking her interposition more likely to succeed with her brother. Lycophron refused to go to Corinth, while his father should be there; therefore Periander sent a third messenger to say it was his intention to retire himself to Corçira, and that his son might come and take possession of Corinth. This proposal was accepted; and when the Corçireans were informed of it, to prevent the arrival of Periander among them, they put Lycophron to death. Periander, in revenge, sent three hundred children of the principal families in Corçira, whom

he had with him as hostages, to Sardis. They were entrusted to the care of certain Corinthians, who were compelled by distress of weather, to touch at Samos. The Samians soon learned the purpose of their expedition, and instructed the children to fly for protection to the temple of Diana, from whence they would not permit the Corinthians to take them. But as the Corinthians, by surrounding the temple, prevented the children from receiving food; the Samians instituted a festival for the occasion. At the approach of night, as long as the young Corçireans remained as supplicants in the temple, a company of youths and virgins were introduced, who, in a kind of religious dance, carried wreaths in their hands, and in the wreaths were hidden cakes made of honey and flour. The children snatched them, and thus appeased their hunger. This lasted till the Corinthians departed, and then the Samians sent the young Corçireans home. This was the cause of the bitter hatred which afterwards subsisted between the Samians and Corinthians."

At this juncture the carriage was announced; and as it will not do to lose a moment of the little coolness we have for exercise, we set out forthwith, having no less a design in view than that of visiting the two ancient harbours of Corfù.

Corçira was famous in very early days, for her navy. Speaking of her early enmity to the Corinthians, Thucydides says, — "The Corinthians

were actuated by a hatred of the Corçireans, from whom, though a colony of their own, they had received some contemptuous treatment, for they neither paid them the usual honours on their public solemnities, nor began with a Corinthian in the distribution of the sacrifices, which is always done by other colonies. This contempt was founded as well on the sufficiency of their own wealth, in which, at that time, they equalled the richest of the Greeks, as on the superiority of their military force. Their insolence became greater, in time, with the enlargement of their navy, and they assumed glory to themselves, as succeeding the Pheacians in the possession of Corçira. In the year 657, B. C. the most ancient sea-fight on record, was fought between Corinth and Corçira, at which the latter furnished one hundred and twenty triremes. In the year 438 B. C. Epidamnus was besieged and taken, and on the same day a naval engagement took place between these two rival powers, in the isthmus of the gulf of Ambracia. Corçira was victorious by sea and by land; she erected a trophy on the promontory of Leucimna (Alefchimo,) then proceeded to Leucas, () laid it waste, burnt Cyllene, a dock of the Eleans, which had supplied Corinth with ships and money; and thus became mistress of all the adjacent sea. We soon reached the lake, — called, now, Calichiopolo, after a noble Greek family, who claim right over its produce. This lake is rather an embou-

chure of the sea, but is so narrow at its mouth, that in former days, chains were thrown over from watch-tower to watch-tower, built on the opposite shores. These chains were kept shut at night. It is in the mouth of this port that the Isola Sorgi, or Ulysses Island, rises. This harbour was the ancient port of the Pheacians, and as we walked slowly along its banks, we sought to call up some memories of its ancient glory. Here was held the rendezvous of the fleet of Athens, when the Athenians went to besiege Syracuse. It is difficult to believe, as we gaze on its shallow waters, scarcely deep enough to navigate the fisher's lowly bark, that on that occasion, no less than one hundred and thirty-six sail were assembled; and it is amusing to us to read that in the reign of Claudius, when that emperor was doing his best to subjugate Britain, the Corfiotes, who are now so glad of our protection, sent sixty vessels to Octia, to assist him against us.

I read, too, that Corçira sent sixty vessels to assist Constantine III. against Khosroës king of Persia, in the sixth century; but here, I own, my faith in the old chronicler is staggered, because a note in Gibbon asserts that Khosroës the Just ascended the Persian throne in the fifth year of Justinian. In the eighth century, Nicephorus, in the reign of Pepin, came here for aid and received sixty vessels. The Corfiotes did not even refuse their assistance to the popes, whom they now so

heartily detest; for on one occasion they sent eighty vessels to Leo IV. Here end our notices of Calichiopolo.

The Venetians, first named in 876 as allies of the Corfiotes, gradually rose in power till, in 1386, the islanders placed themselves under the protection of the Queen of the Adriatic. The Venetians built an arsenal at Govina, chose Govina for their port, and from that time Calichiopolo gradually sunk in importance till it became, as we now see it, a mere saline marsh, noticed but for the fish, execrable mullet, it produces, — for the wild fowl shot on its banks, and for the beautiful views it presents when the sun sets behind its low blue hills.

“But surely,” said Mrs. Flowers, “you do not believe all that old Marmora says; a historian who, you allow yourself, confounds Justinian with his predecessor; who calls Pepin the *son* of Charlemagne, and who sometimes introduces people together who were not contemporary.”

“No,” I replied, “I do not lend him implicit credence; but still, enough is recorded by other writers, worthy of all trust, to corroborate what he says of the ancient marine glory of this island. We must remember, when comparing these shallow waters with his brilliant descriptions of the fleets they bore, that centuries have elapsed, during which the soil of the neighbouring hills of a remarkably soft and friable nature, has been gradually but

continually filling them : besides, their triremes would scarcely draw four feet of water !”

“ You are right,” observed an old captain of engineers, who happened to be of the party ; “ and in proof of it, I will tell you, that when I was lately examining the bed of this lake for the purpose of laying pipes to conduct the water from Benizza, I found at the bottom of it, a soil, ten feet deep of mud ; below that, a strata of sand three feet deep ; and mud again, before we reached the solid rock : the rock itself had evidently been cut in the form of a deep channel, thus bearing marks of the industry of the men of other days.

“ This point being settled, we slowly retraced our steps through a vineyard, which almost touched the water’s edge, and which it is supposed, once formed a part of the gardens of Alcinoüs ; and having regained the carriage, passed by the pretty village of Potamos, so called, because built on the shore of Potamos ‘ the river,’ and drove on till we reached the port of Govina, — scarcely as picturesque, but more extensive, than the lago. Here may yet be seen the remains of the Venetian arsenal ; and it may not be amiss to remark *en passant*, that this island is not the less interesting because it offers at every step traces of the presence and the power of those ancient monarchs of the sea. I look on every old gateway with affection, but linger twice as long before those

which bear the impress of St. Mark and the winged lion.

Again we alighted, and, seated under the trees, enjoyed a delicious prospect. The calm waters were at our feet, and far off we could just distinguish the city like a long light line running out into the sea, and terminated by the singularly shaped rock on which the old fortress is built.—Imagination was not idle. We called up the rich pageant of olden time, when the crusaders, about to undertake the fourth crusade, stopped here for rest and repose, in their way from Venice to Constantinople, in the year 1202. The Venetians were led on by ‘blind old Dandolo,’ and brought with them the young Alexius, who had been endeavouring to move all the powers of Europe in favour of his imprisoned father ‘Isaac Angelus, the blind.’ Do not the very names awaken a whole train of romantic and delightful associations?

“The landing of Alexius was received with marked honours. Numbers of brave knights bestrode their war-horses, and went out to swell the pomp of his entry. His pavilion was pitched in the midst of the camp, and the Marquis of Montferrat raised his own by its side.”*

Their three weeks’ sojourn was, however, embittered by jealousies and suspicions among themselves. A great number of the knights, delighted

* Sketches of Venetian History.

with their luxurious quarters, and displeased at the idea of turning aside from their grand object, for the purpose of assisting the young prince of Constantinople, determined to stay here and suffer their companions to prosecute their design alone. The valley is still pointed out in which they assembled for a secret conference. But the crusaders heard of their design, and lost not a moment in endeavouring to avert it. They clothed Alexius and themselves in long mourning robes, and hastening to the valley, fell on their knees, and with tears and exclamations of passionate grief, vowed not to arise till their fellow-pilgrims should promise not to desert them. Their entreaties prevailed. The pilgrims agreed to abide with them till the ensuing feast of St. Michael, provided the barons, on their part, would agree to furnish them with the means of proceeding to Syria within fifteen days after they should demand the same.

The whole party left Corfù, on the eve of Pentecost, and Villehardouin says, — “The day was bright and cheerful, and the winds soft and favourable, as they spread their sails before them. And I, Geoffrey, the Marshal of Champagne, who have dictated this recital, having been present at the matter therein related, and conscious that it contains nothing but truth, bear witness that so glorious a sight had never been beheld before. Far as our view could extend, the sea was covered with the sails of ship and galley; our hearts were lifted

up with joy, and we thought our armament might undertake the conquest of the whole world."

We had all crowded round Harry as he read the above passage, and we assented to his remark, when he said, "It is interesting to read this, here, on the very spot where Villehardouin stood; we may look through the trees and almost fancy we see the helmed heads of the warriors, glancing through the branches."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Flowers, "and we may also look on the waters, and feel our very hearts lifted up with joy, at their exceeding beauty."

Just then, a fluttering streamer appeared, waving under our feet; and descending to the beach, we found a little boat waiting to carry us over to the city. This was an agreeable surprise, and very much we enjoyed our quiet trajet. Our conversation, naturally enough, fell on the interesting adventures of the wandering young prince — Alexius, and Harry related to us many particulars of his history. We had not yet placed him with his father on the throne of the East, when we reached the end of our voyage. The lamps were carried out into the verandah, and there we assembled round a tea-table, which might almost be called English. It is the fashion here, to dine very late, and it is necessary for those to do so, who live in the beau monde; but, fortunately, almost all our party have forsworn this distinction. We choose rather to live for our own happiness, than for the

amusement of an idle world. Therefore we regulate our hours by our own good will ; and therefore, at this pleasant time of nine in the evening, instead of yawning through a sleepy quadrille to the sleepy music of the palace band,—for in June even the indefatigable band grows sleepy, — instead of making vain efforts to answer the ineffable nothings of Captain Twiddle, or, vainer still, to understand Lady Woudbe's no-meaning speeches,—instead of all these enjoyments for which some among our neighbours are content to sacrifice the sweets of home,—here we are, enjoying the delights of unrestrained social converse, in our own home circle, amusing ourselves with watching the lights as they flit about the esplanade, and glimmer through the dark trees, and listening occasionally to the distant sound of the garrison band, echoed still more faintly by that one in the new fort. They have chosen, to-night, doubtless for my especial gratification, their beautiful wild Turkish airs. And now I hear the sullen sound of the drum beat, it warns the men to their night quarters, and it summons me to our cheerful repast. We have excellent tea from Gibraltar ; and Debby supplies us with cakes which might vie even with those of “ Grove Cottage.” As soon as the tea equipage was removed, we resumed the subject of our afternoon's conversation.

Nina asked in what manner, and by whom Corfù was governed at the time Alexius arrived. As no one was ready to reply, the table was presently

covered with books : Marmora, Gibbon, Daru, and even a volume of the Encyclopædia, and to work we all set, comparing notes as we went on. The result of our labour was, that the island was at that time under the dominion of a certain Michael, an illegitimate descendant of the noble house of Comnenus. At the division of the Greek empire, which succeeded the surrender of Constantinople, Theodore Lascaris retired to Anatolia. Another portion was possessed by the lineal heir of the Comneni, a son of the brave and virtuous Manuel ; and Corfù, which had for many years been annexed to the Greek empire, remained under the sway of Michael, who, before the revolution, had been known as a hostage, a soldier, and a rebel.

“ Really, ladies,” said Harry, “ your industry in eliciting all these particulars, deserves reward. Allow me to remove these volumes ; and bring your work-baskets, and while you are engaged in embroidery like the princesses of old, I will tell you a story of the son and grandson of this monarch, which you will perhaps like to hear.”

THE STORY OF THE USURPER AND HIS NEPHEW.

Coro. Oh, care selve ! oh, cara felice libertà !

Argene. Qui, se un piacer si gode

Parte non v'ha la frode

Ma lo condisce a gara

Amore e fedelta—

Coro. Oh, care, selve ! oh, care felice libertà !

Argene. Qui, poco ognun possiede

E ricco ognun si crede

Nè, piu bramando, impara

Che cosa è povertà.

There was a king, called Michaël, who reigned over Corfù, Etolia, and Epirus. He had four sons ; and to the eldest, named after himself, he gave the island of Corfù, because he loved him very tenderly. The prince, or duke, as he was called, adorned the city with many noble buildings : he built the castle of St. Angelo ; fortified Gardachio, and other important places on the island ; and, after his father's death, he built a wall round Durazzo, and strengthened some of the towns in Epirus. At last he died, leaving an infant son under the guardianship of his brother Theodore. And now comes a repetition of the old story. Theodore governed in his nephew's name, until he thought he should like to govern in his own ; so, in the dead of the night, the young child and his mother were wakened from their deep

sleep, and ordered to prepare for a long journey. In vain the mother wept, and implored for mercy; she raised her hands in her deep sorrow, and said—
“Look there, usurper! if you dare look on the portrait of your dead brother! He is watching you, even now. He loved and protected you, and you drive forth his widow and his son to exile!

“Holy Virgin!” she continued, crossing herself, “he is looking at you, even now, in anger.” It might be fancy, but Theodore thought the portrait did assume a frowning aspect. “That shall he not do long,” he answered furiously; and, suiting the action to the word, he thrust his sword through the canvass. The Lady Anne covered her eyes, that she might not look on the outrage; but her persecutor shook her roughly by the arm, and ordered her to arise and go forth.

“Brother,” said the lady, as she obeyed his bidding,—“I call you so for the last time,—you will repent you of this! One day, you will enter this room wishing and praying to look on his sweet countenance; but all your wishes and prayers will be in vain.” So the Lady Anne went on her way in darkness and sorrow. She was led from the palace to the sea-shore, and there, with her innocent child, she was put on board a little boat; and, rowing over to the opposite shore, she was left lonely and desolate on the plains of Epirus.

Very difficult was it, for that sweet and delicate lady, accustomed from very infancy to dwell in a

court, now to suit herself to her altered fortunes. Had it not been for her dear baby, she would gladly have lain down to die; but when he looked up smilingly in her face, she determined to do all, and bear all, for his sake. So the princess put on a coarse dark robe, and dwelt in a cottage; and, instead of having many attendants, to pick up her glove, if it should fall, she was forced to labour hard all day. Her troops of friends had vanished; but her dear child remained to her. She had lost the viols and lutes, that had been wont to wile away the long summer's day; but she learned to think no music so sweet as her young son's broken prayers. How tenderly she loved him! and how she rejoiced, when she returned at night, weary from the well, or from the olive grove, in his innocent caresses! And Michael, the young prince, ignorant of his lofty descent, grew up a bold and happy hunter of the forest. Once, only once, during his long residence in Epirus, a wild wish crossed him for a moment, that his destiny had been otherwise ordained. He had been all day at the chase, and, seated by a fountain, was enjoying his frugal repast, when a loud noise made him turn his head, and he beheld a wild boar in mortal combat with a gallant horse and his rider. Michael, accustomed to such affrays from childhood, hastened to the stranger's assistance, and succeeded in drawing the animal's attention to himself, at the very moment when the stranger, faint from loss of

blood, fell exhausted on the ground. Soon came up a number of attendants, and, with Michael's assistance, they put the beast to death. Then the young man hastened to the stranger; he found him reclining on a bank, and by his side knelt a fair young girl, who chafed his temples, and succoured him with that softness and diligence, woman knows so well to employ.

Then the attendants cut down green branches from the trees, and formed a litter, on which they placed their master. Michael did not help them in this; for willingly would he have detained the wounded man and the fair girl there, in the forest solitude, for ever! When all was ready, the stranger, who had somewhat recovered, whispered a few words to the maiden, and she, blushing, approached Michael, and said, in a voice of music, "You have saved my father's life, hunter, and he thanks you. If you ever need assistance, come to the court of the island king, and inquire for Giovanni Petralliffi." Then the girl turned away, as to depart, yet with reluctance; for she stepped back again, and with still deeper blushes, she added—"I would thank you, too, for myself: if it had not been for you, I should now have been an orphan. Here is an amulet, which will hold your life charmed against the evil eye." She took from her neck a chain, many yards long, to which was suspended a golden amulet of curious workmanship, and threw it over the shoulders of the young man.

“Tell me,” he said, as he gently detained her hand for a moment, “your name, that I may join it with my mother’s in my evening prayers.”

“My name,” she replied, “is Theodora;” and, with the word, she departed, leaving the hunter still kneeling, and confused with a new and delightful feeling.

In the meantime, the usurper Theodore pushed on in his bold career, unchecked by defeat or punishment. He cried aloud in his unrighteousness, that Heaven had forgotten to notice his doings. He was valiant, and signalised himself in war with the Latins. He took Thessalonica, and added a part of the continent of Greece to his dominions. Still anxious to extend his territory, he directed his subjects to prepare for a battle with Hassan, prince of Bulgaria. This expedition did not succeed so well as those he had formerly undertaken. In spite of the prodigies of valour, by which he signalised himself, he was taken prisoner; and his subjects, unable to deliver him, were forced to return home dispirited and gloomy. Five years elapsed, during which time the government was in the hands of a younger brother. One day, a solitary bark was seen struggling with the waves; it approached; it touched the shore; and an old man, grey-headed and broken down in appearance, stepped forth, and, kissing the earth, exclaimed—“Corçireans! behold your monarch!” His subjects led him in triumph to the palace; but as he was about to

enter the royal bed-chamber, he stopped on the threshold, and cried out, in a voice of bitter agony, "Woe is me!—her prophecy is come to pass!—lead me not into this room!—I may never look on his sweet countenance again! Subjects! behold your monarch restored to you,—weak, failing, and blind!" A cry arose for vengeance; but he said, "No; Hassan is dead already; besides, I have done with battles for ever!"

Too long accustomed to the seclusion of a prison, to care now for the troublesome splendour of a crown, heartwearied, and a prey to remorse, which, in his brighter days, he had not known, Theodore had but one wish, — to restore the kingdom to its lawful owner, and to die. He sent messengers and heralds to various parts of his dominions to seek the young prince, promising, at the same time, great rewards to any one who should bring tidings of him. But an enemy to his plan of restitution started up where he had least expected, and this enemy was no other than the lieutenant-general of his army. The veteran represented that if the king wearied of the cares of government, it were an easy matter to resign: "But you should not," he added, "abandon your faithful subjects to the guidance of an inexperienced youth, who knows no other arts than those of husbandry or of the chase. I have led forth your armies to victory; I have enlarged your power at the expense of my blood: to me, then, the kingdom is due."

In vain Theodore talked of his conscience, and said it would never be at rest till he had made restitution of what he had so unjustly acquired.

“You should have thought of that, sir,” answered the sturdy soldier, “years ago, when you sent forth the widow of our good king, an outcast and a beggar.”

All that Theodore could urge was in vain, and he dreaded to come to an open rupture; for he knew that the general lived in the hearts of his soldiers. An usurper never feels secure. At last he thought of an expedient. “You have a daughter,” he said, “whom you love dearly. We will marry her to the prince when he is found; they shall reign together, and we will assist them with our counsels.” To this the general agreed.

One night, the Lady Anne and her son were seated together in their humble cottage. She was winding flax, and he was busy preparing their frugal supper: but his step was not so light, nor his countenance so unclouded as usual. At last, the lady could not choose but ask him the reason of his deep and frequent sighing; and he, unwilling to lay open his heart’s secret, said he was weary of his humble lot, and that he wished to signalize himself and win for himself a nobler name, and for her a fairer destiny.

“But are we not happy here, my son?” she expostulated; “oh tell me, are we not happy? All day long I think of you, and prepare for your

coming home at night. After your day's exercise, you return to enjoy peace and rest. Alas ! my son, many a monarch in his turbulent court might envy your busy days and tranquil nights."

"Mother," answered the boy, "it may be so, but I am weary of my life. I used to be content here, but I am not so now ; I have new thoughts, new wishes, new fears ; I must go forth into the world, even if I perish there!"

"Be it so," then answered Anne with a sigh ; "to-morrow we will set forth ; I will guide you to that eminence you are so anxious to reach, and may Heaven avert from you the ill fortune of your childhood !"

The Lady Anne had heard the inquiries set on foot by her brother-in-law, and though she would have been well content to keep her son in the lowly station she had learned to think the happiest, yet, when she heard him breathe forth his ambitious wishes, and looked on his manly figure and fine countenance, she felt it almost as a sin to withhold from him his fair inheritance. So, on the morrow, they set forth, and traversing many a league by sea and land, they at last reached the court of the usurper.

Time had not so changed the Lady Anne, as to prevent her being instantly recognised by the old lords of the court, and though Theodore could not see the unchanged majesty of her fine countenance, he could not fail to remember the tones of her voice,

Burying the past in oblivion, together they revealed to the young hunter the secret of his birth ; and when Michael had doffed his peasant garb, and robed himself in the royal purple, all who saw him, and remembered his father, declared him to be that father's living portrait. But when Theodore proceeded to narrate his quarrel with his general, and how he had formed a contract of marriage between his nephew and the veteran's daughter, Michael quietly took off his ermined cap, and said, he would rather return to his forest home, than fulfil it. His mother was ready to second his design, but his uncle would not hear of it. "At least," he said, "wait a while till the young man has made trial of a prince's life ; let him not resign a crown in ignorance of its value !"

The lady was persuaded, and very soon Michael excelled in all the exercises and courtesies, deemed, in those days, necessary to a finished education. He mingled in all the gaieties of the court ; and when he saw his mother's eye follow him delightedly wherever he went, he rejoiced in her happiness ; but for the gaieties themselves he cared not. Many a bright eye glistened, and many a bright cheek burned brighter, when he drew nigh ; yet he cared not, for in his heart, ever and ever dwelt the image of the fair girl succouring her wounded father in the forest of Epirus.

But, all this time, where was the general ? He had with difficulty been prevailed on by Theodore

to wait six months ere the contract should be fulfilled. The prince pleaded for this delay, that his nephew might become accustomed to his new life ; he durst not hint a word of the prince's unwillingness to marry the soldier's daughter, and the general at last acquiesced, but would not suffer his child to appear at court lest she should be seen,—and rejected.

Time passed on, and the Lady Anne, though she cared not for gauds and luxuries herself, yet loved to see her son surrounded by them ; and the prince, though he still looked anxiously at every new face for his incognita, and felt as averse as ever to throw from him the power of calling her his own, yet began to dread the idea of immersing the fair and fertile country, in the horrors of civil war. As every day brought with it fresh disappointment, his life grew burdensome to him ; he no longer hoped for happiness, and almost resolved to assure that of the people. Many and many a combat he had with himself. In the day time, when he rode out, and the crowd echoed his name with acclamations ; when they prayed God to bless him because he was so like his father, he felt that his own peace was as nothing compared to theirs. But at night, when he was alone with his memories of the past, when he took out his amulet, and called to mind the bird-like voice and angel-face of her who had given it, he felt that he could never, never offer his love and faith to any than to herself.

The day approached on which his decision was to be made. Still wavering, he resolved to open his heart to his tutor, a worthy old noble, who had known and served his father. "Prince," said the venerable man, "you must renounce this phantom; a whole people call on you for peace. Oh, if you had seen the deplorable state to which we were reduced after our war with Illyria! The schools were abandoned; causes were left untried; the senate did not assemble; youth was corrupted; and even religion was forgotten. Such must ever be the state of a country devastated by war. Reflect well, then, ere you give your answer; it is not your fate, but that of a nation you are to decide."

"I know it," answered Michael. "A prince ought never to live for himself; I will not disgrace the name of Comnenus; and yet, my friend, I dread to look on the weary years before me."

Here a shout was heard under the palace walls. Michael advanced to the window; and when the people espied him, they cried out, as with one voice, "Come, prince, and reign over us! we welcome you, and we will defend you to the last drop of our blood!"

"They have conquered!" said Michael. "Uncle, I will marry the General's daughter!"

As soon as this resolve was made public, all the hundred tongues of fame busied themselves in drawing the lady's portrait. "She is old," said

they, “and so ugly, that her father always keeps her shut up in the country.” In truth, the General’s behaviour seemed to countenance this surmise: some there were, even, who said that he had had nothing else in view, from the beginning, but to marry his ugly daughter to a prince. But here they were wrong; for Theodore had first made the proposal.

The day before that fixed on for the marriage, her picture was given to the prince, and, it must be owned, was any thing but prepossessing: but he looked on it carelessly, and said he should not have admired it more, had it represented Venus herself. On the morrow, Michael received his veiled bride from her father’s hands; he led her from the cathedral to his palace; and as they moved along the street, the people showered flowers on him, and invoked blessings on his name. They knew he had sacrificed his hopes of happiness to theirs, and they hailed him as the deliverer of Corçira. Perhaps the prince’s was the only sad heart in the city, on that joyous day; but it did not long remain so. When he had led his bride into the palace, he removed the veil, according to ancient Grecian custom, and beheld,—not the dreaded features of a stranger,—but the smiling eyes and blushing cheek of his own Theodora! After the first moments of rapture, he held up the portrait, inquiringly, to her.—“It was I did it,” she said; “that is the likeness of my elder sister; we both

sat at the same time; and I changed them, that you might be a little—disappointed!”

This was the prince who built the castle of Bucintro; his name may still be read over the doorway.

“And does your story end here?” inquired Susanna. “No, no; like a true story-teller, you end with—‘And so the king and the queen were married, and reigned very happily.’ But this is not all: I, too, have searched the ancient chronicles; and find it therein recorded, that, in due course of time, the Comnenus, wearied of the wife for whose sake he had been ready to resign a kingdom, fell in love with a fair widow, and banished his Theodora and her children from his home. We have a curious picture of the manners of the times, and of the way of thinking prevalent in the days of their historian, when we read that the tears of Theodora were not shed in vain; since a ray of divine grace illuminated Michael, and he allowed his fair widow to be tried for witchcraft. She was found guilty, and severely punished; and after this, Michael recalled his wife, and lived with her in peace. This is but an unromantic conclusion to your pretty story; but you know, Harry, it is true, and the truth must be told.”

“Still on the same theme!” answered Harry. “Truth is lovely, and truth is graceful, and, in the present instance, not out of place; but there are some trifling, petty sticklers for truth, whom I

hate and detest with all the malignity of my nature. Such an one will tell you that the plain of Marathon is not the identical ground on which Miltiades and his ten thousand defeated the Persians. He will affirm that the pitch wells in Zante are not the same that Herodotus mentions; that those, forsooth, are dried up; and these, by which we stand, are of more recent formation. He will declare, that this our beautiful island is not the Scheria of Homer; because Homer was a poet, and drew from fancy only. How I hate such men, and their teasing, trifling quibbles! I do verily believe that my footstep has followed that of Miltiades; that I have looked on the same wonderful springs of which the father of history wrote; and that I dwell in the island on which Ulysses was wrecked. If this be illusion, I am happier for it; it injures no one; why, then, should I not enjoy it?"

"Why not, indeed!" said Susan; "especially when you are so eloquent in defence of your dreams. He is right; is he not, Nina?"

Nina, who understood his argument much more from his speaking countenance than from his words, answered, as it were mechanically,—“Right! yes; he is always right.”

The festa of the Ascension, or Annalipsi, takes place on the ninth of this month. Of course, we failed not to see it, and a merry and a motley group in truth it was. I was sorry to see the green

loveliness of my favourite retreat destroyed, yet chided my grief as selfish ; for sure the happiness of the multitude is of more importance than the quiet of one. Here was a tray covered with biscuits and sweetmeats, which the owner was loudly commending to his customers ; there a man sold the light country wines for three pence or four pence per bottle ; a little farther on was a group of English soldiers, enjoying their rations in company ; and close by, a Greek family singing and smoking round a table. Lambs were roasted whole at wood fires, made on the ground, and when cooked, the owner stuck them up aloft on a stick for sale ; the boys brought their oboli, and cut their slice, — the first comer being, of course, the first chooser. Fine scrambling there was, and such shrieking, singing, and chattering, as I never heard before ; but no quarrelling or fighting. Signor Palatianò says, that this seldom occurs, except for jealousy ; love being here the predominant passion.

In one place, a wretched fiddler was scraping his kit, while a dozen men danced slowly round him, one occasionally drawing aside, and jumping an extraordinary height. Harry says, that the height of their dexterity consists in giving the lookers on as many kicks as they can ; but this I do not quite believe. A little farther on, under the olives, another group of men and women were dancing the Romaika. The spectators climbed the trees to look at them, and the red caps, peering through the

dark leaves, looked very pretty. These dancers stood in a circle, the men on one side, the women on the other, each person held one end of a handkerchief and his neighbour the other. They walked round very slowly for some time to a low monotonous tune, with grave faces, and eyes fixed on the ground : then the measure changed ; the man and woman who joined in the circle raised their hands, and the rest passed under, wreathing about as we do in 'thread my needle.' I believe it is derived from the old story of Ariadne.

The women were elegantly dressed, with a number of chains round their necks, and some of them wore miniatures, — not as we should do, as mementoes, but merely as ornaments, for they buy them at random. I was chiefly struck by the very melancholy expression of their faces. They were all married, for the unmarried women never appear at these *festas*.

We stopped a woman of Alefchimo, to examine her dress. It consisted of a boddice of Genoa velvet, which had probably belonged to her great grandmother, and down one side of the front was a row of silver bells. She opened her vest, to show us a large plate of embossed silver on her waist, and then made us look at her rings. She had four on each hand, some as large as a half crown piece, roughly set, but very fine stones. She seemed quite delighted as we turned her about and examined all her finery, and wished me long life

and happiness. I am afraid to ask whether an English woman would have been as civil under like circumstances. How the uninformed in every station delight in finery! though this delight shows itself in various forms. These peasants would almost starve before they would sell one gold chain—Lady Woudbe's happiness depends on procuring a ball dress unlike that of any other person!—the same little-minded feeling! We went to the casino, and it was a joyous evening; the gardens were illuminated, the band played, and we wandered up and down the dark conservatory, and breathed the fragrance of oranges and myrtles; and we stepped out on the cool terrace, and looked on the deep quiet sea, and on the star-besprinkled canopy of heaven. I know not how it was, but so it was, that in the midst of all this revel, my thoughts turned back to a long past evening of deep enjoyment, when we two watched the sunset from Mrs. Austin's little boudoir in Bedford row. We watched it *together*, and this thought it was that, when I stood *alone*, among the gay and the light-hearted, sent tears to my eyes and sadness to my brow.—Some idle verses came into my head, and would be remembered. I read them long ago, but cannot tell where; perhaps you may know!—

There are flowers in her dark hair,
There are pearls upon her brow;
She binds her braids with care,
And twines her ringlets now.

There is light in her glad eye,
 And triumph in her smile,
 As she glides the mirror by,
 And bends to gaze the while.

On to the festival ! for they
 Are waiting for thee now —
 The young, the brave, the gay —
 Before thy shrine to bow !

Oh, many eyes are sending
 Deep glance ! — and thou art yet
 Over thy mirror bending,
 Ha ! a portrait her gaze has met,

And the glow has left her cheek,
 Her deep eyes with tears are dim ;
 Her heart throbs as 'twould break,
 As she bends and thinks of him.

* * * * *

And now she stands in the marble hall,
 Glances her step by the fountain's fall ;
 Bright lamps, like stars, in their splendour set,
 Shine down on brave men and fair women met
 For mirth, and the music that wanders by
 Is faint and sweet as love's earliest sigh.
 But oh, that sweet spring hour
 When they together stood,
 To listen to the early song
 Of the wild bird in the wood ?

'Tis a joyous scene, — there may be care
 In the wide world, but it is not there ;

Those dancing eyes as diamonds bright —
They may have tears, but not to-night :
They press around her, a fluttering throng ;
Her light step bounds to the music along.
Who may look on her and deem her brow
Is ever less open, less joyous than now ?

But oh, that long by-past,
When by the moon-lit river
They wandered side by side,
And felt they could wander for ever !

She stands by the marble side-board now —
One is before her, of lofty brow :
From the silver vase, that is standing by,
He plucks a flower, and with smile and sigh,
Bids her not pine for that gloomy isle
Where never such fragrant blossoms smile,
Where the skies are so cold and the wind so drear
That the very sun turns pale with fear,
And shows his veiled face but once a year.

But oh, that rose-hung bower,
Where in the summer weather,
They sat mid birds and trees,
They sat and smiled together.

Ah, vainly mantles the rosy wine,
All in vain do the bright lamps shine ;
Vainly the merry notes ring round,
They meet her ear, but she heeds not the sound.
Vainly with smile and passioned glance
They woo her to join the sprightly dance ;
Her thoughts are away in her father land,
And her cheek is pale, and hot tears stand
In her downcast eye, and her spirit strays
Over the dream of earlier days.

Alas, that pleading look !
She thinks she sees it now ;
She thinks she listens still
To that deep murmured vow.

Oh, the spirit may mingle in after times
With the gay and the great of other climes ;
The foot with light and fairy fall
May stray awhile in pleasure's hall ;
The eye o'er a splendid scene may rove,
And yet the heart may find nought to love.

Oh, nought in after year
Is worth the dream of truth —
The dream of mutual love,
That blesses early youth.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

The orange trees look now like bright evergreens, for the flowers have fallen, and the young fruit is scarcely formed. The white blossoms of the olive have passed away, and the young leaves are putting on the same dingy livery their predecessors wore. The grass is turned into hay ; and the cerinthe, anemone, and daisy have given place to mallows, centaury, and vervain ; the beautiful and delicate convolvulus betryoides ; verbascum blattaria [mullein], which is said to possess the property of intoxicating fish ; and agrimony. The frog's pond, on the road to the One-gun Battery, is quite dried up, and I am sorry, for among my

other odd tastes, I love to hear the frogs croak. They seem to be so merry about it; they have all now migrated to the lake. I found in one of my evening rambles this month a parasite I had never seen before: the leaf was like that of an ilex; it had chosen its home within the hollow stem of an olive-tree. It is wonderful how these olives will live when all the inside of the stem has decayed. Well, this stem was full of holes, and it was pretty to see the parasite forcing its shining prickly leaves and green berries through every one of them, as if it languished for light and air.

The peasants have changed their red caps and blue trowsers, for a loose white dress, pink belt, and large straw hat. I love to mark all these signs of the season. In this country, every month seems to have a charm peculiar to itself. The chief pleasures of June are to watch the burning sunsets, glowing and reddening behind the dark pine-trees and to gather myrtle-wreaths, in the wilderness. There is this difference between the works of art and those of nature. We gaze on the gorgeous ceiling, the painted wall, the merry masque—once, and are satisfied; few books, even, are read with interest a second time: but the contemplation of nature never tires. The last flowers of autumn are as lovely as the first of spring. And on the sun setting, as it does, in a sea of gold, peering over the lake, and anon as we pass down the hill, bursting out in unclouded splendour, I

could look unwearied for ever. Never shall I forget the rapture I felt, when I first gathered the myrtle in the wilderness. Little do you know its beauty, who only see its forced and puny blossoms in your green-houses ; lovely indeed it is here, throwing its fair and fairy wreaths round the olive stem, and across the mossy path. Silver flowers ; — no ! silver is too heavy, too gorgeous — snowy flowers. In no instance did the Greeks of other days show their good taste more decidedly than in their attachment to this plant ; and with them it was always expressive of joy. “ The bridegroom wore it at his bridal, the hero at his triumph ; friends exchanged myrtle garlands at the banquet ; Venus was adorned with it when Paris decided in her favour the prize of beauty ; and for this reason, they say it was odious to Juno and Minerva ;—was it not on this account, when all other shrubs and flowers might be used in the festival of the Bona Dea at Rome, myrtle alone was excluded ? When Harmodius and Aristogiton slew the Athenian tyrant, their swords were concealed by wreaths of myrtle. When the Persians prepared, under Xerxes, to pass the bridge of boats they had thrown across the Hellespont, while waiting for the rising of the sun, they burned on the bridge all manner of perfumes, and strewed the way with branches of myrtle.”*

* Larcher's note to Herodotus. Beloe's Translation.

And well do I love it,—and yet, not for all these associations—not because it is consecrated to mine own poesy—not for its fair and delicate beauty ; it has a dearer claim on my affection. It was the last parting gift of one whose name, tho' ever present, I will not utter. How often, during my long and lonely wandering, when, at early morn, and still more at quiet eve, a sense of desolation came over me because I was in a foreign country, and no smile met mine, and no kind word was uttered—how often did I look on my fair plant, and it whispered tender memories of the past, and glowing hopes for the future ! In my want of something to love, it became to me as a companion and a friend. It died at last ; yet for its sake every myrtle in the wilderness is dear to me ; for its sake I never pass them without stooping to gather a sprig to put in my belt or in my hair. Was it an emblem—that dead myrtle—of things to be ? Oh the sorrowfulness of deep and passionate love, a breeze cannot blow, a blossom cannot fade, but straight it takes the lesson to itself. Alas, for the heart's omens !

AN EVENING WALK IN CORFU.

Come forth, — the sun is sinking now
 Behind the low hill's purple brow,
 A monarch on his evening throne,
 While pressing round him, one by one,

The gold-tipped clouds, like vassals, wait
Decked all in ruby robes of state.
Oh, how the glorious galaxy
Betrays the secrets of the sky!
Telling what glories harbour there,
Which mortal eye may never share;
While soft beneath so calm and clear,
The fair lake shows his parting rays,
Like beauty, bending half in fear
Hushed — mute — beneath Love's ardent gaze.

It is a lovely, lovely sight,
Such as the cold North never shows:
Above, a world of glorious light;
Below — the image of repose;
Yet there — tho' clouded be the sky,
How many dear ones smile beneath it,
Tho' flat the unlovely landscape lie,
How many cherished flowers enwreath it.
Ay! there the home-fires brightly burn,
To which our hearts still fondly turn.

Come, let us drag our lagging feet
Over this mountain, crowned with heath;
How sweet it is! — and oh! how sweet
The dewy herbs send up their breath; —
And yet, less sweet methinks, than they,
The wildflowers of our own dear land,
The May-buds that, at peep of day,
We twined in many a flowery band.

— But we have gained the mountain's brow;
And what is here, our gaze to meet?

A church — a wreath all withered now —
A door, half open — as to greet
The wanderer, of whatever clime,
Whatever faith — the child of time. —
Oh! bending thro' this lowly door,
Let us come in, and here implore

Pardon at this so lonely shrine,
If, careless of our claims divine,
Our thoughts too much, too fondly dwell
On those we left and loved so well. —

Whose image thro' the twilight gloom
Smiles sweetly on our half-breathed prayer ?

And what the odorous perfume
That softly fills the holy air ? —
On many a prayer those eyes have smiled —
The Virgin mother and her child ! —
That perfume — 'tis the orange-flower
Brought here from some sweet garden bower,
The votive offering of a fair
Young Grecian girl, who laid it there —
Her all — Fitter gift could not be
To her, whose heart was purity.

Shall we pass thro' the orange-grove,
All sweet below — all fair above ?
Fear not the hour — the crescent moon
Will light the sleeping foliage soon,
And then how fair the flowers will show,
As tho' just made from mountain snow.

Now wend we thro' the solitude
Of this so graceful olive wood.
When last I passed this darksome way,
I heard the shrill cicada's lay :
I hear it now, — the quick sharp sound
Wakes all the drowsy sleepers round.
Oh, how unlike the nightingale
That sings in Petersham's low vale !
Nay, start not ; that fantastic root
Had well nigh caught thy tripping foot ;
Thus ever does the olive grow

More root above ground than below ;
It never strikes deep in the ground,
Like the lone exile, wandering far,

Whose wishes fond and thoughts profound
Dwell ever where his kindred are. —

See you, yon flying thing of light ?
Just now upon your hand it shone,
From tree to tree it glances bright ;
'Tis here — 'tis there — and now 'tis gone.

Yes, yes, we shall not fear night's gloom ;
The fire-fly's lamp will guide us home ;

Home, did I say ! alas, that word
Should not be thought or spoken here —

Here, where no English sound is heard —
Hear where no English sight is near ;
Where sky, and flower, and insect, tell
That exiles in the land we dwell, —
Far, far from England's blessed air
From all we mourn and cherish there.

Oh ! on the coast of that dear isle
Why does not Lethè's fountain spring,
That they, who, forced to leave awhile
The home to which their souls still cling,
Might dwell in such a spot as this,
With heart at rest, and tearless eye,
And dream their dream of earthly bliss,
Unshadowed by vain memory !

JULY.

THERE is an old and true saying, that one-half of the world little imagines how the other half lives. Now, I dare say, you never heard of the Suliotes, except it may be in the passing mention of a song, still less have you heard of their manners and habits. Know, then, that in the opposite mountains of Epirus, there exists a little band of people, among whom freedom has taken up her favourite abode, and whose customs still keep alive the memory of ancient Sparta. They dwell in holes and caverns; strangers to the softness of a shepherd's life, despising arts and commerce,—their only trade is war, their only subsistence the flocks of an enemy. They disdain even the art of war, but when they fire, their aim is never known to fail. After a battle they never count the killed of the enemy; they ask not how many they have conquered, but if they *have* conquered. They still retain the ancient Grecian custom of choosing a brother-

of-arms, and this alliance is strengthened by religious ceremonies. One sentiment animates them all, — it seems a part of their faith, — hatred of the Turks. The women employ themselves in preparing the arms of their husbands, in carrying food and ammunition over mountains, through woods, and often through the hostile field; they incite their sons and husbands to battle, not by precept, but by example. They bury the dead, and after three or five years, they disinter the bones, wash them with wine, kiss them, burn incense around them for seven or eight days, and then replace them in a cemetery near the church: and how do you think they live themselves? In a bag, slung over the shoulder, they carry a little Indian corn; as they ramble about from sunrise to sunset, they have no regular time for their meals, but when ever they feel hungry, line the hollow of their hand with the corner of their dirty capote, fill it from the bag, mix it up in a sort of paste at the nearest stream, and thus is their hunger appeased. I have been listening this morning to some of the anecdotes of their long resistance to Ali Pacha. On one occasion, the women, before going to battle, concealed their children, some in the caverns of Tripa, and some were fastened to the trunks of trees; scorched by the heat of the sun, — sick from hunger and thirst, the little wretches cried aloud so piercingly, that their cries reached the ears of their mothers, who seemed inclined to return and leave

the defence of the hills in which they were engaged : but Bozzaris retained them, — “ Women,” he said, “ while the battle lasts, all tenderness must be banished : God will hear their innocent cries !” After this, the mothers no longer turned their heads towards Tripa. But when the battle was over they came for their children, and found them lifeless : they embraced them with the enemy’s blood still on their hands, and themselves digged their graves.

Soon afterwards, being besieged in Suli, they were forced, from scarcity of provisions, to send away all their aged and sick. Many of them came to Corfù ; still they were sorely beset by famine ; at last, four hundred men and one hundred and sixty women left Suli by night, and embarked for Parga, whence they returned in a few days with provisions, — a sad, yet triumphant procession. A hundred armed men marched first, the women followed laden to their utmost strength ; the rest of the men brought up the rear, and thus they forced their way through an encampment of a thousand Turks. It was on this occasion the Pacha offered a reward of five hundred piastres for every Suliote’s head ; and the hardy mountaineers replied, “ The Pacha proclaims a high reward for one of us ; we will give ten asses’ loads of *guns* for every Turk.” And they cried insultingly to their besiegers, “ Return, soldiers, with your arms, — you will not need them yet.” It happened that a

mare strayed away, and was taken by Ali; they sent him four Turkish prisoners as ransom, and said, "Take them, Ali; they are worth as much."

At the siege of Zalongo, the women, seeing that they rather impeded than assisted their countrymen, and foreseeing that they must ultimately yield, ascended a high mountain, from which they precipitated first their children, then themselves. Zalongo fell, and the Turks went to Rignassa, where a few Suliote families had taken refuge, women, children, and old people; they were butchered mercilessly: the wife of one Bozzi shut herself up in an ancient tower, called Dimulà, with her children and daughters-in-law: from the windows she fired on the infidels, and when resistance became utterly vain, set fire to the tower, and with her family perished in the flames. These Suliote women were as inaccessible to pursuit, as brave in battle. From a peculiarity in the construction of their knees, they are enabled to climb their steep rocks so quickly and untiringly, that never was one of them taken.

I like to tell these stories to you English ladies, who live in such comfort at home. Some night you will assemble in your well-curtained, carpeted room, over your tea and muffins, and you will read them, and wonder if it can be that *women* should exist in any part of the world to undergo such hardships! It is so. I gathered all these particulars from the conversation of Signor Prossalendi,

a sculptor and artist, who brought us some sketches of these people. One of them told a very touching story. A band of five hundred women were enrolled. They fought, not side by side with their kindred, but in a separate body. Nevertheless, in the hurry of pursuit, a man and his wife met together, and together passed rapidly down a defile. The woman, stopped by a heap of dead bodies, took off her apron, and threw it over the face of one of them. "Who is that?" asked the husband. "This is no time for questioning," was the reply; "on to your duty." They proceeded: when the battle was over, the man again inquired, "Who was it?"—"It was your son." There was a pendant to this, representing a Suliote guarding the dead body of her son, while another, a living child, reposed on her knee. A Turkish rider drew nigh; the woman retreated behind a tree,—watched her moment,—shot the rider at full speed, and vaulting with her child into his saddle, fled away.

I will get Harry to make copies of these drawings in water-colours, though he does not much like figure drawing, and send them to you. In the meantime I will introduce you to the Chevalier Prossalendi, the most (I may say, the only) agreeable and clever Corfiote I know; and I have passed few mornings more to my taste than those I have spent in his *studio*. Nothing is more delightful than to visit an artist in his *studio*. In after days his work comes out finished and framed in a

gallery ; we bow before it, — admire it ; we wonder how it was produced, — perhaps envy its creator the power of surrounding himself with forms of such imperishable beauty. But with the artist himself we hold little sympathy : he has no longer part or share in his work : there it is, put up for sale, — belonging to any body, — every body. To visit an artist at his house is quite another thing. Not a pencil that we love not, for the sake of him who has handled it ; not a scrap of paper—a fragment,—that does not bear the impress of his mind. There we see his picture or statue in all its progress, from the first unformed, yet vigorous sketch, to its perfection of beauty and power. Then the delight of watching his pleased and animated countenance, as he displays his favourite *morceaux*, and extorts admiration for this antique, — for that torso !

I do love artists : they seem so cut off from the artificial world, — so uninfluenced by the cold-hearted forms of this workyday world. With their thoughts and communings all of fame, how can they fail to be superior to the man of money, or the man of fashion ? And they are superior, — superior in their aims, their hopes, in their employment of time, and in their pursuits. Oh, they are happy and enviable people ! So I thought when I visited the luxurious painting-room of Alexander Robertson in Greek-street. So I thought when I mounted the dilapidated staircase of the Cheva-

lier's house. The house itself was sadly ruinous, but it was built round a courtyard, in the centre of which was a picturesque-looking fountain, and an orange-tree grew beside it. The inside was worse: the stairs creaked, and the wind whistled through the chinks in the boards. The first objects that greeted us were fifteen or twenty boys copying heads from the antique, and Prossalendi himself, with a pair of compasses in his hand, giving directions. He took us into his museum, and showed us, among other things, an urn that had been excavated near the sea, and was covered with an incrustation of shells and coral: also a sarcophagus, and the foundation stone of our own ruined temple at Cardachio. The Greeks, instead of burying coins on such an occasion, used to carve the head and feet of some animal on a stone, and fit it into another. This practice continues to the present day. In a small box were treasured the relics found in a young priestess's mausoleum, that was disinterred at Zante. They consisted of her sacrificial instruments, the urn to hold the tears, a golden fillet of myrtle leaves, on each of which was inscribed "Theaki," and golden ear-rings. The gold was remarkably pure. In Ithaca they used to find antiquities constantly; and a Goth of a Russian, having had a quantity of ornaments and weapons *melted down*, on being remonstrated with, offered to have them *re-made*! Can you conceive such utter barbarism? Prossalendi was a

pupil of Canova. He told us this morning several anecdotes of him. Harry, who is *extasié* about all famous people, begged him to relate his first interview with him, and Prossalendi good-naturedly complied.

“I passed,” he said “through a suite of rooms, in which the various processes of the art were going forward, — gazed enraptured on a ‘Fileuse,’ an ‘Apollo,’ and almost trembled with delight at the idea of seeing, face to face, the great sculptor himself. At last, I peeped through a half-open door, through which I heard the sound of declamation. A young man, a student, was reading Homer from a pulpit in a high theatrical tone; while Canova walked backwards and forwards before a half-finished statue, touching and retouching it as he passed. He had not the manners or appearance of one who had seen much of the world; nay, I do not think he had an idea beyond his sculpture, for I made him some sort of a speech about his stealing his art from Greece, and he made me a stupid bow in return, and looked as though he did not understand one word of it.—But if you are fond of stories, I will tell you the story of Canova’s courtship.”

“Oh do, pray do!” echoed half a dozen voices; and we all seated ourselves round him in eager expectation. “You shall hear it,” he said, “as I have heard it a dozen times from himself. His greatest delight, next to romping with children,

was to collect his scholars about him in the dusky twilight, and tell them anecdotes of his early days."

CANOVA'S COURTSHIP.

Canova commenced his studies at Rome, as an engraver in the house of Volpatti. On the first day of his arrival, being a shy, awkward lad, he felt considerable awe at the prospect of an introduction to his future master, and this awe was not a whit lessened by the deportment of Volpatti.

"Wait a while," he said, when Canova entered the room wherein he was at work; "I will talk to you presently"—So Canova busied himself in looking about him at the various interesting objects the room contained, and the most interesting of all, in his opinion, was a young girl who was sitting to the artist. I said "sitting," to use a common expression, but in very truth, the girl was standing, one foot in advance, and her head half turned round;—the mask and broken staff she held, told that she represented the muse "Thalia," and there was an air of joyousness in her clear sparkling countenance, and of infantine lightness in her figure, that peculiarly fitted her to represent the muse whose name is "Pleasure." For an hour she stood in an unchanged position, maliciously observing, without affecting to do so, the shy student.

In her whole happy life, perhaps, she had never been quiet for so long a time before ; and it might be she was now actuated by a wish of prolonging his embarrassment. At last, her patience wearied ; she threw down the mask and staff, and to the youth's astonishment, caught the old artist round the neck, and as she fondly embraced him, she said, " No more to day, dear father, I am tired of being Thalia ; and if you must needs go on with your design, you must draw me as a sleeping nymph." Volpatti threw down his pencils, and answered, " Thou art a whimsical maiden ; but go then to thy rest, if thou art indeed weary ; or stay — I would finish the hair ere thou hast varied the fashion of it. Call Raffaëlle."

The girl opened a door, through which Canova saw half a dozen lads at work at their easels, and called out, " Raffaëlle Morghen." The individual in question entered, — there was nothing peculiar in his appearance, except it might be a very roguish expression in his eye, which he might have caught from his master's daughter. He sat himself down before the picture, and continued to work at the golden hair, while Volpatti turned to the young stranger, as if for the first time conscious of his presence, and began questioning him as to his studies and pursuits.

Volpatti soon discerned his talent ; and foreseeing his future eminence, received him into his house, where he lived on terms of perfect ease and

friendship, together with Raffaëlle, who had been lately apprenticed: but in no two points did these young men resemble each other; for Raffaëlle, conscious that he possessed the beauty and elegance of Adonis, was as free and agreeable in manner as Canova was shy and awkward. By his master only was Canova duly appreciated; and often, when he caught the half suppressed sneer on the faces of his companions, Volpatti would point out some unexpected stroke of beauty or vigour in the student's work, and say encouragingly; "Never mind them: this will live when they are forgotten."

To his students, generally speaking, Volpatti paid little attention; at most he devoted to them two or three hours in each day; but Canova and Raffaëlle were especial favourites, and constantly with him; they were allowed too, the rare privilege of occasionally modelling and drawing from the beautiful face of Domenica; and indeed, Raffaëlle was once heard to say that this was the only inducement he had to spend so much of his time in study. These two young men could not so constantly be in the company of the girl without imbibing a deeper feeling than admiration; they became rivals,—rivals in love, and in the pursuit of fame. Raffaëlle whispered soft words, and honied phrases in the maiden's ear;—Canova, with a higher sense of honour, applied to the father. Volpatti himself was undecided: he loved Canova for his mild and unassuming manners; but he felt

that Morghen was more fitted to win a lady's love.

“Win and wear her,” at last, he said; “you have both equal pretensions, and both profess equal love for my child. I propose a trial of skill between you: you shall each draw a picture for which Domenica shall sit, and he who succeeds best shall receive my sanction to win her affection.” With this decree the suitors appeared satisfied: Canova felt a modest confidence in his own powers, and Raffaëlle had reasons of his own for being pretty certain of success. Domenica herself chose her part; she would be drawn as the young daughter of Erisichthon, who, to solace her father's poverty, assumed various forms, thus enabling him to sell her over and over again. She was first sold as a young slave; and no sooner was the money paid, than she took the shape of a white dove and fled away. There was a roguery in this transaction that suited well Domenica's character; and the contrast presented by the playful expression of her face, the satisfaction of Erisichthon, and the eager anxiety of the buyer offered scope for a clever picture; and Raffaëlle, animated by hope, bade fair to profit by it. But with Canova the maiden was not so condescending—she did not know what form she would choose—she would consider, and then she altered her mind—she would be Proserpine to-day—to-morrow Hebe,—and when at last her father insisted on her giving

her suitors fair play and equal time, she changed her countenance so often, looking now in scorn—now in sorrow,—closing her eyes as in sleep,—pouting her lips as in vexation,—that poor Canova threw down his pencil in despair, and declared it was impossible to paint by day her Proteus-like face. “Try it at night, then,” whispered Hope; and Antonio followed the suggestion. At night he shut himself up alone, and calling on his memory for every feature of the divine face he had gazed on so long and so often, he drew and drew, never satisfying himself, yet at every attempt approaching nearer the original.

All this time Domenica laughed to herself at the good success of her stratagem; and the good Volpatti, who had a strong secret liking for Canova, said, “Well, Antonio, this will never do; you must try again.”

On the appointed day, the pictures were exposed for the judgment of the public. They hung side by side, and were both covered by a thick curtain, till the connoisseurs of Rome were assembled. At last, the room was filled; Canova, Volpatti, and Raffaëlle standing together in front;—the latter with a well-satisfied expression on his face, arising from the contempt in which he held his rival's production: Canova in a state of nervous anxiety, which fame alone would never have excited. The curtain was drawn. On one side appeared the daughter of Erisichthon in gorgeous

apparel, giving her hand to her purchaser, with eyes cast down laughingly, as if rejoicing in her expected escape from his clutches. On the other, Domenica, in a simple white robe, with a garland of flowers in her hand. The mind of her lover had infused some portion of its own purity into the work of his hand. Her eyes were, in this instance too, fixed on the ground, but with an expression of modesty that bespoke the favour of all beholders. Volpatti clasped Canova's hand warmly: "You have done her justice," he said, "and you alone." The assembly agreed with the father, and one old artist quite decided the question, by saying, "Morgen has drawn the artist's daughter as a slave, but Canova has represented a goddess in the artist's daughter."

They went home; but when Volpatti led Canova up to Domenica, and desired her to look on Antonio as her future husband, the girl's cheek turned very pale, and her eyes filled with tears, which wounded the very heart of her lover. But she became calm, and from that time forward showed no token of dislike to him. The truth was, that with wicked wit at will, the girl loved and revered her father, and when once he had issued his positive command, she was determined to obey it to the best of her power. Once, only once, did she give way to the feelings of a proud heart and wounded spirit. It was on the eve of her nuptials; she was seated in a verandah behind

the house, and Raffaëlle leaned over her : he had begged this interview so passionately that she could not refuse it. Was it not the last?—the last!—Alas ! the power of those two little words !

“ If he were any thing but such a very lout,” said Morghen, “ methinks I should not so much grieve ; but to sacrifice you to such as he, Domenica—the head of an ass on a porcupine’s shoulders !”

“ Nay,” replied Domenica, “ you may spare him more, and yet there will be room enough to blame. My father says he is clever ; I would he were less so, and more like thee, Raffaëlle. He cannot speak to me without stammering, and when he attempts to look with loving eyes, ye gods!—Raffaëlle, didst ever see a cat eyeing a young mouse after a two days’ fast ?”

“ But thou, Domenica, thou art too patient in endurance ; wherefore not tell him at once that he is a churl, and that thou canst not abide him ?”

“ Nay, Morghen, my father’s commands are decisive, and I, for whom alone he lives, will never be the child to wound him. I will obey him in the spirit and to the letter—never shall Antonio know my opinion of him, and when I am married I will do my best to please him. If he were but less unmannerly,—why he has less of *gentilezza* than yon baker’s man,—dost see him, Raffaëlle, leaning over the low parapet wall ? he comes every evening to court my maid Barbara ; he waits for her there,

and when she comes, it is ‘ Kiss me, pretty one, and thou shalt have three cakes for thy supper to thy master’s one.’ So Canova says to me, ‘ Smile again, Domenica, and thou shalt go down to posterity as a very Venus.’ They say he was once a peasant in Bassano, would he had remained so !”

“ Would he had, lady !” answered the baker’s man, as, turning round and advancing to the verandah, he removed his slouched hat, and showed them the features of Canova,—“ Would he had, indeed, lady !—he had escaped the agony of hearing this bitter mockery from one who is dearer to him than life : and yet, Domenica, I blame thee not ; it is well I have heard it in time. Be happy,” he said, “ together, Domenica !—your hand, in token that I forgive you freely. Be happy,” he continued, placing it in that of Raffaëlle : “ the bitterness is over now : farewell !”

“ Morghen,” said the lady, as in silent astonishment they listened to his departing footsteps, “ couldst thou have done this ?”

But this was not all. Anxious to spare Domenica the reproaches of her father, Antonio went to the old man, and took all the blame of their separation on himself. He had changed his plans ; he would become a sculptor, and sculpture required the severest study. A wife would but encumber him ; he would never marry ; he would be wedded to his art, and his works should be his children

to perpetuate his name. Volpatti remonstrated warmly, for he knew his worth.

“I know your thoughts,” he said; “you think my daughter scorns you; you told me but yesterday that you were ill-fitted to win the smiles of a fair lady; trust me, it is but maiden modesty;—trust me, time will win her.”

The temptation was strong, but Canova yielded not. So they parted at last, with something of anger on Volpatti's side, for he rightly loved the youth. But after the marriage of Domenica and Morghen, the latter told him the whole truth, and Volpatti was happy to feel his former affection justified. He knew it was too late to blame his child, therefore he only said,—“Domenica! you know not what a noble heart you have rejected. If you had heard him plead for you when he said, ‘Master, if you love me, if you value my services, prove it by gratifying the wish of my heart; make your daughter and Morghen happy together.’—If you had heard this, you could scarcely have rejected him.”

“And is this all you remember of Canova! Oh, tell us something more of him. What were his amusements, his pleasures?”

“His chief amusement, as I told you, was

caressing children. His chief pleasure was to visit his mother, who still dwelt in Bassano, his native village. On these occasions, the inhabitants used to make a holiday of his arrival, frequently escorting him in triumph to his mother's house. They used to hang their houses with tapestry, and strew the road with flowers; but, still true to nature, the part of the festa most pleasing to Canova was the holiday he never forgot to ask and obtain for the children of the village."

Here Prossalendi took his leave, to our great regret, and after his departure, we talked on the various plans of happiness which men who can command their time pursue; and Mrs. Flowers observed, that they of the highest intellect generally pursue the simplest pleasures. Hereupon, every body began sketching a little plan of felicity for himself; and Giovanni said he could not fancy a greater delight than that of being a famous lawyer, and judging causes from morning to night.

"And I," said Susan, "would wish nothing better than to have a little Utopia of my own,—one of those fairy islets which rest on the Mediterranean, like gems. I would have eternal spring, and live in a round of delights. Nobody should dwell on my island, but those who are very dear to me; perhaps not more than half a dozen people; and we would never give a thought to the world beyond."

“ But what would you do for new books, and music, and dresses ?”

“ Every month, we would be visited by a spectre vessel, like the flying Dutchman, and it should bring us all those things,—every thing new, but news.

“ And we would be happy, for love should live,
But for the sweet life itself can give.”

Don't laugh, Mr. Dormer ; if you do, you shall not be admitted even in imagination to my Utopia.”

“ Indeed,” answered Harry, “ I am by no means sure that I should wish to be admitted. No eternity of blue skies and roses for me ! Chance and change are the sweeteners of existence. No ; if I were master of my path through life, I would set out immediately on a walking tour. I would visit Egypt, and cross the desert of Arabia. I would sketch all day, and sleep under a tent at night.”

“ Yes ; and before a week had passed over your head, you would sigh for the refinements of civilized life. You would find the bare earth a very hard substitute for your luxurious sofa ; and the book of nature less agreeable, after a long day's march, than other books !”

“ Not at all : so often have I heard my schemes taunted as impracticable, and so constantly have I found them yield more delight than I had anticipated. When I had exhausted the known world, I would try and discover some countries where

never yet the foot of man has been, and thus, having spent my best years, I would return home to finish my sketches and enjoy my old age. Oh, what a gallery I would have! and not one picture that would not recall some peril escaped, or pleasure won. Every separate day I would walk through my gallery, and live over all my life again!"

"And what would you do with your pictures afterwards? You could not live for ever."

"Little should I care what might become of them afterwards; they would have constituted the charm of my life, and is not that sufficient?"

"And you, Nina, what would you like to do?"

"I—I have but one wish, only one; pardon me Signorina, I can never tell it!"

"But I was thinking," said Mrs. Flowers, still addressing Harry, "whether it be worth while to devote oneself so entirely, body and soul, to that which is at best so perishable!"

Luckily for Harry, who did not seem prepared to reply, the dinner-bell rang, which produced an instantaneous move; I did not go, for I was suffering under the baneful effects of the Siroc, which you may thank your good fortune for not being exposed to. Hippocrates said, years ago, "that the Siroc blows from places of a like nature with the north winds. Coming from the south pole, and breaking through snow, ice, and hail, it must affect those who live nearest it in the same way as

the north wind, but not the whole country alike, that it passes through ; for as it passes the course of the sun, and being dried, becomes rarified, it cannot but be hot and dry when it comes there. In the nearest places, as in Africa, the vegetables are dried up, &c., having neither sea nor river to attract moisture from, it attracts that of animals and vegetables ; but when it crosses the sea in this hot and rarified state, it fills the country it falls on with damp. So, when the situation of a place does not hinder, the south wind must needs be hot and moist."

It relaxes the frame completely, unfits one for exertion. Paint that is laid on while this wind blows never dries ; meat that is salted, taints ; glue will not stick, and wine that is bottled in a Siroc often bursts.

The ancients seemed to be of opinion, that it sometimes produced disease. Varro, after defeating the Ionian pirates, came here, and found a pestilent disease raging, to which half the city had fallen victims : he closed up all the windows that faced the south, likewise the entrance ; and opened others to the north. Thus he and all his family escaped. I can readily believe this. I have sometimes stood at a southern window, and the blast came in like the blast from a moderately heated oven ; and often, when suffering from languor and head-ache, half an hour in my own room, which faces the north, will quite restore me. I have

never described my own room to you, but I must do so, for in it I have more peculiarly set up my home.

It is said you may judge of a man's character, by looking in on his retirement. How surely you may judge if he be an exile, by the delight he takes in surrounding himself with the memorials of other days! The first object, then, you would see, on entering my "home," would be a portrait, hanging over the fire-place, of Bishop Heber, the good Bishop; he who first divested religion of the gloom in which fanaticism had robed her; who first taught us that the innocent amusements of life and the joyousness of a happy heart are not incompatible with the spirit of the Gospel. I can well remember the load which was taken off my own conscience, by reading his delightful works, and contemplating his happy and useful life; for I had lived with those who think it crime ever to lower our thoughts and contemplations from Heaven.

In the open window, are some garden-pots filled, not, as you might expect, with rare exotics, but with a few common flowers, stocks and walls, which I used to cultivate when a child in England; and the perfume of which sometimes makes me fancy myself still in the old garden at Richmond. On my dressing-table, there is always a glass full of southern blossoms, cyclamen, snowdrop, or star of Bethlehem; sometimes myrtle, according to

the season ; and a little further on, you may espy a formidable-looking hortus siccus. On a little Indian table, close to the window, stands my desk ; it was given me as a birth-day present when a child, and has been the faithful companion of my wanderings, and silent confidant of my secrets, ever since. I can well remember how, years ago, I used to take it out in the garden in the pleasant summer evenings, and sit under the lilac trees, writing down, of a Sabbath evening, some parts of the morning's sermon, and I love my desk for that memory. Close at hand are my bookshelves. The books are few in number, but all choice favorites :—Byron, whose glowing verse can never be so well understood as in this glowing clime ; Chalmers, his fancies are too delightful to be wholly unreal ; Heber, whose discourses unite the finest poetry with the purest doctrine ; Shakespeare,—what is a library without Shakespeare ? A few volumes of the dear amusing Quarterly, and some odd ancient chroniclers, of whose names you probably have never heard ; and these volumes are all doubly dear, because I have read them at home when fond faces were smiling round, in the summer-garden, and by the winter's hearth. My dressing-table is crowded with memorials,—every one recalls some dear one of by-gone days. The paper-knife, given me by dear Emily ; the Indian fan of carved ivory—you know my penchant for every thing Indian ; the baskets full of southern shells ; the

miniature-case — the dearest of all. Each and every one of these things are priceless treasures. Over the table hangs a picture of a Grecian sky and sea; and it was painted by one of those gifted beings, whom we meet with sometimes in the course of a life, once, and remember ever afterwards, for their brilliance and their rarity;—one of extraordinary talent, and somewhat wayward temper, whose every word bears meaning,—of how few can this be said?—but who, little understood, and far too little appreciated, has learned too early in life to look on the world in scorn. You have read sometimes, in the lives of the artists and poets of other days, of enthusiasm which overlooked every obstacle, and enabled its possessor, disregarding poverty and danger, and sometimes death, to devote himself wholly to the task of building up a name. There is little of this fine generous feeling in our day; but I have met with it once, and he who possessed it, redeemed my opinion of mankind. Shall I not then cherish the memory of this gifted one?—but I wander from my subject—*n'importe*; my sketch is finished.

“ Casa mia, casa mia,
Benché piccolina sia,
Sei sempre, casa mia.”

We met—'twas for a moment, and a merry crowd was nigh;
We met—with mirth, and laugh, and song, lightly the hours
flew by;

And joyance was the noisy cry, for thought and care were cast,
Just while the revel lasted, in the abyss of the past.

We danced beneath the olive trees, no perfumed lamps burnt
there,

But the fragrance of the mountain-heath came sweetly on the air ;
No gorgeous pictures met the eye, but the waves of the bright sea
Leapt lightly up all laughingly, to join our revelry.

We had no carved fretwork,—what need of it was there ?

The south breeze 'mid the lemons strayed, and waved its blos-
soms fair.

We met as careless strangers, but our thoughts did quickly blend ;

We talked of distant England, and I felt thee as a friend ;

We pondered o'er the poet's page, and thoughts that long had
slept

Within my heart's most secret fold, where lonely watch they kept,
Sprang lightly forth to meet thine own ; for well I knew thy
heart,

Like mine, in all sweet sights and sounds of nature took a part.

We gazed upon the ocean bright, and hallowed thoughts were
our's,

Of Him who rules its stormy wrath, yet paints earth's laughing
flowers.

We listened to the murmuring waves until they seemed to say,

“ Ye mortals too, like us, must one Almighty power obey ;”

We could not, would not, say “ Farewell,” it is a word of gloom,

Casting o'er all our brighter hours the shadow of their tomb,

The poisoner of our present joy, the dark cloud on the sky,

The one harsh tone that mingles with all of earth's melody :

We would not say the word, and oft, as we recall this day,

It shall be as a cheerful mark set on life's weary way.

AUGUST.

THE pleasantest way of spending the evenings in this terrible month is, after a day of fever and weariness inexpressible, to lie down on the sofa with a volume of Byron in one's hand and a glass of ice within reach ; yet we do sometimes, in defiance of the innumerable armies of fleas quartered on the esplanade, take a stroll round it, and then we see a sight we should never see in England ; for, between the hours of nine and ten, most of the people come out of their hot crowded houses in the town ; and if we venture a little way down the Strada Reale, we see them seated, in happy little family groups, round tables under the piazzas ;—the women laughing, chatting, and drinking lemonade ; the men smoking cigars, or singing to the guitar. The Greek ladies have no idea of finery ; they do not dream of its being vulgar to sit out of doors in company with their husbands and fathers,—happily for them ; so they sit, in their happy ignorance, the first Signoras of the place, enjoying themselves

right rationally, while the English ladies parade slowly up and down, longing to rest for a few minutes, yet not daring to do so, lest they should offend the tyrant custom; and casting, from time to time, glances of pity and contempt on the denizens of the soil,—scornful eye and curled lip exclaiming, in silent eloquence, “Poor things! they know no better!”

One evening, the little white church on the esplanade being illuminated, we walked up the broad grassy steps, and went in to see what was going forward. The walls were almost covered with wreaths and bouquets, some real, some artificial. A papa, in his damask robes, sat before the sanctuary, by a little table, on which were placed a glass-case, containing the leg-bone of St. Bernard, and a plate filled with oboli. He did not say to us, as Papa Bulgari did, when we visited the cathedral on the day on which St. Spiridion is exposed for the worship of the people,—“Approach! although you are heretics, fear not; you may kiss his great toe if you please!” but he glanced his keen, restless eye from us to the plate very significantly, expecting perhaps that we should follow the example of the Greeks, kiss the case, and deposit some coin. I asked Count Laurelli why he did not do as his countrymen did; but he laughed, and answered, “I have given them some money, and that is all the poor devils care for!”

It must be confessed, that although this extreme

heat is very disagreeable, it brings also with it its peculiar luxuries. It is a luxury to bathe in the early morning, between the hours of five and six, which you good people in England—who shudder involuntarily the moment the water touches you, yet persist in taking your annual pickle, because it is recommended,—cannot even imagine; and the half-hour's saunter up and down the shady trelliced grapery, in the palace garden, is still more delicious. One side of the broad terrace lies open to the sea, defended only by a low parapet-wall. Along the other side, and over head, runs a trellice, covered with grapes;—such grapes! each bunch will fill a large dish, and each individual grape is as large as a bantam's egg! bright and clear! and, as the sun glances through them, glowing like amber refined by fire! and, to crown all, they hang within reach! Nay, you need not always be at the trouble of raising even your hand to gather them. To hide the unsightly aspect of the rough stems which, for two or three feet above ground, are bare of leaves, the Cape jessamine is planted, and wreaths itself in rich luxuriance, mingling its large white flowers with the clusters of fruit, and impregnating the atmosphere with fragrance. Verily, this were a dwelling-place for Houris! for, that every sense may be regaled at once, the soft tones of a flute, rendered still softer by its passage over the waters, is wafted gently over from the officers' quarters, in the old fort;—some indefatigable subaltern, I sup-

pose, who amuses himself and myself, by practising before breakfast. There are benches here, too, to rest upon; and here I do especially love to study Italian poetry.

The first thing every English person does, on arriving here,—and, I pray you, observe! as it is the first, so it is generally the last, sensible thing they do,—is to learn Italian. Few people attempt the Romaic,—it is too difficult; and when, after breaking half your teeth with their unpronounceable words, you have succeeded, you obtain, as in cracking a bad nut, very little for your pains. There are scarcely any works in the language worth reading; and if you talk to the peasants, you hear nothing but complaints and begging. But, Italian! it is the key to a treasure-house of beauty. With our own poets we are made so familiar by “Collections,” and “Beauties,” from childhood, that, by the time we are able to appreciate their beauties, they have lost the charm of novelty. But, oh! the world of delightful creations, which Danté, Tasso, and Metastasio, offer us! How often, while dwelling in their fair and fairy world, I long for those I love to be with me, and share the feeling of intense and pure enjoyment that fills my own heart, and withdraws it wholly from the realities of life! First, Danté, the noble, the lofty, the purely poetic! reading his inspired pages, is like wandering in a dim ancient forest, the vasty outline of whose trees are lost in the obscurity themselves

create. Yet every now and then, when you cast down your strained and eager gaze, you behold, at the extremity of a low opening vista, some soft and exquisite picture of earth-born happiness, reposing in sun-light in the distance; and the eye drinks it in delightedly, and owns it is the more beautiful from the contrast.

Tasso introduces us to a world differing much from our own. He makes us familiar with deeds of high emprise, and with sentiments of chivalrous honour. His men are all brave and constant; his women, tender and true. They abandon the soft luxuries of home, carpeted hall, and silken couch; not at the call of ambition, not for thirst of gain, but to rescue from desecration the tomb that held the mortal remains of the great Captain of their salvation. His heroes and heroines love; but they sacrifice even that deepest and most passionate of earthly feelings on the shrine of high and holy enterprise, to which they have vowed themselves. Insensibly, while dwelling on Tasso's pages, our minds become raised, our sentiments purified; we forget that we are reading; our hearts throb also for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre. We share the hopes, and fears, and triumphs of the soldiers of the Cross; and when the poem closes, we sigh, as though awaking from a lovely dream!

And Metastasio, my own peculiar favourite. Yes, although Harry Dormer declares he would as soon eat barley sugar from sunrise to sunset as

read Metastasio for two consecutive hours, still I must avow with a slight blush of shame, that he is my own peculiar favourite ;—must I pass him without a word of comment ? Hermes forbid !

Metastasio makes us acquainted with beings like ourselves ;—men who sometimes forgot glory for a softer claim ;—women who love and forget, who change, repent, and forgive, even as we do ourselves. We understand and pity them, and sympathize with them ; we think not of the author or of the play,—we live over again our own lives. In spite of the interest of the story we are obliged to lay it down, for the page is dimmed with tears. A single line, it may be a single word, has awakened some feeling that has long slept ; it has carried us back to the old days, when we were young and confiding and happy ; it has renewed, in all its force, that first passionate love, sacrificed perhaps at the call of duty or worldliness, which has now become but a mournful memory ; we lay down the book, and exclaim with tears, “ Just so I thought : just so I would have spoken ! ” But in England, chilled by its gloomy skies, still more by the restraints, teasing and perpetual, of its artificial state of society, we are ill able to understand or appreciate the passionate language and luxurious descriptions of these children of imagination. The very aspect of nature is against us ; take, for instance, this passage of Metastasio :

“ Il loco ombroso e solitario, il dolce
Susurrar delle piante, il mormorio
Del vicin fonte, i lusinghieri errori
D'un venticel che mi scherzava in volto
Resero a poco a poco
Così grave di sonno il ciglio mio
Che al fin lo chiusi in un soave obbligo.”

To you, these lines are mere poetry ; but to me, they furnish an exact painting of many a well-known spot, and many an hour of idle dreaming : neither must you think that the description owes any of its force or beauty to poetical diction. Read, as a pendant, the following plain prose description of the valley of the fountain of Benizza, written by a very unimagivative person :

“ E questo un luogo di molto amenità ; imperciocché il ruscello prima di entrare nel mare scorre serpeggiando per una piccola pianura, la quale è divisa in giardini ; e vi si ammirano lussureggianti i limoni ed i melaranci i quali compongono di molti odoriferi boschetti. Chi entra in quegli ombrosi recessi sente la soavissima fragranza dei fiori di quelle piante, e nell' istesso tempo vede su pei loro rami i frutti loro che assomigliano veramente tanti pomi d'oro. Soventi si osservano i limoni e le melarancie, essendo in tal modo stati innestati i loro alberi sopra l'istesso ramo, che pare una cosa maravigliosa ; e se sarà un giorno sereno, un venticello leggiero di maestro, scuote mollemente le loro foglie, e posta a otta a otta al senso

dell'odorato gli aliti soavi di quel luogo ; e se si considera ancora, che di là tra foglià e foglià si discopre la superficie del mare placido, le onde del quale movendosi leggermente, pajono agli occhi ora verdi, ora brune ed ora lampeggianti di vivissimo fuoco per la riflessione dei raggi del sole ed il suono mormorevole di quel piccolo meandro, si verrà a conoscere essere questo uno de' più dilettevoli luoghi del mondo.”*

Indeed, I cannot help perpetually remarking how impossible it is to form a correct idea of any sight or of any sound that we have not sensibly perceived. How often, for instance, had I pictured to myself the pass of the Simplon with confused imagery of snow and falling torrents, hanging pine woods, and lonely chalets by the road side : very different indeed was the reality. How often had I read of the convent bell ; yet how little did I conceive the sweetness and holy beauty of the soft low sound, stealing at intervals upon the ear, wafted over grove and valley, filling the whole soul with delicious melancholy, which is increased perhaps by the sombre character of the scenery among which we hear it ; for the wild olive waves her dark and drooping branches in every valley, and on every hill side of this island. One of my favourite evening walks, when it is possible to walk, is to a little convent near Castradès, dedicated to St. Theo-

* Carlo Botta.

dosius. The chapel adjoining it is open every Friday evening in Lent; and right well I love to seat myself on the low stone wall that encloses the garden ground belonging to the priests, and watch the coming of the peasants over the low vineyards that lie between the convent and the Lago Calichiopolo, as, the labours of the day over, they draw nigh, at the witching hour of sunset, to offer up their evening orisons. Very small indeed is the number of the congregation; but what of that? Every group is a perfect picture.—First draw nigh two dark-eyed girls, sisters I should imagine, from their strong resemblance; they wear the usual dark blue petticoat, and white veil enveloping the head and shoulders: the crimson ribbons entwined with their dark hair; the crimson lacing of their white boddices tell that they come from a mountain village—perhaps from Carusades. These are followed by a whole family, father, mother, and infant son, mounted on one horse; the little one is foremost of the party, and as a great indulgence, is allowed to hold the whip in his left hand, warily watched, however, by the father, who is indeed so intent on watching the *coup d'essai* of his first-born, that he forgets to take off his red cap in passing; behind him sits the mother, her folded hands resting on her husband's shoulders, and her face, lighted up with a mother's intense love, leaning on her hands. Ah! well is it for them all, that their steed is one of Rosinante's kindred.

Here comes a maiden from Potamo. I know it by her superior beauty and intelligence, and by the fashion of her head-gear: her petticoat is of scarlet and her apron the colour of molten gold; she wears long hanging white sleeves, as like as may be to the bishop's sleeves I brought out with me from England; her vest fits tight to her shape; and the enormous silver clasps that meet over her waist, and her gold chains innumerable, proclaim her a person of wealth. But is she alone! Ah, no! and much I fear the smile and whispered words of that tall, fierce-looking, moustachio'd, and bewhiskered young Albanian by her side, will sadly unfit the poor maiden's mind for the devout service she is come to perform. The snowy whiteness of his full short petticoat; the natty style in which his cap is stuck on one side of his head; the graceful tie of his red cummerbund, and full embroidery of his tight gaiters, proclaim him a dandy of the first water.

Following this happy pair comes poor old Barba, the very prince of beggars, leaning on the arm of his kind neighbour, who acts by him the part of a daughter: she too, has donned her coarse blue dress, and is arrayed in scarlet and white. The gay colours in which these poor peasants array themselves would seem out of place elsewhere, yet here they harmonize well with the bright hues of nature; and as each advancing group stands out in bold relief from the magnificent back-ground of

flaming sunset, purple mountain, and dim lake, it forms a picture which a painter would admire, but almost fear to imitate.

But the bell has ceased to chime—let us enter. The lowly congregation, increased by half-a-dozen nuns, are already at their prayers. Occasionally one of the nuns recites aloud, kneeling and gesticulating before the altar; the noise of her recitation somewhat increased by the bits of tinsel which hang from the beams, and make a cracking noise when agitated by the wind. Then the priest, wrapt in his damask robe, comes forth from the inner sanctuary with a brazier full of incense, which he waves before every individual separately, and afterwards about the chapel, till it is full of the sweet cloud. Ay! let us kneel with them, for our thoughts ascend heavenward to the same Being. The place is hallowed by the spirit of devotion; and while they pray for the dead, let us pray for the absent,—the absent who are dead to us. There is a holy quiet in the hour which just fits us for meditation and memory: and see now, ere we depart, and while the priest is pronouncing his farewell benediction, how gloriously the sunset streams, in golden light, through the narrow doorway, and blesses all alike. I would not justify error—far from it—yet I cannot but wonder less at the faith which induces its votaries to bury themselves in such sweet and tranquil seclusion as this.

But we can no longer distinguish the head-

dresses of the women as they peep at us from above, through the thick iron grating. Evening closes—let us depart: yet I must linger a few minutes to speak to Barba, for the poor old man is a great protégé and pet of mine. He is a hundred and two years old, and is looked upon as a sort of Methuselah in this country. Fifty years ago he came from Venice, in the pride and strength of manhood, with a fair and brave family about him: here he has remained ever since, weeping over the graves of his kindred, as, one by one, they have departed, and left his dwelling lonely. I shall never forget the tone of deep pathos in which he said to me,

“My sons are dead, my wife is dead, they are all dead, but I shall never die; God has forgotten to call me home!”

And when he saw my tears flowing fast (for I too was an exile), he said,

“Why do you weep, Signorina? there are many to love you.”

“None here,” I answered; “my kindred are far off, over the deep sea!”

“Ah!” was the old man’s answer, “you are young, and fair, and rich, belike; but God have pity on you, poor maiden!”

Barba Stefanò knew what it was to be alone in the land of the stranger! So now I must go and exchange a good night with him, and a parting benizon: we have knelt and prayed together in

the same sanctuary,—we have addressed ourselves for pity and pardon to the same all-gracious Father ; oh, I cannot but hope, that a day will come when we shall meet before the same throne to worship the same almighty Power, in heaven his dwelling place.

Sweet are earth's harmonies, sweet when eve is dying
Comes her faint farewell on the summer breeze ;
Sweet in its dreamy murmur comes the sighing
Of the west wind among the waving trees :
And heart-awakening is the joyous singing
Of the glad lark, when with the earliest dawn
Lightly from earth and earth's dim dreams upspringing,
She hails with glad hymns Him who wakes the morn :
Yet sweeter sounds than these from earth are borne.

Sweet is the music of the waters, falling
From the bright fount, on withered herb and flower ;
Sweet the low murmur of the wood-dove, calling
His loving mate forth from her leafy bower.
Glad is the hum of tiny insect voices,
At busy noon heard in the rustling maize :
Oh, every thing that breathes on earth rejoices
To hymn at every hour its Maker's praise !
Yet earth hath sweeter harmonies than these.

Unseen like spirit voices, faintly stealing
O'er hill and vale, I hear the vesper bell ;
One holy truth to every heart revealing—
All, all are brethren who on earth do dwell :
Ay, this is music to the soul appealing,
Softly to musing heart it seems to say—
“ Forget your dreams of earth and earthly feeling,
Lay by your cares and griefs ; and, mortals—pray !
This is earth's holiest harmony.”

We have had one pleasant excursion this week, to Paëlo Castrizza; the words signify “old castle;” and accordingly, there we certainly did discover a ruined wall, which is all that remains of a fortress that once set the Turks and Genoese at defiance. We went to this place by water, and the shore assumes here a very different character to any other part of the island: instead of vineyards sloping down to the water’s edge as at Benizza, or gentle declivities clothed with olives as at Govina, here we beheld, lofty, bare, and almost perpendicular rocks, against which the sea lashes with fury not altogether unavailing, since tradition affirms that these rocks once projected much farther into the ocean, but that the perpetual action of the water has gradually detached large masses, which, falling down headlong, have buried themselves deep in the sand, and still remain, adding greatly to the wildness and beauty of the spot. Very near the rock of Paëlo Castrizza is another, called S. Angelo, which also was fortified in other days, as I told you, by Michaël the first: Marmora says that it was called S. Angelo, perhaps, because, from its inaccessibility, angels only can reach it. We landed at Paëlo Castrizza for the express purpose of walking on the fine broad sands. An old woman, who had been catching shrimps, decamped at our approach; we begged her not to be afraid of us, and she assured us she was not, but that

she must hasten home before noon, or the evil spirits would be abroad.

There was a fisherman, too, paddling about on the sea, who now drew near the shore, I suppose for the same reason. You cannot think how picturesque he looked in his white jacket and large straw hat, seated on a bundle of rushes fastened together, and moving about on the waters with one oar. Presently he landed, drew up his boat of rushes, threw it over his shoulder, ready to go away, but we wished to examine his basket of fish; he would on no account stop while we did so, but willingly agreed to give us his fish for a talleyro, provided we would promise to leave the basket on the sands when we had finished our examination. The basket was not worth many oboli, or he would scarcely have trusted us; we asked him if he did not think some evil disposed person might come and steal it?

“No,” he answered, with a look of meaning; “they won’t leave their houses now.”

On after inquiry, I found that it is only during the present month, these dreaded “Nereides” are to be feared, and but at noon.

Now shall I tell you what we found in the fisherman’s basket?—First of all a little sea-scorpion or sea-devil,—such a pretty creature; he looks as if he had cockle shells for fins: his proper name is *Porcine Scorpæna*; he belongs to the thoracic order. The flesh is very tough, and they say he

can inflict a pretty sharp wound with the spine of the dorsal fin. There were also some shrimps, crabs, mullet, sea-urchins, and others whose names I did not know, but resolved to find out. Henrietta was delighted to see the urchins put out their feelers and walk along the sands.

As soon as we came home I began my inquiries ; and let me tell you, it is no such easy matter here to find out the name of any object of natural history. At first I used to ask Giovanni, who piques himself on his erudition ; but all the flowers, according to him, were “viole,” or “it has no name ;” and when I asked him, as a preliminary step, to-day, the name of the fish we had been eating for dinner, he replied, with the utmost gravity, “a lupo marino.”

In fact, the Greeks care not to acquire any information that will not bring them “oboli,” for “oboli” is the shrine at which they worship.

They hold us in the most perfect contempt, and use the words “Inglese” and “Pazzo,” as synonymous. How should it be otherwise, when our characters do not assimilate in any one point ? They laugh at generosity, and call enthusiasm madness. As to admiring any natural object, they cannot understand it at all.

I have learned, during my travels, to thank Heaven devoutly for three things : — that I was born an Englishwoman and not a Greek ; that I was bred a Protestant, and not a Roman Catholic ; and

that God has given me an eye to see, and a heart to love all that is beautiful and glorious in his beautiful and glorious world.

To return to the ichthyological question. Luckily I had a cleverer friend at hand than Giovanni, with whose assistance, aided a little by Buffon, I will tell you what fishes are caught in these seas. Will you be affronted if I explain to you how the orders and genera of this part of the animal creation are determined? We shall proceed more regularly.

There are five orders, which depend on the situation of the fins.

The first order comprehends those fish that are destitute of fins. They are called apodal or footless fishes.

The second, or jugular, have ventral fins under the throat.

The third, or thoracic, have ventral fins on the breast.

The fourth, or abdominal, comprise those whose fins are behind the pectoral fins.

The fifth, or cartilaginii, have a cartilaginous instead of a bony skeleton. The genera are determined by the number of rays in the branchiostegous membrane, the condition of the teeth, figure of the body, &c.

Of the first order, we have the Roman murey, about the size of a common eel,—the Romans used to prize it as an exquisite luxury: the sea-serpent;

and occasionally is found the conger-eel, but not very often; the bearded ophidium; striped stromateus, beautifully variegated and marked with transverse undulated bands; the sword-fish,—of this creature the jaws terminate in a point, but the upper stretches to a great distance over the lower, and is called the sword, for with it, it pierces and kills smaller fishes. It is still caught in the manner described by Strabo. Elian says it is also a fresh-water fish, but this is an error.

Of the second order we have the bearded star-gazer, which has a beard extending beyond the lips: this fish lies concealed in the mud, exposing only the tip of the head, and waving its beard in various directions to decoy the smaller fishes and marine insects, which mistake these organs for worms. The dragon weever, particularly tenacious of life, and from this circumstance called by the French, *vive* or *vivre*, which we have corrupted to “weever”; the whiting-pout; coal-fish; hake; the Mediterranean gadus; and the viviparous blenny. The ova of this last are hatched internally, and the young acquire their perfect form before the time of their birth; two or even three hundred have been observed in a single fish.

We come now to the thoracic order, in which we have the Mediterranean sucking-fish, remarkable for the apparatus on its head, by which it firmly adheres to rocks, ships, or animals, being incapable of swimming to any great distance. The ancients

said that the remora could arrest a ship in full sail : they also pretended that it could completely subdue the passion of love. I may as well bring home some of its bones ground to powder. Do you not think I shall make my fortune ? Perhaps not, if allwoman kind think with the poetess, who says,

“ What ! though I feel it heavy now,
Love’s frail, but binding chain ;
I do not even wish to be
Free as I was, again.”

Besides, the story may not be a true story ; *chi sa* ?

I need not tell you that we have the dolphin. You will remember the story of Arion, who, having acquired great wealth in Italy, was desirous of returning with it to Corinth, for which city he embarked at Tarentum. The sailors determined to kill him for his treasure, and he being resolved to die in good style, dressed himself sumptuously, sang to his harp, and then leaped into the sea. He was taken up by a dolphin, and carried to Tænarus. The sea-gudgeon, or miller’s-thumb, which affixes itself to the rocks by the union of its ventral fins, in the form of a funnel. The father-lasher, dory, holibut, turbot, and gilt-head (*sparus aurata*) : this fish is said to sleep at stated times ; it was dedicated by the Greeks to Venus. The rose-sparus ; the scare labrus ; the jurella labrus, anciently considered poisonous, but that was only

Greek scandal ; sea-perch ; mackarel, from the roes of which caviare is made : the celebrated garum of the Romans is said to be a condiment prepared from this fish ; and, lastly, the tunny.

Class 4th.—The sea-pike ; Mediterranean athérine, shaped like a smelt ; it is sometimes found near Southampton, and called there a smelt. The common mullet, of the roe of which an inferior kind of caviare, called botargo, is made. When walking through Castradès, we often see these roes laid out in the sun to dry. This fish haunts the shallows, feeds on worms, marine plants, and insects ; in the spring it sometimes ascends rivers. The sprat and anchovy.

Class 5th.—The sea-horse has a quadrangular tail, without a terminating fin ; it is from six to ten inches long. When living, the head and tail are carried straight ; but when dry, it resembles the skeleton of a horse. The common sturgeon, which was in such high repute among the Greeks and Romans, that, according to Pliny, it was brought to table with much pomp, ornamented with flowers, the slaves who carried it being also decked with garlands, and accompanied by music. The skin makes a good covering for carriages ; and the roe of this fish also is made into caviare, an object of great importance here, where, for the forty days preceding Easter, they never think of touching meat. This was at first a political, more than a religious observance on the part of the

government, but it is religiously observed. The isinglass-sturgeon ; the torpedo, which is supposed to stupify its prey by its electric faculty. If touched with one finger, the shock is felt by both hands, yet is not transmitted from one link of a small chain suspended to another. The ray, thorn-back, and sting-ray. We have, too, a fish called by the Greeks, "palamide," which is very good, resembling veal when roasted ; but I cannot tell you any thing of its habits, for that very reason of not knowing its proper name. I wish these Greeks were not such dunces ! Most of the others I have seen alive, and recognised, by comparing them with plates and descriptions ; but the palamide I have only seen at table roasted, in slices ; and you will allow that it is, in such a state, more fit to be eaten than examined.

Are you tired of the subject ? I hope not, for I have yet the shell fish to prate about. Of these we have oysters, cockles, perriwinkles, the sepia, and the pinna or sea-wing, which latter afforded Henrietta and Emily a great deal of amusement. On the outside of the shell was the residence of a sort of sea-worm, a spiral protuberance, and every now and then the inhabitant put out his little red head, to see what was going on. The shell of the pinna is elegantly shaped, and about fifteen inches long. On opening it, the animal, a limax, retreated towards the hinge, occupying a very small space in his large house. To Henrietta's great delight, we

presently espied a crab, who shared it with him ; and Emily ran off for one of her little books, from which she read a long story of the hospitality of the pinna, and the gratitude of the crab, who acts the part of a provider for his host. Unfortunately, on opening another limax, we found a crab in his stomach, which rather destroyed our high opinion of his hospitality. The shell is a bivalve, and connected by a toothless hinge ; outside the ligament hangs a large bunch of fibres, by which the shell appeared to have been fastened to the rock ; but it seemed to us too coarse to have been the byssus of which the ancient cloth was made. On examining the animal itself, we found a tuft of very fine silky threads under its mouth. It is said, that when the limax wishes to affix itself to any substance, it throws out an extensile member, and discharges from its tip a drop of gluten, which, by the retraction of the same organ, is formed into a silky filament, and by frequently repeating the operation, a thick tuft is formed. In corroboration of this, we observed that the tuft of one was much more considerable than the rest, and one, I suppose a very young fish, was quite destitute of it ; but if this beard be the one by which the limax affixes itself, the superior margin of the shell must always be open, for once fixed, the animal cannot disengage itself ; and this seems an odd position to be placed in. If, on the other hand, the shell is fastened at the hinge, how could they make fine cloth of the

outer filaments, which are exceedingly coarse. All this might be solved by seeing the animal in its home; but this has not yet been my good fortune. The people of Palermo and Naples still make gloves and stockings of the byssus.

• Of shells, we find the *chiton squamosus*, the *spondylus longispina*, *spondylus plicatus*, the *terebratula*, and bits of the cuttle fish; the *mya donax*, and *Venus erycina*; the *turbo neritoides*, *conus*, *cerithium turritella*, or screw-shell, and *murex trigonia*. All these I have found; but there must be many which have escaped my researches, and for this reason, I have not attempted any sort of classification. The Greek ladies are very fond of wearing shells as necklaces and bracelets: they generally choose for this purpose a small white bivalve, or a species of periwinkle deprived of its outer skin, which looks, when polished, like mother-of-pearl. There are two methods of polishing shells; the simplest is, to boil them in water impregnated with quick-lime for three or four hours, and then wash them over with diluted muriatic acid. If this does not succeed, the shells must be plunged into aquafortis; but you must take care to stop up the mouth with wax, the other end of which serves as a handle. Cold water should be at hand to dip them in immediately afterwards; and when the skin is sufficiently eaten away, the shell must be polished with fine emery, and finally washed with the white of an egg.

I have witnessed, at last, a sight I have long wished to see, and pray sincerely never to see another such. This day the young Rubina, Count Laurelli's youngest daughter, exchanged her flowing robes for a gown of grey serge; her long black ringlets were cut off, and the white veil was replaced by a black one. In short, she is a nun, yet not utterly dead to the world and its enjoyments, as is the nun of a Roman Catholic country. She has entered the convent of St. Theodosius, of which I have already spoken to you; she has there a pleasant apartment to herself, ornamented not only with the lamp and crucifix, but with paintings and flowers. She is permitted to go out occasionally into the city, and to receive the visits of her friends at all times. But she must never marry; and this is, I believe, the only restriction placed on the nuns in the Greek church.

"I can hardly imagine misery greater," said I to Nina, as we walked home, "than that suffered by the nuns of olden time in Italy and France; can you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I can. The greatest of all earthly misery is to know that there exists one necessary to your happiness—nay, to your very life; to feel that your own existence is lost, bound up in that of another; to know that there is no barrier but one, and that one, indifference; to hear and to see, a thousand times in a day, that the being, for whom you would be content to die,

heeds you not, cares not for you, looks on you but as one of the countless crowd;—this is misery indeed!”

“No, no!” interrupted Mrs. Flowers; “death is the worst evil; hope cannot exist in such a situation as Nina describes; and without hope, love does not last very long. But to have enjoyed reciprocal affection, and then to lose it;—to live on, day by day, *remembering* the past, and feeling that it cannot return,——”

“Nonsense! nonsense!” said Harry; and Nina’s cheek flushed scarlet as he spoke; for neither of us were aware of his being so near. “Neither of you know any thing about real sorrow. To pay away your last dollar, and feel sure that you know not where to look for another; to sit down, after a hard day’s shooting, to a roasted owl and plate of olives; to meet Lady Woudbe in the street, and be invited to her ball, whence you cannot excuse yourself on the plea of illness. These are the real sorrows of life!”

Harry succeeded in giving a gayer tone to our discourse; while I was thinking all the time that the worst grief of all is absence,—the living death; and then smiling, to see how every person imagines *that* to be the worst of all possible griefs, under which he happens to be suffering at the moment.

It is a rare thing for persons not to be happy when they have resolved, in spite of fate, to be so;

and, accordingly, in defiance of this ovenish temperature, of those little air-devils the musquitoes, and various other very legitimate sources of complaint, we have spent some agreeable days this month; and, among them, let me not forget a certain week, passed in the country in a Greek house.

Worthy Dando!—surely, if a name in Corfù deserves recording, it is thine; for who invites the English to view the poverty of the land, save thee? Who plays on the fiddle eight hours out of the four-and-twenty to amuse his guests, save thee? Who enacts plays, and struts himself into a fever, out of pure philanthropy, save thee? Sweet is the memory of our *séjour* in thy ruined castle! for, indeed, it was an event in a common-place English life. The mornings were somewhat long; but was there not a library, full of right ancient books? And did we not ramble, and ramble over hill and valley, on country horses, till we were right weary? Thy dinners were heavy;—roast lamb at top, and roast kid at bottom; with boiled mutton as a side-dish. But were not our appetites excellent? Thy stories were long, but we could not understand them; so what matter? Thou didst feast our ears every evening with the self-same tune, played on a three-stringed guitar; but did we not waltz right merrily? Thy windows were broken; but did not thy lady, in the very kindness of her heart, stuff the holes with her very own garments? The nights were sleepless; but had we not the felicity of chas-

ing mosquitoes and hunting fleas? It was a pleasant week, after all; although I do not wish to spend such another. Harry Dormer was not with us during the earlier part of our stay; perhaps that made the days seem rather tedious. Somebody has well observed, that the absence of a person of talent is felt like the absence of sunlight. And so it is: we feel, especially in a limited circle, the absence of the bright smile, and quick wit, which can throw radiance on the common-place events of every-day life, as a real misfortune. We feel that an hour spent with one who amuses, and excites and astonishes every moment, by some unexpected observation or light stroke of graceful raillery, is worth a month of ordinary intercourse. These, indeed, are the persons who can make a "sunshine in a shady place." Of what consequence to us are bare walls, or barren scenery, or the many discomforts of uncivilized life, when shared with one whose joyous spirit makes mock at all these things, and turns every annoyance into a subject of amusement? whose mind, when we are tired of mirth, can turn to graver matter, and, communicating some portion of its own enthusiasm to those with whom it comes in contact, can elevate the spirit to the contemplation of all that is high and holy and beautiful, and raise it quite above the meaner cares of earth!

Harry joined us before our departure, and brought some drawings of the ruined temple, dedi-

cated to Jove, at Cassopo. Even now, the foundation-stones may be distinctly traced ; and the ruined walls yet stand, of a church built on its site, and dedicated in after time to the Virgin. Spon visited it in 1675, and mentions a curious superstition, then commonly believed. It was said, that if a traveller wished to ascertain the health and welfare of any absent friend, he had only to place a coin on the face of a certain stone that stood in a perpendicular position among these ruins, uttering at the same time an invocation to the Virgin. If the absent friend was alive, the coin would fall to the ground in the most natural way imaginable ; if death had deprived the traveller of his friend, then the coin, remaining as if fixed by supernatural agency to the surface of the stone, gave notice of the event. There is a good port very near these ruins ; and some antiquaries have tried to prove that the ancient capital of Corçira stood in this neighbourhood.

Many a long chat, over these ruins, did we hold in the salon at Dando's ; but we wearied of it at last, particularly when we had explored, on country horses, all the pretty rides within reach, and after a long morning's hunt in the library, found that it contained scarcely a dozen books we could understand, and none of which were very amusing. Besides, persons accustomed to regular occupation, soon grow tired of the *dolce far niente*.

Right glad were we all to thank our worthy host

for his hospitality, and turn our horses' heads to the city again. I believe the first day, at dinner, Harry did rather miss his accustomed butt, he having acquired the very bad, but very amusing, habit of listening to Signor Dando's interminable stories, not a phrase of which he understood, with one side of his face, and caricaturing him so inimitably with the other, that we were all forced to make excuses for the laugh it was impossible to restrain.

Our first excursion to any distance was to Crisida's fountain, a spot endeared to every lover of Homer; and thither we repaired, some in carriages, and some on horseback, walking being quite out of the question.

Some little discussion had arisen at breakfast-time, between Mrs. Flowers, who is a great stickler for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and Harry, whose enthusiasm never permits him to doubt any thing. Mrs. Flowers rather inclined to Goodisson's opinion, that Homer had no particular island in view when describing Scheria; and it was to disprove this heresy, that we sallied forth to the place in question.

The fountain springs in a small cavern open towards the sea, and we descended by a pretty narrow path to the fissure in the hill in which it is situated. Properly speaking, there are two springs, divided by a little slip of land for a short space, but they soon unite; the water is very clear. On the tongue of land grows abundantly the conferva

fontinalis, and the potamogeton natans, the leaves of which appearing, now light, and now dark, according to their position, offer a pretty contrast to the limpid spring. This plant is at once, the habitation and food of the phalæna potamogeton, and the roots form the favourite food of the swan. On the banks, also grow, abundantly, maidenhair, mnium, female fern, pellitory, figwort, crane's-bill, mercury, crowfoot, spleenwort, convolvulus, and dog-rose: these plants, most of them British, also line the sides of the cavern, and make it delightfully cool and shady. In the environs we found the common fig-tree, holly, lycopsis, lithospermum or gromwell, with which, it is said, the girls in the north of Europe paint their faces on festival days—they use the juice of the root. I suspect it is from this root our Corfiote peasants obtain the splendid red dye with which their vests and bands are coloured. Jerusalem-sage, bird's-foot, cistus, coronilla, and Cyprus-grass. The geranium moschatum is one of the commonest plants here; it grows every where, on the ramparts and in the groves, and is so abundant, that when you go out of Porto Reale, you smell its musk-like fragrance, and at first imagine it must proceed from the vegetable market. These are the realities of Crisida's fountain.

Come we now to the land of poësy. About here were the gardens of Alcinoüs. Believe it, on my word, for with Homer in hand we went on, step by

step, comparing his description with the scenes around us.

“ Tall thriving trees confessed the fruitful mould,
The reddening apple ripens here to gold :
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale,
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail ;
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies ;
On apples, apples ; figs on figs arise :
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.”

Allowing for a little poetical exaggeration, this description is correct. Many of the trees bear blossoms and fruits at the same time. These fruit-trees are not so abundant now, perhaps, because, under the Venetians, the olive was encouraged to the exclusion of every other tree.

Pray go on with Homer, Harry.

“ Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd,
This through the garden leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground ;
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows :
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.”

“ There,” said Harry triumphantly, “ don't you see the springs, Susan ? And does not this spot

lie in the way from the river Messongi, (the only river in the island, on the shores of which, probably, Ulysses landed after his shipwreck,) to the city?"

"But did Ulysses land on the banks of a river?"

"Between the parting rocks at length he spied
A falling stream with gentler waters glide,
Where to the seas the shelving shore declined,
And formed a bay impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulysses prest,
And hailed the river, and its god addrest."

"But I thought it was here, Nausicaa found Ulysses."

"Not so. They met by the river. The grove of poplars, sacred to Pallas, in which she told him to wait a short time, was in these gardens; and in further corroboration of it listen to this:

'Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.'

"But surely, Harry, you might stand here and shout from morn to eve, before I should hear you in the city."

"You forget, the ancient city stood not on the site of the present one, but much nearer here; on the tongue of land between the sea and the lake of Calichiopolo. Hear how admirably Homer's description agrees with what Dion Cassius says of

the Chresopolis, and with our own observation of the situation of it :

‘ ————— With airy mounds,
 A strength of wall the guarded city bounds ;
 The jutting land two ample bays divides ;
 Full through the narrow mouths descend the tides ;
 The spacious basins arching rocks enclose,
 A sure defence from every storm that blows.
 Close to the bay great Neptune’s fane adjoins ;
 And near, a forum flanked with marble shines,
 Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to store,
 Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar :
 For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
 To give the feathered arrows wings to kill :

* * * * *

A proud unpolished race.’

“ Such were the Pheacians in ancient days—and Neptune’s fane, Susan : what do you say to that ?—the ruined temple of Neptune, over Cardachio ?”

“ I believe,” said Susan, laughing, “ I must submit : but the river,—that staggers my faith still. The only river in the island is the Messongi, and that rises in the mountain of S. Matthias, near Gardichi, and falls into the sea, twelve miles east of the city. Could Ulysses walk that distance ?”

“ Certainly : and do you not remember that Nausicaa drove thither in her chariot ? Even the character of the river is given :

‘ The rushing current of his tides.’

This rushing current belongs not to any other stream, for their movement is so slow that it may scarcely be discerned :—witness that muddy ditch they call “the Potamo :” then again, the words of Minerva :

“ For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave,
Where their fair vests Pheacian virgins lave.”

“ Are these all your proofs ?”

“ No, I have two more, which being the strongest, I have reserved for the last. I must quote again :

“ A race of rugged mariners are these,
Unpolish’d men, and boisterous as their seas ;
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
These did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies and command the main,
On canvass wings to cut the watery way,
No bird so light, no thought so swift as they.

* * * * *

Not more renowned the men of Scheria’s isle
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill, their women’s pride,
The flying shuttle through the threads to guide ;
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius and industrious arts.”

“ Can any thing tally more exactly than this does with the character of the women as well as men of Corcyra, as given us by the old chroniclers ?”

“ But might it not have answered as well for the people of any other of the Grecian islands ?”

“ Possibly ; but this you cannot say of my last and strongest proof. Listen to the bard. Neptune complains to Jove of the insolence of the Pheacians, in transporting to a place of safety the man whom he hates, and proposes to punish them :

“ This, then, I doom : to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep :
To warn the thoughtless. * *

* * Jove replies :

‘ Even when with transport blackening all the strand
The swarming people hail their ship to land,
Fix her for ever, a memorial stone,
Still let her seem to sail, and sail alone :’

* * * *

The god arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down, an everlasting rock.
Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise,
All press to speak, all question with their eyes ;
With hands unseen the rapid bark restrain,
And yet it swims, or seems to swim the main.”

“ And do you then, Harry, agree with Mr. Goodisson, who says the Isola de Sorgi, at the entrance of Calichiopolo, bears a fanciful resemblance to a boat upset ? It is much more like a rock than a boat in my opinion, upset or not.”

“ No, no, that Isola is not my boat ; have you not been to Pantaleone ?”

“ No.”

“ Then let us go to-morrow, and you shall have ocular demonstration of Homer’s truth.”

Not one dissentient voice arose, and the morrow was fixed for another expedition.

It is a comfort that in this country you may arrange a picnic without that terrible IF — “ If it does not rain.” The “ how ” was the next point to settle. A sailing boat was talked of, but an objection presented itself in the shape of a bar that runs across the mouth of the harbour : and though Mr. Sims did exclaim, “ Never mind the bar, we’ll soon remove it,” nobody seemed inclined to think this removal a practicable task ; so horses and carriages were substituted for the sail.

We breakfasted at Scriperò, a lovely village, situated under a peak of the mountain, where three or four women were busy, spreading out before their cottage door a quantity of rubia,—a plant which yields a colour like indigo. They wore the usual square white head-dress of the peasantry, and I had the curiosity to beg one woman to take off her veil, that we might see how it was arranged. We were amused to find that these unsophisticated children of nature wore a pad to prevent the veil from falling flat and ungraceful about their heads. I asked them several questions about the manner of extracting the dye ; and from one, a very intelligent woman, received the following information : This plant requires a rich soil, and grows chiefly on the mountains. The wild species is in use for

the coarse woollen stuffs of the peasantry. When it is in blossom, they cut it, uproot it, and then pick off the leaves; they press the leaves between two smooth stones. When they are well mashed they are dried, and put up for use. When required, it is put in a barrel with some water: after a while it ferments; they add more water and lye, with a very small proportion of potash, which would, in too great a quantity, burn the nap off the cloth: the fermentation increases so much as to render the smell of this mixture highly offensive. They do not consider it fit for use till it begins to corrupt; then the dye is most active, and then they plunge in the linen and cloths, and leave them for a week. Some cloth is made from the wool of the island sheep, which is very long, but coarse. These people have not a spark of enterprise about them, or they might easily introduce the Angola sheep, for the pasturage is excellent, and might be rendered still better.—We observed a few specimens of the *pinus silvestris*, which grows also abundantly near Peleca, but is never seen in the plains.

These mountains are but slightly raised above the level of the sea;—certainly are not higher than the plains of Lombardy, where this tree will not grow. Why is this? Does it love a stony soil, or do the winds blow freer here, or is it that the vicinity of the clouds makes it flourish? Have trees caprices as well as mortals? The ancients said, that the olive bore such deep enmity to the oak that

the two were never found near together; and certain it is, that in this island the oak takes refuge in the highest part of the mountains, while the olive flourishes in the vale below. The olive strikes out her root in a horizontal direction, penetrating a short distance below the soil; the oak, on the contrary, strikes deep; it is evident, therefore, that the same soil will not suit them both. The oil in Corfù is very bad, far inferior to that of Italy, and even of the other Ionian islands. This does not proceed from any inferiority of soil, but solely from the indolence and prejudices of the Corfiotes. During the sway of the Venetians, the Corfiotes were not permitted to send or sell olives to any other state than to Venice. It was also decreed, that no manufactory should be established on the island, in order that those of Venice might flourish better, and also that the attention of the islanders might be entirely confined to the culture of the tree which was found to be the most profitable of this island's productions. At the same time, the Corfiotes were forced to receive from Venice every article of trade or manufacture. There was some cunning in this double policy of the fair queen of the Adriatic. A reward of twelve sequins was given to every man who should rear one hundred trees; so, very soon, the island presented the appearance of one dark dense forest. Excepting where the ground has been cleared for building, it remains so still; for these peasants would not uproot a tree on any ac-

count; consequently, there are about three-fourths too many. The sun cannot penetrate the foliage, and the fruit on the lower branches cannot properly ripen. All the cultivation bestowed on these trees is, to weed a little round them after the gathering, and to dig a hole near each one, in which the rain may collect. They will not even give themselves the trouble to pick up the fruit as it falls, but wait until all the fruit has fallen; of course, half of it is by that time decayed, and this is one cause of the badness of the oil.

But I am digressing again, just as we did, on our road to the pass,—and who could help it, when we saw the prettiest white convent in the world, peeping through the trees? — We walked thither, through a narrow path, bordered as usual by hedge-rows of myrtle. The monks received us very kindly, and brought us grapes and cold water. We visited their chapel;—as usual, it was ornamented with pictures, gilding, and wreaths; the background of all the paintings being covered with dead gold. The Virgin and Child hung near the high altar; a lamp burnt before them; and, on a ledge below, were two little heaps of jessamine blossoms. There is something of beauty and poetry,—is there not?—in this offering of the most spotless of flowers to the most spotless of womankind. Through the arched gateway that led into the garden, we had a view of the fertile, but most unhealthy, Val di Roppa. The garden itself was

almost full of bee-hives,—mere wooden boxes, with two or three tiles laid loosely on the top. With all our English improvements and contrivances, we have not such delicious honey as these simple people obtain without any contrivance at all!

We hardly knew how to leave this lovely solitude; it was so quiet, and the scenery around it so exquisitely beautiful and varied! Up the mountain we toiled, along a good wide road, cut in a zig-zag direction; and at last came to the pass of Pantaleone, from which we could see the sea almost all around us. There is a little church here, from which the pass is named;—the name itself being of Venetian origin,—“Plant the Lion;” and low down, through two rising hillocks, Harry directed our attention to a sail. “A sail! a sail!” we all exclaimed; “but why is it so near the shore?” Something else diverted our attention; and then we sat down to dinner, under the trees; and after it was over, Harry took us again to the spot whence we had seen the sail. There it was still,—immoveable,—a ship arrested in its progress towards the shore; and not till we had stood a good half hour, watching it, could we be convinced that it was indeed a rock!

“And is your imagination powerful enough, Harry,” said Susan, “to make you believe that the king of the gods and men really did stay the Pheacians’ bark at the request of Neptune?”

“No,” answered Mr. Dormer; “but I believe

that Homer, like a good historian, failed not to take advantage of this chance, this sport of nature, to accredit his fable, and give it an air of truth. He was too wise not to take advantage of every local proof he could collect. So much for Homer and his history, which I maintain to be a true history, leaving out the supernatural agency,—at least, as true as any other, from Herodotus downwards.”

And so we came home. As we walked down the pass, some bits of rag tied to a stick attracted my attention, and I was about to twitch them off as I passed; but the Count Laurelli caught my hand in a great hurry, exclaiming, “Corpo di Bacco! leave that alone! you’ll catch the fever, or madness, or something as bad! Yes!” he continued, as I looked at him with surprise, “when our peasantry have any thing the matter with them, they go to the papa; he exorcises the evil spirit by which they are possessed, and ties some rags to a bit of stick; the evil spirit passes into the rags; and if any one should, by ill luck, touch them, he becomes afflicted with the same malady. Nay,” he continued, affecting to smile,—“of course *I* do not believe these superstitions; but it is as well not to run any risk. Come along, Signorina, the carriage is waiting; don’t stand looking at that stick all day.”

“I am not looking at the stick; I am admiring the sun, sinking in flames of living fire behind that dark group of pines; did you ever see any sight more splendid, Count Laurelli?” But the Count

shrugged his shoulders, and walked off, murmuring, as he went, "Pazza, pazza!"

One Greek will ask another, who such a person is; and the answer is sure to be, with a significant touch of the forehead, "E Inglese, matto!" No love, however, is lost: they hold us in utter contempt, and we look on them as removed but one degree from donkeys. Our opinion is the most correct.

They think of nothing but gain. I never listened to the conversation of two Greeks, for five minutes, without hearing the words "oboli," and "currants;" so you may imagine to what an extent their minds are cultivated. The women are, of course, more ignorant than the men: scarcely any of them can read; and the quick wit, for which people of their nation are celebrated, denied lawful exercise, spends itself in anxious inquiries into the affairs of their neighbours, and in forming contrivances to elude the watchfulness of their husbands and fathers.

The Count came into my sitting-room, one day, and seeing Glycera at the window, — whither she had been half led, half dragged, by her cousin, — gave the poor girl so severe a blow on her face as to draw blood; and yet he is reckoned a kind and indulgent father. Let us, however, hope for better things: there is a school in the town now, conducted by a young Scotchwoman on the English plan, to which some of the Greeks have been persuaded to send their girls. These girls, naturally clever,

learn English, and thus have access to our numerous and excellent books for children and young persons. They will become mothers, and, having learned the inestimable advantages of education, will not suffer the precious prize to elude the grasp of their children. I have even heard, that three or four young Greeks have appeared at Lady Woudbe's *soirées*; but this is, I believe, rather to be considered as a stroke of policy, on the part of their fathers, than as a proof of liberality of feeling. Let us hope that the time will come, when the Corfiote ladies, unrestrained by bolts and bars, and by the jealous watchfulness of their lords, — obedient only to the law of principle, — will bless the day when the English came among them, and taught them to acquire the confidence, as well as the love, of their masters.

THE STORY OF THE PLAGUE, TOLD BY COUNT

LAURELLI.

— There dwelt in olden times, in this city, a man named Odigitriano Sarandari, one of the provveditors of the Sanita : he was loved and esteemed by the people for the uprightness with which he discharged the duties of his function, and hated and envied for the same reason by his colleagues, who could not oppress and cheat the people as much as they wished to do, on account of the

strictness with which Sarandari watched them. Now, one among them, called Paölo, bore him an especial hatred ; for it happened that Sarandari and himself had each a daughter, which daughter they had each offered in marriage to the heir of the richest family in Corfù ; and the father of the young man, overlooking the larger dowry of Paölo's child, had preferred the other maiden, because of the blameless character of her father. So Paölo vowed to compass his destruction.

It was at the close of the year 1629 ; and the Corfiotes had assembled in the city from all parts of the island, to celebrate the festivities attending on the anniversary of our Saviour's birth : but their mirth was soon changed to wailing. A cry arose, at first low, whispered, and scarcely believed ; then loud, universal, and striking terror whithersoever it penetrated. — The plague was abroad : the plague had broken out in four different parts of the city. Sarandari's daughter, betrothed, not yet a bride, sickened and died. The women, as usual, flocked to the funeral, to sing over her the myriologue, and thus they caught and spread the infection. Sarandari sat by the coffin of his beloved one, with tearless eyes and a heavy weight at his heart. He prayed to die, but he could not. She was his only one on earth. A thousand times he kissed her pale lips, that he might die the same death that she had died ; but he could not.

One evening, at twilight, there came a low knock at the door of Sarandari's house : it was opened by Teodoro, his only servant ; and the man cautiously peeping out, seeing that the intruder had on a thick glazed stuff garment, and was likewise masked, consented to hear what he had to say, drawing back, however, to a respectful distance.

" I come," said the stranger, " to summon your master as one of the provveditors of the Sanita, to inquire into the cause of the scourge that now afflicts the city. We have received orders from government to that effect."

" My master," replied Teodoro, " must not now be troubled ; he is mourning the loss of his only child, who died yester evening at this hour."

" Say you so ?" said the stranger. " He is childless, and I have five brave sons and one fair daughter. But of what died the maiden ?"

" Nay, it were idle to ask : she arose in the morning, and arrayed herself in a new embroidered veil, to receive the visit of her betrothed :—at night that veil served for her winding sheet."

" And,—pardon my friend, this seeming idle question,—whence did the girl procure this piece of fatal finery ?"

" It is an idle question," answered Teodoro, " I gave it to the maiden ; for I nursed her in her infancy, and loved her as my own. It was given me by the captain of a stranger vessel down in the

port; and as the workmanship was choice, I deemed it a fitting bridal present. Alas, that she should wear it in her coffin !”

“ Now a blessing attend thee for thy news,” returned the stranger, “ thou art the most courteous chatterer I have heard for many a long day ; here take, this for thy trouble, and fear not ; gold does not communicate the infection.”

As he stooped to deposit the sequin within the door, his mask fell off; and though he replaced it as quickly as possible, Teodoro caught a glimpse of his features, and exclaimed, as he hastily flung to the door, “ *Corpo di Bacco !* My master’s old enemy, Count Paölo. I have a great mind to fling his gold after him : and yet,—no, no; his gold is as good as another man’s gold, and I deserve it better than he does.”

The next day Sarandari was ordered to repair to the Lazaretto, which is built on a little island about a mile distant from the city. His faithful servant accompanied him; and although the first lawyers in the city offered to plead his cause, he would not allow them to do so; and even refused to know of what crime he was accused. He said that he wished to die, and it mattered not to him in what manner death should come.

This passiveness on his part afforded room to his enemies to work his destruction; and so well did Count Paölo profit by it, that in the course of

a few days Sarandari was condemned to death as being accessory to the introduction of the plague in the city.

No priest could be found to confess him, till his own brother stepped forth and offered to do so. Accordingly a boat was sent to the Lazaret; and as no boatman would offer his assistance, the priest was forced to use the oars himself; and as soon as it pushed off, Sarandari, attended by his faithful Teodoro, advanced from the islet. A mournful meeting it was; not as far as Sarandari was concerned, for his countenance shone with hope and joy,—yet still, I say, it was a mournful meeting for these two brothers, who had not seen each other for years, now to come together on the wide ocean, each in a boat covered with black cloth, as emblematic of the sorrowful use to which it was put;—the one brother as a penitent condemned to die a violent death, without having committed any crime; the other as a reprover and consoler, when he would fain have fallen on his kinsman's neck, and wept over him tears of pity and affection. At last the boats separated. The priest rowed back to the shore; and the moment he stepped forth, an arrow darted from the hand of the executioner; and Sarandari, who, in obedience to an unjust command, had remained standing in the boat, fell, pierced to the heart.

His faithful servant conducted the body back to the islet, and there buried it. He was heard to

affirm, that when he committed it to the earth, and uncovered the face to take a last farewell look of his beloved master, a sweet smile passed over the countenance ; but this might be imagination.

Be that as it may, divine vengeance seemed to fall on the head of him who had persecuted an innocent man. Of Count Paölo's five brave sons, not one was spared ; and his fair daughter abandoned her aged father from fear of the infection. Paölo did not die, although he often prayed to do so ; but he never heard again from his only child, further than a slight rumour, that she had been seen wandering alone, and destitute in Italy. He was hated and condemned by the people to the last day of his wretched life.

The plague still raged with violence ; till, at last, the people bethought themselves of addressing their protector, St. Spiridion. To him, men and women, old people and children, had recourse, with tears and sighs ; and the Saint, by fervent prayer, at last, obtained of the Almighty, that with the death of only sixty more, the plague should stop. Many times the Saint appeared to sick people, and promised them recovery. Every night a brilliant flame was seen, playing in the shape of a lantern over the cathedral consecrated to him. It was seen, I say, every night by the sentinels in the fortress ; and at last, on Palm Sunday, his power was made manifest to the eyes of all men ; for on that day, the raging of the fearful disorder was

stayed. So a solemn procession was ordered ; and as the palms had brought victory, so every one, on that memorable day, was seen adorned with branches of them. The houses and streets were hung with tapestry ; and the body of the Saint was carried in triumph all round the city : and every year, on the return of Palm Sunday, we celebrate, with the same solemnity, the memory of the favour received from the Most High, at the intercession of our holy patron. I may also add, that above 4,000 ducats were collected by voluntary contribution of the people, and employed in embellishing the church, which contains the body of him who is never deaf to the supplications of the Corfiotes.

“ I am not surprised,” said Harry, “ that in these times, when the march of intellect is enlightening almost every other people in Europe, the island Greeks remain superstitious as ever, when such precautions are taken to eternize the memory of every pretended miracle your saint has wrought.”

“ Pretended ! do you call it ?” answered the Count, waxing wroth at this insinuation of the young Englishman. “ I can tell you, young Signor, that when the people of your nation first came among us, neither I nor my countrymen could be persuaded to believe, that you professed any religion at all. We never saw you at your devotions ; you had no church here, and your Sabbaths were spent in riding over old women,

making bets, and ransacking our orange-groves and vineyards. It was not till two or three good English missionaries came among us to teach our children, and comfort our poor, that we could be brought to believe that the English nation was not a nation of heathens."

"And pray," inquired Mrs. Flowers, "what sort of an idea had you formed of us before our arrival?"

The old man paused a moment, ere he replied :

"You will be surprised,, and Mr. Dormer will laugh at our simplicity, when I tell you that we expected peace and prosperity to follow in your footsteps! I well remember the harangue made just before your arrival, by the President of the Senate, Mons. le Baron Theotoky. He was one of the few who persuaded us to solicit the protection of the British. He mounted the rostrum in the cathedral, and he told us, that when you came hither, our streets would flow with wine and honey, and that we should only have to stoop to pick up gold and silver. He painted, in like terms of oriental exaggeration, all the good that would accrue to us from your protection; and he concluded by drawing down an awful imprecation on his own head if his words were not the words of truth. 'If I have spoken aught that I do not implicitly believe,' said he, 'or aught that will not be fulfilled, may my son lose the use of his reason, and may my daughter perish in the bloom of her

youth.' Events speak for themselves. He, in whose temple Theotoky spoke, suffered it not to be profaned. Theotoky's daughter died at the early age of sixteen, and his son is a confirmed lunatic. And after this, will you endeavour to shake the faith the people place in their holy saint?"

Harry, with raised colour and flashing eye, was about to answer; but Mrs. Flowers, who cordially hates religious controversies, expressed a wish to hear some Greek songs, and entreated the old man's permission to fetch the young Glycera. He would not permit the girl to enter the room, but she came into the adjoining one, and we could distinctly hear her voice through the silk curtain that was drawn before the door.

GREEK SONG.

" A bird sits on the bridge,
He sings with a low wail
To Ali—he whose name
Turns every rose-cheek pale.

" This is not Yanninà,
Where the cool fountains flow;
And where, low in the valleys,
The orange-flowers blow.

“ This is not Prevesa,
Where the dark ramparts frown,
And from the fortress wall
Fury and Death look down.

“ But this is Freedom’s throne :
Suli ! the mountain height !
Women and maidens here,
And little children fight.

“ From hence Zavella’s wife
Forth to the battle hied ;
Her cartouch in her apron,
And her sabre at her side !

“ Her right hand held her baby,
And her left hand held her gun ;
Go, Ali !—while such women live
Suli will ne’er be won.”



THE PASSING OF THE DEAD.

Why looks the sky so dark, and why
Do clouds hang o’er the mountain’s brow ?
Is there a tempest passing by ?
Beats the rain o’er the hill-side now ?—
No storm will burst through, ’tis gloomy all,
And the air is too heavy for rain to fall.

Charon is passing by ;—behold
The spirits as they slowly wind !
The young men walk before,—the old,
With a slower step, behind ;
And the little children, hand in hand,
Move in the midst of the solemn band.

Hark to their prayer,—“ Oh, Charon, stay
At the village, by the fountain side,
Where the young men at their games may play,
And the old, in the clear cool tide,
May bathe their lips,—while, mid the bowers,
The little ones may wreathe the flowers.”

“ I make halt at no fountain clear,—
They come at eve where the waters flow ;
Mothers would know their children dear ;—
Do you think they would let them go ?
The bride and the bridegroom would meet again,
And to part them would be an effort vain.”

THE LAMENT.

Open thou ! heart opprest,
Open, ye lips, and whisper peace ! In vain !—
The dead, they are at rest ;
They whom death parts may look to meet again.

But they who *live* apart,
The mother mourning for her only one,
The child, with severed heart,
The bride, half-widowed, who must *live* alone.

Beyond that mountain high,
Whose summit dwells in mist, whose base in gloom,
Two brothers sleeping lie,
And a vine shadows o'er their dreary tomb.

The fruit is poisoned quite,
And they are childless who eat of the vine :
Why, ere I saw the light,
Did not my mother drink of that dark wine ?

SEPTEMBER.

Oh ! it charms the eye to look upon, this fair and goodly land,
With the sunlight gleaming gloriously, on castle, mount, and
sea ;
But when history has hallowed the spot whereon we stand,
Every stone becomes a record, and holy every tree.—MS.

THE island of Corfù, about thirty miles in length, and twelve in width, is intersected by two chains of mountains ; the one running from north to south, the other from east to west. Of the former, the mount Salvador is the highest in the range ; and it might be for that reason we determined to attempt its ascent.

Accordingly, at nine o'clock, one fine autumnal morning, we embarked at the ditch in a covered boat, and in the course of half an hour, were landed at the foot of St. Salvador, where we found country horses, that had been sent round from the town, awaiting our arrival. Oh, the joy

of mounting into a country saddle ! These saddles are made of wood, and just like a tray with two of the sides knocked out. It was vain to remonstrate now, as we stood on the sandy beach ; and even had side saddles been come-at-able, the horses would not have endured them : so, with a little grumbling, and a great deal of difficulty, we scrambled on them ; and once in, there we sat sideways, our feet dangling down by the horses' side, and our precious selves entirely at the horses' mercy. Utterly helpless were we ; but luckily, these Greek horses are not frisky.

Two large white eagles flew out from the rocks above us. On, on we went,—now through a little green valley, then up a steep rugged path, strewn with great loose stones, over which the horse jumbled and jerked, till a pitch over his head seemed quite inevitable. Once we passed the edge of a deep ravine, clothed with arbutus ; beyond which, and far beneath, the blue ocean slumbered, and the isles resting on it, looked like Moore's fairy homes in the sea.

I do not wonder at the value the old Greeks set on their islands. Whenever they hear of wars in the West or in the East, they remark, with a sagacious shake of the head, “ Ay, ay, they are fighting for the islands ! ”

I was foremost of the party, and it was much of my amusement to trot on a little way ahead, and then turn round and watch the procession,—

the horses, gay with red and yellow trappings; the Albanian guides in their wild picturesque dresses, white flowing kirtles confined by a crimson belt; the Greeks in their scarlet caps, ornamented with blue tassels, now and then varied by a turban; the ladies in white, and the men in straw hats and shooting-jackets, all slowly advancing, one by one, along the steep narrow path, now emerging from a dark group of cypresses, now half hidden by the overgrown myrtles;—such a group, moving along a wood of strange bright-coloured shrubs; a sky bluer than the topaz, overhead; the ground enamelled with the yellow cistus and London pride under our feet, formed a tout ensemble, that would have thrown a painter into a trance of delight.

At one of our halts, we came suddenly out of a dark coppice into a little green plain. There were a few trees on it, and under the trees was a tent. Around the tent was a flock of sheep, some quietly reposing, others nibbling the short sweet herbage, and the little lambs frolicking playfully about. At the door of the tent, with his long pipe in his mouth, sat an old Albanian shepherd, with his snowy capote, and he was making curds from the sheep's milk. It was altogether a very pretty patriarchal picture.

As we advanced, the trees became stunted, the flowers disappeared, — by and bye, all signs of vegetation disappeared, and near the summit, no-

thing but great masses of granite and stone were to be seen. We were forced to dismount, and, abandoning our steeds to the care of the guides, scramble over them as well as we could. Very hot it was to toil along in the mid-day sun, and had we not felt refreshed by looking on the snow-crowned mountains of Epirus, I know not how we could have borne it. At last we reached the summit; and there, seated among the ruins of an old convent, we enjoyed a very beautiful view, and likewise a very agreeable tiffin. The country of Greece, her islands and rivers, were stretched out at our feet like a map. The lake of Bucintro looked like a little blue puddle; Pindus uprose in snowy splendour before us; the river Peneus wound about like a silver thread, and we could even distinguish Otranto, on the Italian coast. The shape of Mount Salvador itself is very singular, — two cones with a broad table-land between; and these cones may be seen even as far off as Vallona. This would be a good place on which to establish signals. The mountain consists principally of large masses of limestone, lying in a horizontal direction, and intersected by veins of quartz; there is also white marble here, soft, and incapable of receiving a good polish. Some good specimens of stone from Salvador, may be seen at Port Raimond, and also at the Church of Ogni Santi. Other masses attracted my attention, that appeared to be composed of different mate-

rials, incorporated by time. By rubbing a little sulphuric acid over some masses of rock, we could distinctly see where a thick covering of limestone began. Thus it had not degenerated from its original formation: how it became so incrustated with the rock as to present the appearance of one stone to a superficial observer, I know not, though possibly many other people may be able to solve the question:—I am no geologist. Sometimes we meet with masses composed of limestone - rock and marble incorporated. Chalk is also found in abundance about here.

While I was engaged in this examination, and Conte Laurelli was discussing, with infinite gusto, a cold chicken-pie, Harry collected two or three of the party, and entertained them with a few pages from Thucydides.

“Will you be very much alarmed,” he began, “if I carry you back to the times of the Peloponnesian war?”

“No, no,—it is those very ancient legends that lend this island so deep an interest:—the more ancient the better.”

“Well, then, to begin:—Corcyra and Corinth had for many years been at war, and the island was upheld and protected by Athens. In a recent battle, Corinth had taken prisoners two hundred and fifty noble Corcyreans, and with her usual cunning, determined to turn this circum-

stance to her advantage. She not only liberated, but loaded them with caresses and presents; and these nobles, taken in by the stratagem, determined to betray their countrymen into the hands of their false friends, if they could not persuade the Corcyreans to abandon Athens. Fortunately for their treacherous design, the island was divided at that time into two powerful factions,—the democrats, who governed, and the aristocrats, who could ill submit to such government. Many times had they been on the point of battle, but were stopped, either by external wars or by the entreaties of the wise men at home, whose peaceful exhortations had the desired effect, until the arrival of the liberated prisoners from Corinth: these came, like adders, to vent their poison on the land which had nourished them. They united with the nobles, and, by exaggerating the strength of Corinth, persuaded them that it was a vain and foolish attempt to support Athens against her. On the other hand, the people, mindful of the benefits they had received from Athens, who, indeed, had, in the first instance, taken up arms on Corcyra's account, determined never to forsake their ally. But the nobles, who had been corrupted by Corinth, would not hear reason: they openly revolted against Pythias, president of the senate, and accused him of wishing to place his country under the domination of Athens. Pythias retaliated the

accusation by another. He proved that five among his adversaries had been seen to cut down some pales in the grove, sacred to Jupiter and Alcinous. The fine for every pale was fixed by law at a stater, that is to say, 1*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.* Unable to pay this, the accused fled into the temples, and sat down as supplicants in the temple of Juno, in hopes to obtain a mitigation of the fine; but, instead of this, Pythias obtained a fresh order to have it rigorously levied. Then the nobles introduced themselves with arms, under their robes, into the senate-house, and killed Pythias and sixty of his adherents. The rest took refuge on board an Athenian vessel, then waiting in the port. In the mean time, the Spartans stepped in to bear a hand in the affray. After a vain attempt to possess themselves of Lesbos, they advanced hither, and arriving about the time of the murder of Pythias, offered their assistance to the fugitive nobles.

“The people took possession of the citadel, and of the Hyllaic harbour (Calichiopolo lake). The nobles seized the forum; and one whole day they fought from sunrise to sunset. The slaves were invited, on a promise of freedom, to assist the democrats. Eight hundred men from the continent joined the aristocracy. Even the women took part in this unnatural combat; from the windows and roofs they threw stones on the unfortunate nobles; who, forced, at last, to abandon the forum, set fire to the houses all round it, as well to their own as

to those of their enemies. Fortunately, the wind blew the flames towards the sea. After various changes of fortune, five hundred of the nobles made their escape to Epirus; and there they enjoyed a brief repose,—but it was the repose of the tiger, couching before he makes a terrible spring. Having in some measure recruited their strength, they returned to the island; and their first act was to set fire to the vessels which brought them hither. They looked on in sullen despair, as the flames themselves had kindled, precluded the possibility of a second escape; and turning from the beach, avowed their intention to conquer or to die. They assembled on the summit of Mount Isthone, or Mount Salvador, as we call it, [here some of the auditors, who had been yawning desperately, rubbed their eyes and tried to look awake; Mount Isthone was nothing to them, but Salvador was highly interesting, because their own precious persons were seated on it], fortified it as well as they could; and from thence descending at night, destroyed and burned the country-houses and villages in every direction.

“Eurymedon came from Athens to assist the people; and, following his advice, they besieged their enemies. Famine did that which lance and yata-ghan could not accomplish; it subdued the proud spirit of the inhabitants of Salvador; but they preferred surrendering themselves to Athens, rather than to their own countrymen. They were re-

moved, under a solemn promise not to leave it, to the island of Ptychia (Vido), from whence Eury-medon intended, after a short time, to take them to Athens. But the Corcyrese, anxious for the blood of these unfortunates, bribed some peasants to offer them the means of escape, and to tell them that the Athenians intended delivering them over to the opposite faction. The heart sickens as it dwells on this tale of double treachery. Unmindful of their plighted word, the nobles embarked for Sicily,—were taken by the Athenians; and for their violated promise, given over to the people. Terrible, indeed, was their punishment. They were shut up in a large building, surrounded by a double file of soldiers, and left there to die. Sixty of them were afterwards brought out by twenties, and marched in melancholy procession round the city. Chained one to another, they were forced to walk between two lines of soldiers in military dresses, who bestowed on them blows and wounds, as they moved along. Other soldiers followed, who carried scourges and lashed the lingerers forwards. Those who were left behind in the building, imagined, at first, that their companions had merely been removed to another prison; but when they learned the sad truth, they called aloud on the Athenians, and implored them to come and put them to death. They determined not to submit to such ignominy, and refused to let any person enter their prison; but the Corcyrese climbed the

roof, and began their work of destruction; they flung away the tiles, and shot down arrows on the prisoners. The poor wretches protected themselves as well as they could, and many of them put an end to their misery by cramming the arrows down their throats, and by strangling themselves with ropes made from shreds of their own garments: night, at last, dropped down on this scene of horror. Thus became extinct the race of nobles descended from Jove and Neptune; and the malice of their enemies pursued them even beyond the grave. Their wives, and daughters, and mothers were reduced to the most abject slavery; and it would have been better for them had they never been born."

"It is a story of deep and fearful interest," said Mrs. Flowers; "and the more so, because we can depend on its veracity; and because, looking round on all the scenes whereon it was transacted, we, in some measure, identify ourselves with it. There, at Sybota, lay one of the contending fleets; we can discern the promontory of Leucimna, or as it is now called, Alefchimo, whereon the trophy was erected by the Corcyreans: low down among those olive groves, are the waters of the Hyllaic harbour; and there, just under our feet, we may see the island of Ptychia, or Vido."

Harry did not answer; but his eloquent eye followed the direction of her finger, and his mant-

ling colour betrayed the interest he took in these reminiscences of the ancient days. There are those, who say the historian's labour is lost; and let the bye-past be forgotten! Idiots! If the chronicle of great and glorious actions had never kindled the flame of patriotism in the breast of the oppressed; if it had not, since time began, taught men to do and women to endure; if the record had wrought no other good, than that of consecrating mount, and vale, and sea, and investing each with a deeper and brighter interest, than the hand of nature alone can bestow, surely the chronicler's labour is not lost! Ah, no! while woman's eye shall glisten, and the cheek of the young and ardent shall flush as they look together on a scene where freedom has fought for and won her right, the page of history shall be preserved inviolate, and the memory of the historian shall be revered.

"Come, come, good people," said Captain Maitland, "do descend from your heroics; while you are prating of battles and sieges, and our Greek friends are mistaking luncheon for dinner, we, the civilized and rational part of the community, are waxing weary, and the sun is waxing low; we had better begin our descent."

We did so; and pursuing a different path from the one by which we had ascended, found it equally beautiful. Sometimes the trees, arching, met over our heads, snatching off veils and bonnets unmer-

cifully; then we passed through villages that looked deserted; the houses roofless, windowless—yet inhabited; and the inhabitants of this exquisitely beautiful spot, miserably squalid, thin, and pale; bore painful evidence to the insalubrity of the climate. An Albanian servant, belonging to one of the English officers, being allowed on that account to carry arms, which the peasants of Greece are not allowed to do, amused himself with firing his pistol, looking, at the same time, with a glance of infinite self-satisfaction, towards his fellows, who he hoped were ready to die with envy at hearing this proof of his being a privileged person. Alas, poor human nature! I could not but smile, and remembered, at the same time, that Lady Woudbe's principal subject of annoyance and sorrow is, that the engineers are privileged to wear white feathers in their hats, just as long as those that wave over the brow of her husband, the General. Alas, poor human nature!

And now I will not say a word of the charming dinner which, precisely as Harry's repeater struck seven, greeted our impatient eyes, spread out *a la Boccacio*, under the trees,—of the many truisms and witticisms uttered by the party who assembled round it,—or even of the songs of the Sicilian rowers, as we passed over the water towards the city, under the sweet influence of a cool autumnal moon. It is a pity that all these things of deep external enjoyment cannot suffice for the heart's happiness.

Oh, that human heart! how many wants and wishes it has, which the world cannot express:—the answering glance of sympathy; the kind pressure of the hand; the affectionate solicitude of real love:—these are the sources from whence we most surely draw happiness; and if they are not, of what avail is it that the breeze blows balm, or that the waters reflect beauty as we pass over them? Sweet sights and sweet sounds may delight the senses; but the heart draws comfort and happiness only from kindred hearts.

Joy! joy! The rains are falling, the lesser rains; the very roads, covered with dust, seem to welcome them with avidity; the little birds sit on the twigs with mouths opened; and we, after a fortnight's confinement to the house, step forth with very freshened feelings to enjoy that peculiarly English pleasure,—a walk. The glass has fallen from 82° to 72° in a week; and a fortnight's rain has restored to us the beauty and greenness of spring. Once again the poor parched banks wear their robe of green; and even the autumnal flowers are beginning to peep through the dead and fallen leaves. The first time I found a large tuft of cyclamen, under a whole bed of these decayed children of the grove, I made so joyous an exclamation, that it attracted the attention of an old

woman gathering sticks. When she saw the flowers, nothing could exceed her indignant astonishment. "S'era buon per mangiare, va bene, ma per questi maladetti fiori, Bestia!" And off she trotted, under her load, to tell her tale to all the villagers. I heard her relate it to three successively, who testified as much surprise as herself.

Sometimes we spend the whole long morning at the ruined convent, sketching, reading, and wandering among the ivy-covered ruins, until we are weary, and fain to rest, and spread out our grapes and bread by the spring. There is a Latin inscription over it, sheltered by old grey stone-work, which altogether calls to mind the pretty description of Sybil Gray's fountain. The olives are beginning to turn black on the mountain's side, and promise to be abundant, although the deluging rains which prevailed lately, swept quantities of them that had fallen, down the sloping valleys into the sea. This is not the only danger they have to encounter. If they escape the spring north-westerns, and the hot damp winds which break off the blossoms, they are often attacked, after the berry is formed, by a little insect which penetrates the skin and establishes himself therein, to the utter ruin of the fruit.

The oranges are formed, but are, as yet, perfectly green; and peeping over the low hedge of prickly-pear, our eyes are greeted,—not with fields of potatoes and turnips, but of ripe red glowing

capsicums buried among their bright green leaves. Emily brought me a stem of grass to-day, which measured twelve feet and eighteen inches.

Sometimes we extend our walk as far as the mountain village of Verapetadès. I am very fond of ascending the hill ; we find by the way-side, fritillaria and fraxinella, in full beauty ; and ever, as we start aside into some pretty bye-path, the singing of the birds breaks the perfect stillness of the height, and sends one's thoughts dancing up to heaven. Every opening in the thick shrubbery, reveals a lovely bird's-eye view, or of the blue mountains, or of the plain dotted with convents and houses below.

And, then, the people are so primitive. The first time I went, I met an old man in the peasant's dress, of blue trowsers and red belt, who offered to be my guide to the village. As we went on, all the population poured fourth ; — the women, in their yellow veils and white jackets, and hair braided with red roses and ribbons, and at all times in groups, separated from the men. Some of the latter joined us, running before and behind. By the time we reached a hill outside the village, from which we wished to enjoy a particular view, we had a nice cortège. I was about to offer my guide some oboli, — luckily, I had not any ; for he turned out to be the primate or syndic of the village.

As we returned, Susan stopped a moment, to sketch the sun setting over the sea ; and the whole

train of forty or fifty men and boys stopped also,—each and all bursting out into roars of inextinguishable laughter,—“Hush!” In a moment, the “hush!” went round, every man of them trying to mimic to the best of his ability. We visited the church; and, on coming out, half-a-dozen of them climbed the wall, and gave us a merry peal. Then we went to the primate’s house: it stood in a court-yard, and contained two rooms only: the floors were very dirty, and one room was empty; but the other contained a broad comfortable sofa, a bedstead, two bureaux, and two cane chairs. Some vile Italian paintings hung on the wall; and the two windows were unglazed. On the window-ledges, some slices of Indian-corn bread were spread out to dry in the sun; and as we stood there drinking lemonade, the crowd, in the court-yard below, amused themselves with watching us. The little ruinous garden behind was planted with tobacco, and a fine Cape jessamine stood in one corner; but,—oh, sacrilege!—sheets and blankets were thrown over the orange trees to dry. The primate’s son was walking up and down the room, talking politics.

“We,” said he, “are thought nothing of; and yet we are the most useful people of our class. We till the ground, and make the oil and wine, while the nobles do nothing but walk up and down the Calle Acqua from sunrise to sunset.”

I like the old primate; he is such a simple, good-

natured creature. The commonest person here cannot be vulgar; for even their daily salutations have something in them of elegance. The “*Felice notte, Bella,*” of the old man, though a mere word of course, left a pleasing impression on one’s feelings.

As we came out of the court-yard, a young man stood reclining against the wall, with his guitar. We stayed the carriage a few minutes, to listen to him; and, after a *very* few airs and graces, that seemed quite out of character with the scene, he played and sung. These village minstrels play entirely from ear; they have not an idea of notes and gamuts; and yet their compositions, handed down from generation to generation, seldom fail to give pleasure, even to a cultivated ear.

Then we enjoyed a quiet twilight drive home. I know not for the others; but my thoughts flew back—months, years, *indietro!*

Oh! the morning prime of youth,
How beautiful it seems!
With its high and glorious fantasies,
Its fair and fairy dreams!
Its fadeless constancy,
That nothing can estrange;
Its pure and trusting faith,
That never dreams of change!

Its hopes, that, like spring flowers,
Upspring from every tear ;
Its boundless fount of love,
The love that knows not fear !

But the saddest thing of all
Is when these have passed away,
Ere lip, or cheek, or eye,
Give token of decay.

When youth knows its constancy
Has been lavished all in vain ;
And its faith, that never doubted,
Sleeps,—ne'er to wake again !
When even Hope lies buried
In the grave herself hath made !
When truth has been forsaken,
And love hath been betrayed !
Oh, mournfully ! oh, mournfully !
The spirit wanders then,—
Back from the present moment,—
Back from the haunts of men !—
To the long-buried past ;
To the blessed early days,
When we *grew*, in happy ignorance,
Beneath a mother's gaze !

When we know, and when we feel,
The world a wilderness,
Where none speak words of true love,
Where none look on to bless ;—
When flowers are turned to thorns,
Rose-wreath to heavy chain ;—
When we only pine for rest,
And pine for that in vain ;—

When the future is all dark,
The past a troubled sea ;
And Memory sits in the heart,
Wailing,—where hope should be ;—
Oh, mournfully ! all, mournfully !
Do lip and cheek of bloom,
And unquenched eye, remind us, then,
Of our distance from the tomb !

OCTOBER.

They say, revenge is sweet.

Oh ! how can men, descended from one parent,
And nourished by the same fair, blooming earth ;
Awakened by the same bright sun ; guided
And guarded by the same Almighty Power ;—
How can men, who must, at last, descend
Into one common grave ; to meet at last
Before the same high tribunal ;—how can men,
Who have so many bonds of brotherhood,
Thirst for each other's blood ?

MS.

“ WHAT are you doing ? ” I exclaimed to Mrs. Flowers. She was seated at a rough stone table, under a vine-covered trellice, just without the garden of her little cottage at Potamo. Her face was buried in her hands ; and her attention was so deeply engrossed, that she had not heard my approach. She looked up, however, when I spoke ; and, holding out one hand, laid the other on the paper over which she was bending.

“Two such treasures!” she said; “two real, old manuscripts! One came from the archives of a very ancient family, with the representative of which I am acquainted: the other was sent to me from the public records.—Come; let us enjoy them together.”

So we sat down at the rude table. The grapes, ripe and purple, hung over head; and the trellice opened to a very extensive valley. The sky and the sea, far away, were brightly, intensely, fiercely blue; and made us turn, with infinite satisfaction, to look at our sheltered recess.

“The valley, spreading out at our feet,” said Mrs. Flowers, “was the spot whereon one of these histories was enacted; and the ancestor of my friend Armeni, was the hero of it. So, we will read this record first.”

And we read it together.

AN ISLAND FEUD.

It is said, that one of the oldest customs of the Corçirese, anterior to their union with the Venetian republic, and retained afterwards by that government, was the assembling together of all the nobility of Corfù, in the church of St. Nicholas and St. Lazarus; whence, with all rich pomp and ceremony,—all executed at their own expense,—they perambulated, in solemn procession, the principal streets of

the city ; accompanying the body of Jesus, in commemoration of the removal of the body of our Redeemer to the sepulchre, which took place after his passion and his death. And after doing this, they returned to the same church, and therein deposited the precious resemblance with the same ceremony with which they had taken it thence.

Towards the middle of the last century, the number of noble families was much less considerable than it now is ; and, in those days, the few who possessed titles of nobility, esteeming themselves formed of the more choice elements of the universe, pretended that a strong line of demarcation subsisted between themselves and the honest, but ignoble, citizens and peasantry of their country ; and yet the advantages of education, and of opulence, enjoyed by these last, were quite sufficient to hide the inferiority of their birth, and enable them to cut a figure as good as that of their illustrious superiors.

This chimerical idea, of withdrawing themselves exclusively from all chance of contamination, caused them to exclude all but nobles from the procession before spoken of. Therefore, I do not know how it was ; but so it was ; that about the middle of the last century, a certain honest and rich landowner, of Potamo, intruded among them, and, from some unfortunate combination of circumstances, stood, in the order of march, before the head of the illustrious family of Capo d'Istria.

Capo d'Istria, ill suffering that one so ignoble should not only approach, but dare to stand before him, made some trifling pretext for breaking over his head the wax taper he held in his hand, on account of the procession they had joined. To the just and angry remonstrance of Armeni, he replied by stabbing him—with aim so sure, that Armeni fell dead on the ground. At this sad spectacle, arose the friends and dependents of the deceased; and a violent affray ensued between them and the partisans of Capo d'Istria. Nothing was respected in this tumultuous scene: priests, banners, — all the sacred implements, were overthrown, broken—dispersed!

In the meantime, the family of Armeni received notice of what had occurred; and took arms, with the intention of exterminating the family of the murderer. Capo d'Istria, to escape public and private vengeance, embarked with his son, and set sail for the neighbouring shores of Albania. But the Armenis heard of his flight; and, with swift vessels, pursued the fugitives. They overtook them, and, landing in a dark melancholy valley, close by the sea, they stabbed the young child before his father's eyes; and, not contented with this, forced he unhappy wretch to drink of his son's blood, and afterwards put him also to death!

This act of furious cruelty excited fury no less vivid in the minds of the relations and friends of Capo d'Istria, who rested not, by night or by day,

until they had destroyed forty and two members of the Armeni family.

One, among other measures adopted by government in these circumstances, to tranquillize the tumults and quarrels to which they gave birth, was the abolition of the procession which had always taken place on the holy Friday; or, at least, they would allow it to take place on this only condition, that its expenses should be defrayed by the public; in which case, every person, simple as well as noble, was permitted to take share in it.

“It is a horrible story,” said I, as we concluded.

“It is,” answered Mrs. Flowers; “but it offers a faithful picture of the manners of the times: and, on that account, these little relics are valuable, when we can, as in the present instance, depend on their authenticity. Now turn we to the next,—the title does not promise so gloomy a tale.”

THE TOURNAMENT.

In the year 1600, a certain Venetian, called Tolomeo Meo, was made governor of the new citadel; and coming, as he did, from the very land of chivalry, he was somewhat at a loss for amusement. He determined to introduce the game of the joust; and, as his challenge offers a curious sample of the language and ideas then current

among our southern nobles, I will transcribe it exactly :—

“ The Cavalier Tolomeo Meo, ambitious to resemble the sun, who shines alike over the northern and the southern hemisphere, having shed abroad the light of his fame, is now willing to illuminate Corçira with his rays. The Ligurians and Samnites have admired the success of his lance; and the Cretans, on beholding it, were lost in the labyrinth of confusion. The Arctic and Antarctic Poles have admired the brilliancy of his actions, and now he is come to exhibit them on the verdant plains of Pheacia. Therefore, Tolomeo, anxious that the Pheacians should share in his beneficence, invites them to meet him; and if they are overthrown in the lists,—as doubtless they will be,—by that sun, accustomed to conquer the Pythons, glory be to them for falling, and renown will be theirs for having encountered him in the lists.”

This challenge appeared, as well it might, sufficiently insolent to the Corfiotes, who entertain no mean opinion of themselves, and they determined to answer it, as well with the pen as with the lance. The following day appeared this cartel, in answer to the challenge of Meo :—

“ Instead of striking our hearts with terror, O Tolomeo, you fill them with disdain by your insolent words, which are oftener the children of vain glory than of bravery. If you indeed represent the sun, we will learn of Jove to stop your

career; or rather, we shall become clouds, that will know how to darken the face of the sun. Corçira, after putting to flight the moon of Solyman, will not fear you:—besides, our island, shaped like a moon, will cause your eclipse. In the zodiac of the lists, your sun will meet with twins;—for two of us are ready to oppose you. Beware, that Sagittarius does not force you to exchange the pride of the lion for the humility of the serpent. The balance of justice awaits you; but yet we should grieve, if, with tears of blood, you should dissolve into Aquarius. Our verdant plains do not require your rays, and Pheacia is used to bestow, not to receive splendour.”

Such was the reply of Nicolo Lucani and Nicolo Scliri, captains of cavalry; and they immediately began making preparations to fight Meo. The day was fixed on for the joust; and being a novelty in Corfù, the inhabitants of the neighbouring shores of Italy and Epirus flocked to witness the skill of the islanders.

It chanced that Meo and Lucani met at the arsenal, whither they had repaired to choose their arms; and seeing the lances immensely large, Meo observed, that such massive weapons were not used in Italy: but Lucani properly answered, that it belonged to the challenged party to choose arms:—and large enough, indeed, were they, as we may see at this day, for one of them

is preserved still in the Politi family, in memory of that famous encounter.

Preparations were carried on with spirit. The field of battle was on the esplanade, within the old fortress; and at one end of it, two pavilions were raised,—one for the heads of the nobility, the other for the ladies. The standard of Meo waved between the “Corpo di Guardia” of the old fort and the council-house; those of Lucani and Scliri were fixed on the Belvedere, near the arsenal.

The important festival was fixed for the 27th of February; and before the grey dawn had arisen, the camp and the pavilions were filled,—the former with brave men, the latter with fair ladies. Meo was dressed in green armour, and his vest was inlaid with gold. His proud horse could hardly bear the weight of the feathers with which his graceful head was adorned. The horse and his rider paced slowly up and down the lists, surrounded by friends and applauders, and no less than six grooms followed at a respectful distance, each holding the reign of a led horse, superbly caparisoned, which were to be ready for use in case Meo's charger should fail him.

Meo rode proudly up and down, impatient to begin the business of the day: he was forced to wait,—his adversary did not yet appear. He was willing to wait,—the lady of his love did not yet grace the fair pavilion prepared for her reception.

—the young, the happy Heliodora ! Alone, apart, in one of the upper and most gorgeous apartments of the palace, she was seated, indulging in a most delicious reverie. The last pearl button of her green satin vest was fastened ; her mantle was on her shoulders, her mantle of splendid Genoese velvet ; the silver-wrought bodkin was fixed in the braids of her black hair, and the last fold of her veil was duly arranged. She arose, and stood before her Venetian mirror, and her gaze was one of proud and satisfied self-approbation. Yet it was not on the magnificence of her attire that her eye rested,—it was rather on the eye itself,—soft, dark, and languishing,—on the red-rose cheek, on the fine contour of her Grecian features,—for she knew that these were the things which had won for her the love of Meo. She looked out of the window ; she could see the moving mass of heads on the plain, and she could hear the trampling of steeds, and the confused murmur of many voices.

“ It is all for me !” she exclaimed aloud, in the vanity of her heart ; “ all because I wished it, that Meo arranged this splendid festival ; and I shall see him victorious, — triumphant ; and he will kneel at my feet ; and I,—the queen of the day,—I shall bestow on him the victor’s wreath.”

Then she took from the satin couch, on which she had been reclining, a chaplet of roses,—common red roses : it was already fading ;—and fling-

ing it scornfully away, she opened an Indian cabinet of sandal wood, and took thence another wreath. Every petal of every rose was a precious stone; in the centre of each flower glittered a priceless diamond, and the leaves were emeralds. "This will do better," she said, bathing it in attar; and this is a worthier gift for the hand of a princess to bestow.—Ho, there! my maidens; I am ready now."

Let us contemplate another scene in another quarter of the city. In the loftiest apartment of one of the loftiest houses, in one of those narrow miserable streets, or callès, that lead from the Strada Reale to the outskirts of the city, sat a woman, young and lovely as Heliodora, but far less prosperous. No Venetian mirrors adorned the naked walls of her desolate apartment; no satin-covered couch received her languid form; no embroidered curtain excluded the rising heat of the sun; no vest of green, or wreath of pearl, stood on her toilet;—she was an orphan,—the unfortunate Elèna,—poor and lowly, but not quite friendless.

"Elèna!" said her brother, taking up a suit of shining mail as he spoke; "I know not how to consent that you should peril your life in such a cause: and yet, it is fitting that your own hand should avenge your own wrongs."

"Fitting!" answered the girl with a wild laugh,

“you call revenge fitting! It is delightful,—extatic,—heaven on earth!—all the heaven on earth I can now hope for,” she continued, mournfully. “Yes, it would be fitting vengeance if he should fall by my hand, at this festival, which he gives to grace the triumph of her for whom he abandoned me,—forgot me! his Elèna, whom once——. No, not the suit of mail,” she continued, pushing it aside,—“it suits not my sex,—and if I fall, what matters it? Better to die by his hand than live for the love of another!”

“And is this the vengeance you spoke of, my sister!—to die at his feet?—is this your woman’s resolution?”

There was something of scorn,—it passed involuntarily over Nicolo’s countenance,—and again the affection of the woman was lost in the thirst for vengeance, natural to the character of a southern maiden. Silently she fastened the shining links, and silently she drew over her mailed vest the light dress of a Corcyrean girl: then she took her brother’s arm; and, turning as she passed the threshold for one farewell look, she whispered softly, “One moment, Nicolo:—we have passed so many happy hours in this humble place: he told me so often, that he loved it better than the splendour of his own palace home!”——

And now the lists were cleared, the spectators excluded, the trumpets burst out suddenly, and

terrified the horses of the combatants, who were standing, ready to begin. The horses started, and Meo, thrown suddenly forward, touched undesignedly the shield of the Lucani with his sword. The combat begun. Meo, encouraged by the shouts of thousands; his adversary, believed to be Nicolo Lucani, called “the white nymph of Corçira,” applauded by those only who despised the arrogance of the governor. The first hit was run in vain; for Meo’s thrust failed, and the white nymph, embarrassed by the bars of the visor, which impeded her sight,—perhaps, too, embarrassed by that palpitation of the heart, which is apt to steal over one, when, meeting as a stranger, or as an enemy, the “one beloved,”—suffered her adversary to pass untouched. Great was the tumult and laughter of those who envied the well-proved bravery of Lucani, and contemned the pride of Meo. Gibes were heard, and insulting proverbs were quoted. Lucani sprang from his horse, and ordered his attendant to unbar his visor. The aged man, who had waited on the last scions of the noble family of Lucani, from their birth, refused to put his master’s life in peril; but the white nymph, actuated by feelings which none of all that assembly could dream of, brooked no delay; his own hand unfastened them, and he stood in the arena with eyes uncovered;—lamented as dead already, by those who admired his headlong valour. Meo, by the laws of chivalry, ought

to have met his adversary on equal terms ; but his brave heart failed him, and he fought, still with his visor closed, under the pavilion of the fair Heliodora. Meo was wounded in the forehead, over his left eye ; he was overthrown, and his lance was broken in pieces. Meo was forced to entreat that the combat might be renewed on the following day. The white nymph retreated, and said, as she slowly moved out of the lists, “ To-morrow, my cup shall be full.” All that evening the sound of revelry was heard in the palace ; and Heliodora, her splendid wreath still adorning her own brow, was the gayest among the gay. The impatient people counted the hours, and on the following morning Meo re-appeared, more magnificent than ever. His train was more numerous, and they carried, all of them, warlike instruments, especially the spadoni, a large sword, now disused to make way for pistols. But two enemies made their appearance ;—the white nymph and Scliri, who loudly claimed a share in this day’s proceedings. His claim was allowed, and he proceeded immediately to uphold it, by a furious thrust at Meo. Again Meo’s lance was broken ; and an unexpected blow on his shoulder broke off a piece of his armour. Great now was the applause for Scliri, who had the honour of the victory ; and bowing gracefully, made way for the Lucani to advance. The white nymph came forward, with

her eyes uncovered, as on the preceding day ; and Meo, for the first time, since he had entered the lists, beheld them. His very soul quailed beneath the fiery and flashing glance : he stood irresolute and unnerved ; and a single blow from his antagonist, which fell where the cuirass joins the arm-piece, inflicted on him a mortal wound. He prayed in a faint voice to be removed to the ladies' pavilion ; and taking the wreath from the hands of Heliodora, himself tendered it to his conqueror. But the white nymph tore off hastily her visor and her suit of mail ; she rejected, indignantly, the offered wreath, and revealed to the astonished eyes of the beholders, the pallid countenance and fragile form of a woman. She bent down by the side of him, whose death-wound she had inflicted, and mingled words of endearment and entreaties for forgiveness, with execrations on the blind fury of her own thirst for vengeance.

Meo's last words were, " It is just ! "

Meo died : he was buried in the citadel, and followed to the grave by hundreds of Corfiotes.

Day by day the small hectic spot on the pale cheek of Elèna deepened and enlarged. She had wrought her will, she had satisfied her burning wish, and she was content to pass away ; yet were her last moments embittered by remorse ; and the soothing voice of Heliodora,—Heliodora, who had learnt a terrible lesson in the hour of gaiety,

and had laid the lesson to her heart, could alone soothe or console her.—Thus ended this brilliant festival.

Alas ! is it not ever so ? Do not all the gay and brilliant hours of man's life end in tears ? Why do we so eagerly pursue pleasure and amusement, when surely,—slowly it may be, but still surely,—the grave awaits us at the end.

I heard a deep sigh near me, when I concluded ; such a sigh, as I knew could not be uttered by the tranquil Mrs. Flowers, or by the light-hearted Susan. My conjecture was right. It was Nina, tearful and trembling, who stood beside me.

“ Why do you weep, Nina ? ” I said ; “ surely you cannot pity the recreant who ‘ left his love for gold ; ’ or the fair Heliodora, who had so narrow an escape from so fickle a mortal.”

“ No,” she replied, “ my tears are not for them ; they are for the maiden who killed him ; she who loved and lingered on earth afterwards, in anguish of spirit.”

“ Can you pity *her* Nina ?—a murderess, who, forgetful of——.”

“ Ay, lady, I can, and do pity her. You cannot, you know not the strength of that love which turns to hate in a proud woman's bosom, when she finds herself deserted. You know not the terrible strength of those passions which nerve a woman's

hand, and steel her heart, when she attempts the life of him, at whose lightest word she had once been contented to die. Thank Heaven, lady, that you were born in that temperate climate, where the pulse beats slowly; and where you were surrounded from infancy, by the barriers of education and principle; that you possess, in womanhood, a thousand sources of interest and amusement: you cultivate your mind, you strengthen your intellect;—we, alas! in our ignorance, can only live and love.”

“You astonish me, Nina,” said Mrs. Flowers; “you, a mere child; what know you of all these things?—you, who were wont to rail and laugh at all the sorrows of the heart.”

“I had never known them,” was the low reply; “there were none of my own land who had the power to touch it: why did I not remain in my happy indifference?”

It was sad to mark the earnestness of the young girl’s tone, and to look on her troubled aspect.

“You must not dream of despair,” said Mrs. Flowers, answering Nina’s looks, rather than her words; “you are so young; fear not—some second attachment—.”

“A second attachment!” said Nina, almost scornfully, “that is an English phrase; we Italians love once, and die if we are not loved again.”

I felt glad when we were interrupted by the arrival of Susan and Harry Dormer, who came

for the purpose of escorting us home. Nina's earnestness made the subject a very painful one; and she relapsed, as I knew she would do, into her usual mood of silent abstraction. We walked slowly home, every now and then trying to catch, and as often failing in the attempt, the pretty brown-winged grasshoppers. Under their plain brown wings, these insects have others of bright delicate blue; they look like butterflies, or blue-bells loosened from the stem: you cannot choose but run after the pretty vagrants; but the moment they are aware of such pursuit, they alight, down fall the dark brown wings, and you may hunt all through the grass and over the road; you will have your labour for your pains; for who could suspect that the quiet quaker-looking personage, who hops along by your foot in his surtout of sober brown, should be, in very deed, the flying hero of the bright blue jacket. Then we stopped to examine the long leaves of the aloe, which were laid out by the road-side to dry. They are dried till the fibres only remain; and they are drawn out and twisted into very tolerable strong cotton.

There is a laugh and a shout in the valley! they are picking up the olives;—fifteen or twenty young girls, and half-a-dozen venerable matrons. There is no such thing as a middle-aged woman in the Grecian isles: they pass, immediately, from beautiful girls to ugly old women. There they are

with their yellow veils and scarlet aprons, kneeling, all in a row, and depositing the fruit in the round flat baskets on the grass. The lazy people : their oil would be as good as that of Lucca or Florence, if they would but exert themselves so far as to shake the trees, or even pick the fruit up as it falls ; but no, that would be a trouble ; they would be forced to walk from their cottages, which are, perhaps, half a mile distant, every day, for the purpose ; and they think it far better to wait till all has fallen, and pick it up good and bad, ripe and decayed together.

We ascended a hill, by the road side, to look at the church ; for there is scarcely a hill without one on its summit. On some benches by the door, and on the steps leading to it, were seated a dozen boys, — ragged, happy-looking eight-year-olders ; each held a book as ragged and dirty as himself : they were all reading, or rather, chanting at once ; while a priest, dressed in a threadbare blue velvet robe, fastened round his waist by a leathern girdle, walked up and down before them, also accompanying them with his voice : he held a myrtle-bough in his hand, which, occasionally, performed the office of the cane ; but this admonitory weapon being, at times, too gentle to fix their wandering attention, he, at last, laid hold of one little urchin's ear, and gave it a very unfriendly twist. It was quite impossible to help laughing ; and even the

culprit joined. Then the old priest turned round, and seeing he had so amused us all, smiled benevolently; and for our farther diversion, tweaked all the boys' ears one after another. So much as a sample of a real genuine Greek village school.

NOVEMBER.

Lead me, lead me, to the stake,
Heap the faggot, light the brand;
Shall a Christian maid forsake
Christian vows at man's command?
Oh! that heart were little worth,
Frail and weak the promise given;
That, for the vain dross of earth,
Could give up the hope of heaven!

JOHN BIRD.

THE oranges are ripe at last; and I have rambled in an orange grove, and dined in an orange grove; and, alas! for the frailty of human nature, stolen oranges therefrom! It was at Cato Virò I first enjoyed that pleasure. Our guide to the grove was no less distinguished a person than the owner, or squire of the village. He wore no stockings, but, *en revanche*, had magnificent gold ear-rings. His hair was plaited round the back of his head, and his vest was fastened with three large silver chains and buttons.

We visited his house at Virò: the ground-floor was occupied by large stone jars, full of wine: on a table, in the bed-room, a large quantity of Indian-corn bread and dried grapes was spread; the bed itself was trimmed with lace, and the upper vallance was covered with bits of ribbon, silk, and feathers;—these were charms to scare away evil dreams.

When we had eaten as much of the golden fruit as we chose, we made our way to a fountain, surrounded with lemon trees, and there bathed our hands in the clear cool waters. You cannot imagine the pleasure of wandering in a wilderness of orange trees,—in this month, too, which you call gloomy. Our most splendid out-of-door fêtes take place in this month; and very delightful these military fêtes are. The very circumstance of dining or dancing under the trees, imparts an air of freedom and unconstraint to the party; and the band plays so delightfully, the orange blossoms are so fragrant, the people so chatty and agreeable;—certainly, there is no society more agreeable than military society. Here they may say, as they do at Paris, “C’est l’endroit où on peut le mieux du monde se passer du bonheur.” Amusement you may and will find; but look not for any thing deeper. Military people, from having travelled much, and seen much,—unless they are very stupid indeed,—are sure to be agreeable companions; but look not for friends among them. The very movement in which they are continually kept, renders them facile to

receive new impressions, and easily forgetful of old ones. They will strike up an intimacy with a man, see him every day, shake hands at meeting, and look sad at parting. An order shall come for their removal to a distant station, and they will change their friends as easily as they change their gloves.

Thus our soirées are all brilliance to the eye, and coldness to the heart. When you enter a room, you are dazzled,—if not by the red coats, waving feathers, and clanging swords,—by the brilliant repartee, gay raillery, and spirit of elegant persiflage, that reigns throughout. You cannot choose but smile; and then sigh, to mark the total want of all that heartiness of good feeling which distinguishes our social meetings at home. The heart-illumined smile, which marks the meeting of two old friends; the eager inquiry after the absent; the recurrence to by-past happy days; all these things are unknown here. Every one seems anxious only to outdo another, and turn his neighbour into ridicule: not one appears to care a straw for the well-doing or ill-doing of another. It is as though they had all eaten a portion of the apple of discord!—a very small portion,—not enough to kindle strife,—only enough to create indifference.

But all our garrison fêtes do not take place under the trees. No, no: we had a splendid affair a little while ago; and I must give you a sketch of it. It was half military, half political; just to amuse the Greeks, and keep them well-behaved.

A crowd assembled at the palace, band playing, salutes firing, flags waving; and all because one man threw a blue ribbon over the shoulder of another. In a word, the Baron Theotoky, vice-president of the Ionian Islands, invested the Lord High Commissioner, *pro tempore*, with the order of St. Michael and St. George. It was a pretty raree-show. There was the throne, all gilding and crimson: there was the procession,—all the civil officers of the Ionian legislature, collectors, judges, treasurer, secretary, police inspector, cavaliers, the president, the regent; the cushion of velvet, bearing the statutes; the proto-papa, bearing velvet cushion the second, with the royal order, directed to Theotoky, who, on this grand day, was to represent majesty itself. Then came the senators, the sword of state, and, last of all, the great man himself; who, advancing, bowed reverently three times to the throne ere he presumed to seat himself. His face was just like a pale baked apple; and, to show it off in all its beauty, he wore a sky-blue satin hat and mantle, with a train duly and properly supported. The standards were lowered as he passed; the mandate was read; the salute fired; the titles of the elect proclaimed by the king-at-arms; and another procession,—Harry called it the “opposition procession,”—drew nigh.

The English military, preceding Sir A. W. It was a pretty show! The ladies sat all round, nodding and smiling as they distinguished their

husbands in the crowd ; each one thinking, in her own mind, her own beloved the second hero of the day. There were plenty of hats and feathers,—white satin,—on the ladies' heads ; blue ditto, on those of the men. And, indeed, the best part of the show, was to see these same Greeks,—every one bearing more or less a striking resemblance to an ape,—(“ magot,” is still more expressive,)—flourishing about with their tall feathers and satin mantles.

Then came the most difficult part of all ; the part which, I am sure, each separate man had rehearsed at least a hundred times on this eventful day ;—the retreat. Bowing and backing they went ; the new knight between his supporters. One made his ugly face ten times uglier, because his neighbour trod on his toes ; the feathers of another, as he bowed in extreme humility, almost put out the eye of a fine lady near ; and a third called out audibly to his pages, as he stumbled over his train, “ Tirate ! ”—“ Tirate ! ” echoed one of his friends and partisans ; and the poor pages, in their fright, and being moreover unused to office, pulled and jerked away so lustily, that it was only surprising old Stamo Calichiopolo did not fall backwards at full length on the floor.

Old Stamo is an inveterate foe of the representative ; and amusing enough it was, to see his wry faces, as he bowed and bent par force to him. Oh, these Greeks ! what oddities they are ! Oboli, oboli,

oboli! is their cry from morning to night. They were called brave once,—were they not?—in the days of an ancient worthy,—Homer by name. Alas! for the degeneracy of nations!

I know a worthy nobleman, who, when chance, or dire necessity, leads his footsteps by a ruined castle,—in the vicinity of which, he once heard, in his boyhood, that a serpent had been seen,—fails not to take with him a pair of pistols ready cocked. Another valiant acquaintance of mine, being told the other day, that he ran the risk of being called out by an English officer, answered: “I fight, indeed! not I! I send my servant,—shoot the Englishman for me!”

Then, for their liberality of feeling: never did a nation furnish a better illustration of the truth, that “Cowards are tyrants.” I called yesterday on a Greek lady, and on her lamenting that she had not been out of her house for a week, because her husband was too much engaged to walk with her, begged her to accompany me in a country ramble.

“My husband will not allow me to do so,” she replied.

“No,” interrupted the amiable man; “I never permit her to enjoy any pleasure which I cannot share. I am busied all day in providing for her comfort. Let her stay at home. Why should she enjoy the fresh air, while I am shut up in a close counting-house?”

You will not be surprised to find, that the ladies

look on it as the greatest possible degradation to enter a shop: all the shopkeepers must wait on them at their homes. And when I give you one more striking trait in their characters, you will have a tolerable idea of the *tout ensemble*. This last feature is inhospitality: they accept all invitations, but take special care never to return them,—not even to Englishmen married to Greeks, as I have had several opportunities of seeing.

However, we need not find fault; for our fair neighbours of Cefalonia are still inferior to the Corfiotes. Mrs. Flowers passed several months there, last summer; and once having left some trinkets on the table while she went out to walk, was desired by her hostess, on her return, never to do so again.

“For,” she said, “I have had several visitors this morning; and if I had not locked them up, you would never have seen them again.—What are you looking for?”

“Only my pocket-handkerchief, that I have mislaid.”

Two or three days afterwards, came a messenger, early in the morning, from the Contessa Paolina, to inquire if the Contessa Carlina would be at home at noon, as his mistress intended paying her a morning visit.

Be it here remarked, by the way, that a married woman, in this island, is called, not by her husband's surname, but by his christian name, femi-

nized. Thus the wife of Signor Paola Metaxà, is the Signora Paolina.

Punctually at noon, came the lady, her three daughters, and niece; all dressed in dirty coloured-cotton gowns, with strings of pearl round their necks that would not have disgraced Almack's. Now, it did so happen, that the chair, in which the Contessa Paolina was about to deposit her august person, was covered with dust; and being afraid of spoiling her best gown, she did even unfold her pocket-handkerchief, and in one corner of the snowy cambric, embedded in a wreath of embroidery, such as was never worked by Greek fingers, the characters "Anna F*****," worked in the tiniest letters, caught the quick eye of Mrs. Flowers.

The lady of the house apologised for the disordered state of her apartment, by saying, with the utmost coolness, "It cannot be helped; our servant died this morning."

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Flowers, rising precipitately;—"the man whom I saw working in the vineyard yesterday?"

"The same," said the Conté; "but you seem astonished, Signora.—Why so?—Man is born to die; he lived, he died,—and there is an end of the matter."

"I *am* astonished!" replied Mrs. Flowers. "I should not like to end my days among people who would regret me no more than to say, 'She is gone;—there's an end of the matter!'"

“ But do you think,” rejoined the gentleman,— now, in his turn, looking very much surprised ;— “ do you think we make no difference between such a lady as yourself, and the common servants of the house ?”

“ I should think you would make a difference,” was the cool reply of the lady. “ I am a stranger to you ; but this man has served you from his childhood.”

“ Bah, bah,—he is only a servant, after all.”

This dialogue has always remained inseparably linked in my mind with the accounts of riots and confusion we have received from Cefalonia. — After all, a man is a man, and should not be treated like a dog. Mismanagement there is, doubtless, and misgovernment ; but still, I think, the seeds of all this rioting were sown long ago in the hearts of the people, and they wanted only an inefficient government, under which they might dare to break out. That opportunity they enjoy now, under the precious King Log, whom England, in her dearth of good men and wise men, has exported.

Of the proceedings of the Lower Parliament, the Greek House of Commons, I can give you an amusing idea. Dandolo was making a very magnificent speech the other day :—“ You are wrong,” he said to his colleagues, “ to imagine that the ministers in England countenance the proceedings of which you complain : they are just and good,

and hesitate not to recall governors of their distant provinces and colonies, when such governors do not act uprightly and judiciously. Ay! even from the far-off territory of India, they recalled a man who oppressed the people, and presumed too far on his authority."

"What was his name?" slyly asked a certain lawyer, who did not believe a word of all this rhodomontade.

"His name," answered Dandolo, not for a moment at a loss,—“his name was Lord Straffergath."

"You are mistaken," interposed another member of the noble assembly, who, having spent a few weeks in England, was rather more *au fait* as to the nomenclature of its inhabitants: "the name of the governor was Malcolm."

But Dandolo would not yield, and the two debated for at least half an hour on this precious point of dispute.

You ask me how I pass the winter evenings in this far-off land:—the winter evenings, which are connected, at home, with every idea that is delightful. When we have lost the chief blessings of existence,—those sweet and holy ties which bind us, as it were, with a golden chain, strong and indestructible, to our own hearth,—time is apt to move on but heavily; and you know me too well to imagine, that the gay and thoughtless society, in which I sometimes mingle here, can efface from

my heart the memory of those whom I have loved from childhood. I cannot form new attachments. It may be that I want the power of pleasing,—it may be from natural indolence,—or it may be that I dread, lest, by sweetening the present moment, I should only prepare for myself new sorrows. Thus it is that I move through this little, busy, and stirring world, without taking any part in its joys or griefs. I hear men talk of hope and fear, and smile to think, that for me these feelings are dead for ever! There is nothing more bitter than this sense of utter loneliness in youth. To know that we could love, even to the laying down of life,—to feel the heart swell with affections unclaimed, uncared for;—alas! what is so bitter as this desolation of spirit? It was not so in my own country; but the people by whom I am now surrounded, stake their all of anxiety on a ball or on a horse-race; they esteem a visit from the Lady High the *summum bonum* of felicity, and bewail the omission of a visiting card from the same illustrious personage as a misfortune! What can one say to such people? What can one feel for them but utter contempt? But then comes the grievance: we cannot mingle in such a set, without in some measure assimilating ourselves to it; we cannot despise our fellow-beings without souring our own dispositions; we begin with laughing at, we end with disliking, those whom we are bound to pity and assist. How, then, do I pass the winter even-

ings? Sometimes at the fireside of my dear Susan, where I am sure to meet with a cheerful English hearth, a warm welcome, and agreeable conversation, occasionally enlivened by Captain Delamont's guitar. They have won me there in spite of my misanthropy. Are *they* blessed who minister of their superfluity to the bodily wants of others? Oh, double blessed, then, are they, who minister to the wants of the spirit,—who bestow kind words, kind looks, on the stranger,—the afflicted,—the desolate one!

“Sit down, my dear; draw your chair to the fire, and try to make yourself quite at home.”—Years had passed since I had heard such words; and how eagerly did my pining heart receive them! I clasped the kind hand held out to me, and could not speak; but from that moment to this I would have travelled by night and day to the world's end to serve any one of that dear group. Oh, if they to whom God has given the power of bestowing kindness and encouragement, did but know how often a word, a look, will revive the drooping spirit, will solace the aching heart,—how thankful would they be for the boon! how anxious to employ it well! How often would they, as in the present instance, by bestowing kindness where most needed, excite life-long gratitude! God's blessing rest on them, who unlocked for me a fountain of kind feeling in the desert! God's blessing rest on them, and on all who are dear to

them !—So, sometimes, very often, I join their evening party ; and when the weather precludes it, endeavour to busy myself at home with the records of other days.

You have no idea of the splendour and magnificence of the storms here. The rain will fall for a fortnight without intermission ; the thunder-claps are so loud and quick, that you cannot but fancy every door in the house is being clapped. A luxury it is, at such a time, to draw the curtains close, light up a blazing wood-fire, wheel round the easy chair, and seat myself at my escrutoire, with a real old parchment-bound volume before me : either an extract from the archives of the island, or a faithful and veracious history, from the pen of the Chevalier Marmora ; such, for instance, as the “ Introduction of Christianity into the island of Corfù.” I will give you a literal translation : but still, you will not read it with so much gout as I do ; you cannot see, but you must imagine, the yellow musty-looking paper ; the very old Italian in which it is written ; the curious wood engravings of Corçira and the galleys,—all so many proofs of authenticity : then you must fancy the lofty dim apartment, scarcely lighted by the old Greek lamp, a *quatre bras*, and the massive ebony frames in which the dark-eyed beauties of other days are buried. They are badly done,—from the easel of some Venetian artist, when the arts were in their

infancy,—but still, they give an idea of the costume of the Grecian ladies of other days.

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO CORFU.

Rome was at this time crazy after thirty thousand gods, and the Pheacians shared their folly. Besides Bacchus, Janus, Neptune, Jove, and Venus, they held Apollo in such deep veneration, that to him they attributed all their success. Cercellino, a haughty and cruel man, was prince of the senate (some call him king), when Jason, Bishop of Iconium, and Sosipater, Bishop of Tarsus, came to the island. They were both disciples of St. Paul, and both anxious to proclaim the glorious tidings of salvation. They stopped at Vido, and there erected a church to St. Stephen. Many people flocked from the city to see this new church, so different from the temples built to the idols; and some among them, imagining the saints had treasures there, determined to come by night and rob them. Jason and Sosipater (called Sopater in the Acts of the Apostles) had lain down to sleep, after the fatigue of a very exciting day. The thieves crept in softly; but even their light footfalls were sufficient to awaken men who slept with the cross in their hands. Jason arose; and, leaning on his holy staff, and fixing his grave mild eye on the robbers, began to speak to them of the life and

doctrine of Jesus : and he did not speak in vain ; the robbers did not leave the church until they had received the holy rite of baptism.

The next day, Cercellino received news of this extraordinary occurrence. He sent his ministers immediately to arrest these enemies of Apollo. Chained and beaten, they were conducted to the tyrant, who, in tones of thunder, exclaimed, “ Are you not ashamed to sing praises to one who died a shameful death upon a cross ? Shall I suffer the gods to be thus outraged ? Either abandon your falsehood or your lives.”

“ You shall take from us our life rather than our faith,” answered the saints ; “ one will finish with time, the other will endure through eternity.”

Burning with rage, Cercellino ordered them instantly to prison. In the dungeon were seven thieves, who were astonished, at the entrance of Jason and Sosipater, to see them accompanied by an angel. They asked the reason of this ; and Jason, anxious to profit by the opportunity thus offered of converting them, replied, “ Why do you, seeing an angel, still continue to adore the evil spirit ? Why do you not seek to gain a knowledge of the Saviour in whom we trust—Christ, who was born among beggars, that he might give the children of men treasures of inestimable price ; who died between thieves, that he might rob the devil of his victims ? If ye would believe in him, He has power to change your fetters into precious

jewels, your chains into fadeless crowns, and your prison into a dwelling of eternal peace!"

The poor hungry wretches, who had eaten nothing better than black bread for a week, caring nothing for crowns and sceptres, replied, "Exercise your power only in giving us something to eat, and we will believe what you will."

"You shall have your wish," answered Jason; and he, with his companion, knelt down in prayer. Now the roof of the prison was supported by a marble pillar, (for in those days marble was as common as olive wood); and when the saints arose, they struck the marble; and, sight of wonder! forth from the hard stone, sprang, first leaves and branches, then fruit of the most delicious flavour, which the thieves greedily devoured. Then were heard sweet sounds, as of hymning-angels, not only by the inhabitants of the gloomy prison-house, but even by the keeper himself, who ran in haste, and saw, as he opened the barred door, a dove, which hovered round, and dropped wreaths of golden flowers on the heads of the prisoners. What could Antonio do, but fall at the feet of the holy men, and pray to be a sharer in the mysteries he beheld? So Jason raised him; and he received, together with the seven thieves, the waters of baptism. And now Cercellino, anxious for tidings of his prisoners, sent for Antonio. The messengers reached the prison,—they saw the walls and floors covered with lilies and roses; they

heard soft and heavenly music, and they quietly laid them down to sleep. In their slumber they beheld an angel with a sword in his right hand, and he sung, "Sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus!" When these men awoke, they returned to their master, and told him all they had seen and heard. Cercellino was seated in his palace garden, with his wife and children about him, and they exclaimed, "Great, great is the power of Apollo;" but Cercellino silenced them; and calling to him his youngest and best beloved, he asked her what she thought of all these things. Corçira, for thus was the girl named, was a maiden of scarcely sixteen summers, but possessing wisdom beyond her years. She bent down her dark eyes, and with a deep blush on her cheek, answered, "Surely, my father, these men being enemies of Apollo, the great God would not work miracles in their favour. It must be some mightier power than Apollo, who has covered the prison-floor with flowers, and called fruit out of the hard marble. Forgive me, my father, if I give my opinion too boldly." The timid girl trembled; for although she had never suffered from her father's anger, she had seen it too often, not to dread it.

"Go, go; you are a fool, child," replied Cercellino; "if miracles take hold thus of your imagination, I will show you some, mightier than these." Thereupon, he sent for a famous magician, Zoilus by name, and commanded him to give

some proof of skill greater than those exhibited by Jason and Sosipater. The magician laughed; and without answering one word, yoked two oxen together, caused them to plough a plot of ground, sowed it with wheat, which came up and ripened immediately, ground it, made it into bread, and presented it to Cercellino and his family; but some there were, who observed that the maiden, Corçira, did not so much as put the unhallowed bread to her lips. In one day Zoilus had done that which nature can scarcely perform in seven months; but surely the spectators were deceived by the devil himself, as in old times he deluded the Israëlites in the sight of Moses. Cercellino, more than ever persuaded of the falsehood of the miracles wrought by Jason, ran to the prison; and meeting Antonio, exclaimed, "And you, too, are led away by the evil one." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when Antonio struck him with his closed hand. What boldness in a man so lowly-born! but dearly did he pay for it; for now the course of blood shed for the faith, was destined to flow, that should atone for the blood shed in Corçira's civil wars.

The Corfiotes cannot exist without fighting; they are at peace with the barbarians, and, therefore, they must turn barbarians themselves. The prince commanded that Antonio should lose his right hand: and Antonio saw it cut off with a joyful countenance; for he said it belonged, not

to him, but to his Maker. Then Cercellino ordered them to cut off the left also ; but still Antonio cared not. Happy martyr ! thou canst err neither with the right hand nor with the left ; of little use are hands to him who has no longer prison keys to hold ; and because feet are unnecessary to one who is travelling towards paradise, the barbarian ordered him to lose both ; so Antonio fell to the ground, saying, “Thou seest, oh my Saviour ! that in this world I have nought to sustain me, save Thou alone ; for I have lost the support given me by nature : I will lean, then, only on Thee, rejoicing that I have lost those limbs which have so often offended Thy mercy.”

Cercellino, what art thou doing ? Hearest thou not words breathing of fortitude, which cannot be natural ? He does hear ; and because he does not choose to hear any more, orders his executioners to cut out the saint's tongue, and deposit it in a vase. Did he for this lose the reproaches he so well merited ? No, indeed ; on the contrary, he received a double share ; for not only the tongue, but even the lips of Antonio continued to discourse of Jesus.

Anatomists say, that the tongue speaks when agitated by certain nerves, which link it to the heart. As the saint's heart was with God, might not his tongue, though cut out from his natural mouth, be still attached by invisible strings to Heaven ?

Cercellino, mute with rage and surprise, struck with his mailed hand the pleading lips; and then Antonio prayed that his God would manifest himself by avenging the wrongs of his servant! His prayer was heard. A thunderbolt fell on the tyrant's house: Cercellino ran to save his dear ones; yet not before he had given orders that Antonio should be dragged without the city, and put to death.

What a scene of desolation awaited the prince! His magnificent palace a heap of ruins! and worse than all, the tomb of those who had so long made his home a paradise of joy:—one wailing voice alone welcomed him. His wife and his sons had perished; but Cercellino, as he folded his best beloved in his arms, felt that he was not utterly wretched.

Go now to thy Apollo, thou impious monster! and see if his laurels can shield thee from the thunderbolts of God! Would not any one think that punishment so severe was enough to change the heart of the king? Alas! it was harder than the heart of Pharaoh; and scarcely had he recovered his first amazement, when he prepared to shed more blood. He sent for the two saints, and ordered them to adore Apollo. But Jason and Sosipater, who had taught constancy to Antonio, did not now require to learn it. "We adore," said they, "the God of Apollo, and it would be better for you to abandon him, and give yourself to

Him who rules heaven and earth. Oh, how much greater is our God than your's !”

Cercellino, who had his magician at his side, laughed at this. “ We will presently prove what you say,” he replied. “ Zoilus, this touches your honour,—to work !”

Then Zoilus shouted aloud, “ Eler, Eler, Arantana !”

At the word, not only all the men and women present, but the very marble statues, began to dance. The river gods quitted the fountain, the dryades came forth from the shady walks, and mingled with mortals in the mazy circle ; nay, Apollo himself abandoned his temple, and seizing Cercellino by the hand, made him spin round till he was giddy. Now Apollo, we all know, was famed for agility ; so when, at the conclusion, he leaped six feet from the ground, poor Cercellino, who was as broad as he was long, was fain to cry for mercy.

Zoilus opened his mouth to command stillness ; but, in his own despite, the same words came forth, “ Eler, Eler, Arantana,” and with increased effect ; for all the animals, and even the very stones began to caper.

One might have thought Zoilus to be a miracle-worker indeed, had not Jason and Sosipater been seen to stand firmly all the time.

“ Can you perform wonders like these ?” asked

the king, panting and puffing after his terrible leaps.

“Not like these,” answered Jason; “since our work on earth is to oppose, not to imitate the works of hell. Zoilus has moved the very stones; look now, and see what I will do.” Then he waved the cross over the magician’s head, and straightway the wretch was transformed into a stone himself.

I cannot tell what has become of this stone, since history makes no further mention of it; but I suppose Cercellino, unwilling that his subjects should have a continual memorial of the saint’s miracles before their eyes, buried it in the depths of the sea.

Now, in the corner of the palace garden, within a dark grove of cypress-trees, stood a lofty tower, built of snow-white marble, and richly adorned with golden carved-work. It had been built by the king for Corçira, who was the only earthly thing he loved with deep affection. The maiden beheld from her tower, the wonders we have described; and saw, too, the aged saints led away to prison, because their power was greater than that of Zoilus. She determined to visit them at night; and inquire of them from whence that power was derived. She did so; and much the noble maiden marvelled to hear, that for so long a time, she had worshipped false and powerless

gods. She had sometimes felt the inefficacy of her prayers, and rejoiced to hear that there existed a living and mighty Power, who would hear and answer them. She hastened home, and with noble candour, told her father that she, too, was a Christian.

Cercellino, this is a sad blow for thee! What wilt thou do, unhappy father! Ah! father, no more, since thy sons have fallen by a thunderbolt, and thy daughter is touched with the lightning of grace. What wilt thou do?

Cercellino sought by mild persuasion to change the heart of his daughter; and when he saw this was in vain, he had recourse to menaces, which being equally futile, he said, —and his voice sounded terrible in its harshness, —“I am resolved to exterminate this folly; and do not think to brave me because you are my daughter. You shall see that I can be merciless. Away with you to prison.”

So Corçira exchanged her maiden's bower and soft array, for the damp and dismal dungeon: yet did its horrors not appal her so much as the changed countenance and harsh words of him from whom she had, hitherto, received nought but looks and phrases of the fondest affection. Day after day passed, and the maiden hoped that her father would relent; but her hope was vain. To all her entreaties one answer was returned, —“Renounce your faith, and worship Apollo.”

One morning she awoke from dreams of her dead

mother, and lost home, just as the grey dawn had pierced through the heavy grating, high up in the dungeon wall. A piercing cry burst from the maiden, and she clasped her hands in an agony of terror, for a frightful monster was standing by her couch, watching her intently. His face was jetty black, and his two round eyes twinkled like living coals. He held out a wreath of laurel, and said, "Only kiss this wreath in token of worship, and I will lead you forth instantly into the joyful light of day."

Corçira turned away, and buried her face in her hands. The monster approached; he laid his black bony fingers on her delicate arm, and involuntarily the girl shrieked aloud, "Oh, my father, spare me! spare me this!" She clung to the column for refuge; and—oh, wonder!—suddenly a bear appeared from behind it! He tenderly guarded Corçira; and, as often as the Moor drew nigh, the bear, growling and spreading out his talons, forced him away, till he was obliged to leave the dungeon. Once again he came with orders from the pitiless king, to lead Corçira forth to execution, for her obstinacy moved him to frenzy; but still the bear was there to guard her, and, with open mouth, awaited the Moor; while the girl, confiding in her protector, knelt praying by the marble column, as immovable as itself, and as incapable of feeling fear. So the Moor, forced a second time to retreat, went away, muttering threats of deep

and horrible revenge, and by his order, faggots of wood were piled round the prison, and set on fire, that thus the princess and her guardian might be stifled together.

For twelve days the fire raged : and when, at the end of that time, Cercellino came to gather up the ashes of his daughter, and cast them forth to the winds, to the winds his own evil designs were scattered,—for there was the girl fresh and blooming, asleep, with her arm still encircling the bear !

Conceiving that some peculiar sanctity was attached to the place, he had her taken away, without the city. Corçira suffered not her father's myrmidons to touch her ;—in all things obedient to his will, save in that wherein her soul was concerned, she walked forth as to a place of triumph : she ascended the high hill,—now called Mount Abraham,—just without the ramparts, and, from its summit, bade a last farewell to the world and its vanities. Her eye was undimmed, and her cheek unfaded, as she gazed, for the last time, on the beautiful and breathing world ; but when she caught the stern glance of the king, she exclaimed, “ Oh, my father ! remember the days when I was a little child, and you took me in your arms, and suffered not the noon-day sun, or the evening breeze, to approach me too nigh.”

The king answered by making a sign to his myrmidons : they approached Corçira with a linen veil ; but she took it from them, bound it herself

over her fair brow, and knelt meekly down in prayer. The next minute the archers fixed their arrows,—sped them,—but they were powerless to harm; for Cercellino's withering glance had pierced the heart of the maiden, and she fell lifeless, the moment before her body was pierced through with a thousand darts. A shout rent the sky—"Glory, glory to Apollo!" It was the shout of mailed warriors. But there arose another cry, low and wailing, the lament of women—"We have lost her, the good and lovely; we shall not see her like again!"

Corçira died on the fifth of April, in the presence of Theodosius, a holy man, who wrote the history of her life and martyrdom, and rendered the last honours of sepulture to her body. "Oh, thou martyred virgin,—of whom Corfù has more right to boast than of the nymph Corçira of ancient days, the daughter of Neptune and Asoppo,—forget not thy country, although she little merits thy protection! Let the name, common to her and to thyself, keep her in thy memory!"

A holy light descended at even on the princess's tomb, and sounds of hymning were heard; but neither these proofs of Heaven's love for the martyr, nor the cruel death she had suffered, softened the heart of Cercellino, who, more furious than ever, endeavoured to inundate his country with the Christians' blood; for to them he attributed the death of his daughter.

The seven thieves were the next to suffer.—Thou impious Cercellino ! from whom didst thou learn cruelty ? From the Erynnyes ? Of a surety they nursed thee.—From Megæra ? Of a surety she was thy mother.—From Tisiphone ? Doubtless she was thy instructress. But if thou art the pupil of the furies, go to the place which they inhabit,—earth requires not thy presence ! Art thou deaf, or dost thou pretend not to hear me ? I will leave thee to listen to the voice of Saturnino, the eldest of the seven thieves, who is praying now, in the name of all his comrades. Saturnino prayed, that if any person, in after-time, should erect a temple to his memory, should write, or even read his life, that such person should enjoy perfect health and length of days, and all the privileges of the Spirit of grace. An angel descended, and told him his prayer was heard and answered. Then Saturnino and his comrades died : but all who saw the angel, to the number of fifteen thousand, cried aloud, “ We are Christians, and ready to die in like manner ! ”

Theodosius placed himself at the head of these people ; they took the remains of the martyrs from the executioners, entered a temple, overthrew the idols it contained, and buried the saints. But while, in solemn procession, they walked round the sepulchre, singing hymns of farewell, Cercellino and his guards came to seize them. He would have succeeded but for the miraculous appearance

of a dragon, who stood by the door, and frightened the soldiers away!

Then Cercellino published an edict, commanding all his loyal subjects to persecute, and put to death, every Christian they could lay hands on. Sosipater and Jason heard this in their prison, and directly applied themselves to prayer. What was the consequence? The very same which happened when the Israelites fled from Pharaoh. The sea, which separates Corfù from the shores of Epirus, divided, and left a free passage to the new converts. Cercellino followed. Fool! dost thou not see, that if thy faithful people are succoured as the ancient Hebrews were, thine also will be the punishment of the Egyptian tyrant? Return! But the king was destined to furnish the last act of the tragedy he had commenced. He and all his followers were drowned. The Ionian sea became the Red Sea for this second Pharaoh. From water he passed to fire; and from the dominions of Neptune to those of Pluto.

The senate elected a new prince, Daviano, who was at first as cruel as his predecessor. He laid hands on Sosipater, and renewed for him the ancient invention of Pericles. A brazen bull received the saint in his bosom; but as Jove, by a bull, carried off Europa, so the King of heaven resolves, by a bull, to deprive infidelity of the whole island. The fire, lighted under the bull, sent forth its flames horizontally, far and wide, reducing many of the

heathen to ashes : so the terrified prince exclaimed, “ Extinguish the flames, Sosipater, and we will all become Christians.”

The flames ceased ; they ran to release the saint from torment ;—but he was already released by death. His ashes were collected in a marble urn, over which the prince erected a church, called after Jason and Sosipater. Daviano was baptized, and, with him, all the island became Christian ; and as the island itself had received its name from the nymph Corçira, so the capital city was called Corçira, after the martyred saint and princess. The temple of Sosipater has since been repaired and ornamented more than once, especially by the Proto-papa Stefano, who bestowed on it columns of marble, and two statues, representing St. Andrew and St. Sosipater. They are placed in the *sanctum sanctorum* ; and over the door are two Greek inscriptions. One is illegible ; the other is thus translated :—

“ Lumine coruscans et conspicua Ædes
Sapientissimorum ac Divorum Apostolorum,
Quæ prius incompta et parva erat,
Nunc perpulchra, ac valde gloriosa apparet,
Decore Stephanus inclytus Antistes
Hanc exornavit, mente pia,
Pro solutione peccatorum animæ suæ,
Memoriaque æterna, atque hominum laude,
Et hoc construxit in Christo salvatore
Elegans opus Stephanus Præsul,
Pro solutione suorum multorum peccatorum—

Variis picturis et artificiosa forma Stephani præsulis
Ingens labor, Templo venusti componendo,
Studuit admodum, perennis opus memoriæ."

You will smile at this strange legend. Nevertheless, it is a translation, almost literal, from the pages of a grave and eminent historian, who very evidently believes every word he writes, as firmly as he believes in the gospel.

That Sosipater and Jason landed here, and that the first Christian temple erected here was erected on the island of Vido, and by them, there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt. These facts are supported, as well by tradition as by various ecclesiastical documents. I have seen, too, medals struck in honour of the princess-martyr; and, indeed, Marmora had some of them in his possession at the time he wrote his history. I wish you understood Italian, were it only that you might read this book, and amuse yourself with the simple, confiding character of its author. Do not you admire the manner in which he frequently breaks off the thread of his history, to apostrophize his heroes? Very often, too, he gives us, not only their speeches, *that* any one might do, but even their very inmost thoughts. Marmora was a Venetian of ancient family, who came to settle here somewhere about the middle of the seventeenth century. Dr. Spon, who came to pass a short time in

Corfù, in 1675, mentions paying him a visit, and being regaled with a sight of his chronicles, and with a basket of delicious Fracassane figs.

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I had written thus far, when I was summoned to St. Nicolo, where a boat was waiting to take us to Vido.

“ You shall see,” said Nina, “ something you will like to see very much ; but you shall not lose the pleasure of a surprise.”

After landing, we rambled for some time about the island. They are building fortifications on it, and have quite destroyed all the pretty flowers with which it was covered in the spring. At last, we came to a few planks, carefully nailed down : they were raised, and disclosed to view a pretty considerable piece of ancient mosaic pavement, bedded in the soil. It was composed of small pieces of brick, coloured blue, red, and white, formed into a sort of scroll-pattern, just like that of the oiled-cloths laid down in our passages and halls. There was a corner admirably turned, and a centre-piece in perfect preservation. Some time ago, the soldiers were cutting a road just by here, and cut up a great deal of similar pavement. They were in a great hurry, and the mischief they did was not known till too late. This pavement appears to have formed one of the side-aisles of the very church founded by Jason and Sosipater. Mrs. Flowers thinks it may be of yet earlier date : it may have been the

site of a heathen temple ; but I do not think this is the case ; because, when the spot was first excavated,—for it was four feet below the surface of the earth,—they found, at the same time, round about a great many bones and skulls ; and high up, on the top of a mound hard by, a long double line of graves. And it was observed, that all the skeletons within them were placed with their faces towards the east ; and we know that the early Christians were careful to bury their dead in this position. One of the skulls was brought down for our inspection : it was in high preservation ; and six teeth remaining in it were quite perfect and firm.

“ An amazing thick skull !” said the Colonel ; “ any one may see it belonged to a Greek.”

“ To a giant ! your Honour may say,” said the Corporal, who had handed it down ; “ the skeleton as that belonged to measured six feet six inches. Them ’ere wasn’t such little whippersnappers as the Corfiotes are now.”

“ Had but that skull a tongue, and could that tongue but speak,” exclaimed a sentimental young lady, “ it might tell a bloody tale of persecution and murder !”

“ I warrant,” said the Corporal, who would say his say, although no one listened, “ he’d cry out lustily for his dinner ; — near seventeen hundred years since any good beef went inside that jaw ; and them ’ere teeth was rare masticators in their day !”

On our way home, we passed the little rock Con -

dilonissi, once covered with a certain species of reed, which they used as pens. There was a church on it, dedicated to the Virgin; who, Marmora says, needed not the reeds, although she was the secretary of the Most High!

Until the French came here, about thirty years ago, the island of Vido was quite covered with olives,—a grove on the waters; but they cut down the trees, sharpened the ends of the branches, and sunk them all round the island. Olive wood will not float; so, when an enemy's ship approached, the stakes entered her, and she sunk.

Vido is still considered the key to the island of Corfù; and, for this reason, they are building on it a keep and other fortifications. A great deal of money has already been expended, and sixty thousand pounds just granted in addition. Ten years will scarcely complete the work, and then Corfù may be considered as quite impregnable. Is it worth so much trouble and expense? If I were the governor, I would have Vido for my own, and build on it a country-house and gardens. It is just the right distance from the city to be a fairy place of revelry.

A fairy palace by the sea
For idle moments made,
The gates should be of ivory,
And the floors with gems inlaid.

The very walls should smile and sigh,
Touched by the master-hand
Which the glorious men of Italy
Have won from fairy land !
If a bright sunbeam, wandering,
Should gleam through window pane,
A thousand waterfalls should fling
Its radiance back again.
Rare flowers, of every radiant dye,—
Rich fruits from every clime,—
Should make the air all fragrancy,
The year all summer-time :
Nor should the breathing air be mute ;
For, touched by hands unseen,
Should thrilling harp and silver lute
Ring through the arcades green :
Song, painting, poesy—when all
Had woven their sweet spell,—
Would Happiness, within my hall,—
The vagrant!—choose to dwell ?
Ah ! well and wisely, 'tis decreed,
True bliss has nought to do
With gauds which Fortune can concede
But to her chosen few !
The moon-lit sky—earth's thousand flowers—
The glorious sun-light, gleaming—
The wild-song, heard in summer bowers—
The breeze o'er violets streaming—
The welcome smile of friend sincere—
Love's fond vows, fondly spoken—
And youth's bright dreams of all things dear,
Ere youth's bright dreams are broken !—
These unto all mankind are given,
And more ; yet, more than these,
The bright and blessed hope of heaven,
When all these things shall cease !

Away, then, idle fancies—all!—
Of Eden homes below :
Skies change, flowers droop, leaves fade and fall ;
And man is born to woe !
Mine be the choice to mould my will
Unto Heaven's high behest ;
And lowly tread life's pathway—still
As pilgrim—not as guest :
Not hoping, while a wanderer here,
For rose-hung bowers of ease ;
Nor deeming earth a desert drear,
Where nought can soothe or please ;
But looking for content and peace
To mine own heart alone,
And gathering flowers from every wreath
That o'er my path is thrown.
Then, rugged though that path may be,
And trodden, too, alone ;
Yet faith my firm support will be,
And hope will light me on !

DECEMBER.

— Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter ;—
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty—
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;—
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour—
As much as child e'er loved, or father found,—
A love, that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;—
Beyond all manner of so much,—I love you !

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is nothing so exhilarating and delicious as the morning air. Many months have passed, since I have left the house earlier than the canonical hour of three, when the would-be fashionables put on their boas, and, with card-case in hand, sally forth for their diurnal walk, and diurnal dish of scandal ! I have nought to do with the fashionable world ; therefore I ramble forth to visit the green trees ;—but, still, the hour must be observed. Well : by that time, the sun has been up for many hours ; the atmosphere is faded ; people look care-worn, and tired, and pre-occupied.

This morning, I wished to take a letter to the post-office; which, being a step quite *inouie*, to avoid being seen, I cut along through all the narrow streets I could find, that would lead me, in the shortest space of time, to the Waterport. Everybody looked as if they were beginning life afresh,—running and pushing about, with an energy quite unknown in after-hours. The shops were just dressed out,—folds of cloth and silk, of all gay colours, hanging like streamers in front of the large unglazed openings by the doors; and at the door, an Albanian, in his red cap and shaggy capote; his pipe in his mouth, and his hand in his belt, looking around him with a happy look of well-pleased importance. At the next shop might, perhaps, be seated an Armenian on the shopboard, in his long, flowing robes. He sits tailorwise, and is actually employed in sewing so busily, that he can hardly find time to raise his head as you enter, and utter the usual salutation, “Ben venuta, Signora, Faro l’impossibile per sua Eccellenza.” Then what groups pass one by in the streets;—priests, in their square hats and long dark robes, their silvery beards flowing almost to the waist, and murmuring, as they move slowly on, with restless, wandering glance, their morning prayer;—water-carriers, with their great skinsful of water, pushing on, looking neither to right nor left;—the silent Jew, creeping along with cat-like pace, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his soul intent on some project of

gain ;—little ragged boys, with their large straw-hats and do-nothing faces ;—all busy, moving, and happy ! There is not a cart-wheel, nor even a barrow, to disturb one's philosophy. I paid the shilling for my letter, and thought the walk itself an ample guerdon. The very air seemed so elastic, it was almost impossible to let one's foot touch the ground. Oh ! those poor people of last night's ball, who are still shut up in their close, hot rooms, sipping coffee, or perhaps tossing about in restless dreams ! For the first time, for many months, I felt as if, almost, I might hope some day to meet with happiness again !

I returned through the market ; it was crowded, and noisy as ever. The market-people,—each man seated cross-legged at the head of his own particular square of jugs and pitchers,—were busy enough, buying and selling, quarrelling, and gesticulating with all their might. A crowd drew nigh : they were bearing a little dead baby to its last home. The little thing was laid on a snow-white cushion, frilled all round ; its face was uncovered, a tinsel crown was on its head, and its body, neatly dressed in a white robe, was covered with flowers. A boy walked immediately before, carrying in one hand a lofty cross, and swinging with the other a pot of incense.

They retain here, the terrible custom of burying under the churches. Indeed, excepting the Jews'

burying-place, on Mount Abraham, and that of the English, just without the city, I never saw a burying-place in the island.

Conté Laurelli met me at the door, on my return. He expressed great surprise at my going out myself, when there were so many servants who could have taken the letter for me. I told him that I liked the walk, and tried to make him understand the pleasure of being independent.

“Like to walk, Signorina!” was his astonished exclamation. “That is one of the follies of you English, which I shall never understand. Where is the advantage of being of gentle blood, noble, and rich, if one may not stay at home all day, be well dressed, and well waited on?”

There is to me a real charm in these fierce, noisy, unintermitting rains, none of your little make-believe pitter-patter showers, which are so tantalizing, making it seem unnecessary to stay at home, and unfit to go out. No, no; quick, violent, thundering rain from early morn to closing night; then is the time to enjoy a sparkling blaze, to wheel the sofa round, close the curtains, and with feet snugly deposited on the fender, lose all remembrance of past and present annoyances, in the engrossing pages of a new book. And just at this very most opportune of seasons, comes in a case of treasures from England. Oh the exquisite

delight of ransacking them, of recognising one after another, old friends, whom we have long known and loved, or new ones to whom we are impatient to be introduced! First, "A Year in Spain," which I have long sighed for. Harry shall have the felicity of cutting this open: he will like a record from the land of chivalry. "Blunt's Coincidences of the Pentateuch," just the thing for a long Sunday evening. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed his first work, nor the deep feeling of satisfaction with which, after reading his undesigned coincidences, I comprehended the inferences drawn from them, and my reason acquiesced in what my heart had long loved to believe. There are different sorts of evidences suited to different minds, and I must own mine is always more powerfully affected by a well supported chain of argument, than by any other. To minds thus constituted, Mr. Blunt's works offer a never-failing source of satisfaction and delight. "Cooper's Water Witch!" I believe I must reserve that for a head-ache day, for it must be an obstinate ache that Cooper will not charm away; and lastly, "Captain Hall's Sketches and Fragments." There is an *on dit* abroad, that our good friend romances a little; never mind! his romancing, if such it be, looks amazingly like truth, and he is so cheerful and merry-hearted, he gives such enlivening and spirit-stirring views of life and of society, that it is quite impossible to hold much converse

with him, without being the better and the happier for it. But have we no poetry from England? Are they really all grown cold and reasonable? Have cholera and the reform bill quite driven imagination away, and made poor fancy hide her face? Or is it that none dare take up the pen which death has wrested from the hand of Byron? *N'importe*, here is amusement enough for many a long day. Already the two dear children, ensconced in one fauteuil, are engaged in delightful companionship, if I may judge from the laughter that sparkles in Henrietta's merry eyes, and the pleased exclamations that occasionally escape her more serious sister, with that prince of merry men, Basil Hall. Already Susan and Nina, bending together in consultation deep over the writing-table, are busily employed in trying to link in union sweet, one of Nina's old Venetian ballads to a Greek melody just received from the Chevalier Manzano. Already Harry Dormer has taken forcible possession of an ample roll of Harding's best drawing-paper, just arrived, and in his rough, bold, but most expressive style of sketching, is finishing off some specimens of the strange architecture of this strange looking city. It is neither Norman nor Gothic, neither ancient nor modern, but an odd jumble of all. Well may he say, that he does not give all his admiration to the fair face of beautiful nature, but reserves a large portion of worship for all that is ancient or grotesque in art; and true is

it, that all these qualities mingle in these sketches under consideration, of the principal streets and buildings of Corfù. Here are a few houses from Strada Mercante, the high narrow pointed windows, the short thick pillars of the balconies, the porticoes supporting broad stone terraces, remind one of Venice; then follows a lofty, straight, unadorned campanile, towering over all the buildings in its vicinity; this, and the smaller church with pointed gable ends, tricked out with Chinese looking bells, are surely of French origin, and strangely contrast with the well in the centre of the square;—the well, whose broad flat steps seem made on purpose for gossipry, and whose heavy stone work, covered with quaint tracery, savour strongly of Moorish origin. But surely that group of merchants watching the boys playing at mora, requires a few finishing touches; five men, and only three heads and seven legs among them. Susan must lend her assistance; she sketches figures beautifully, although her skill in the imitative art extends no further. There are those who rave at what they call half talents, and would have every one who aims at handling a pencil, a Copley Fielding; every one who touches a key, a Kalkbrenner. It must be, with them, all or nothing; these people cannot enjoy the radiance which fire-side accomplishments, pursued in silence, and exhibited unostentatiously, can fling round the domestic hearth. If Paley's saying be true, that the man who makes but only

one potatoe to grow where none grew before, adds by so doing to his own stock of happiness, how much more may this apply to works of fancy or of imagination, to every thing which excites the creative power ! He who takes up a sheet of blank paper, and impresses on it the likeness of the flower that has faded, — of the landscape he will never more behold, — of the being, whether of history or of fiction, who has captivated his youthful fancy, — has added to his own secret enjoyment ; and although the landscape be feebly drawn, and the historic group but carelessly delineated, the one and the other may chance to revive dormant recollections, and to bring the splendid imagery of the poet in all its pristine beauty before the mind's eye of another.

She whose utmost skill cannot reach beyond the drawing forth of a few chords of a simple melody, does yet, by so doing, soften and refine her own mind ; and it may be, her unskilful song, connected with long buried memories of early hope, and early love, and first grief, touching, unconsciously, some hidden spring of feeling, may fall on the heart of the listener, as welcome and refreshing as darkness falls on the traveller in the desert, and may call up from that heart, seared and hardened by time and disappointment, and experience, a fount of salutary tears, which the finest bravura would fail to excite. There are those who, in their ignorant pride, would

debar woman from cultivating her mind. If by cultivating accomplishments, the mere flowers of life's wreath, she enhances her stock of innocent pleasures, oh ! how incalculably does she enlarge her hidden treasury, if she improve to the utmost the intellect she has received from Heaven, — Heaven's best and worthiest gift. She will render herself independent, for happiness, of time and circumstance ; sorrow may come, and she will feel it more intensely, perhaps, than others, but her mind will sooner recover its elasticity ; she may be removed from society to solitude, but her sources of excitement and amusement, multiplied as they are various, will prevent her from feeling a moment's ennui ; she may lose the external decorations of life, wealth, and distinction, but she will create a world of infinite enjoyment for herself ; youth will pass, and beauty will decay ; admirers will fail, and friends may become estranged or die ; still will she enjoy the companionship of the great and good of all ages, and with hope enlarged, and faith strengthened, may anticipate eternal reunion beyond the grave, with those who were dear to her in life.

But all this time the paper-knife is lying idle by me, and my new book is unopened, — what, another interruption ! ah, this is one to which I must attend. — Nina's labours are over, she is standing with her guitar ready, and pleads to be heard. Yes, dearest, sing to me ; twilight is already

falling ; it is sacrilege to disturb the sacredness of the hour, by introducing lamps yet ; so now, Nina, for your antique melody and mournful ballad.

THE MAIDEN OF RIMINI:

AN OLD BALLAD FOR A WINTER'S EVENING.

The sun set in splendour behind the blue mountain,
And evening began her long shadows to fling,
When lone, by the gush of a desolate fountain,
The maiden of Rimini went down to sing.
Pale, pale was her cheek, and her deep dark eye
Looked out on the waters unconsciously ;
In her father's gay castle her sisters are dancing,
All lovely without, and light-hearted within —
And beneath snowy plumes were dark eyes fondly glancing,
To see if Rosaura would never come in.
They looked in vain, for far, far away,
The maiden sat down by the fountain grey !
She took her sweet lute, but she woke not its plaining,
Till beaming and blushing the stars came out ;
Then she touched the low chords, and her soft complaining
Wandered thus the dark silent woods about.
It was a sweet sight, that maiden fair,
And the stars shining soft on her golden hair.

SONG.

Come ! 'tis the trysting hour,
Daylight is declining,
That faint star you vowed to me,
In its pale blue light is shining.

I have left my father's hall,
Where mirth and music reign ;
I am waiting now for thee,
And must I wait in vain ?

Ah, me ! I did forget !
Thou wilt not come to me —
Thou art in thy ocean grave, —
The grave where I would be.

I have a myrtle flower,
I cast it on the wave,
It was meant as a gift for thee,
It shall bloom above thy grave.

I love my mournful lute,
Its tones are sad as mine ;
The waters murmur o'er its chords —
Flower, lute — all, all are thine.

The revel was o'er, and when morning was beaming,
They sought the fair girl, in hall and bower,
By the desolate fount a white veil was gleaming,
On the dark wave there floated a myrtle flower.
They knew it was hers, for that maiden fair,
Ever wore that bud in her golden hair.
They looked for the girl, but they looked in vain, —
The Maiden of Rimini came not again.

ANOTHER PAGE FROM THE CHRONICLES OF
THE CHEVALIER MARMORA.

In the year 1537, Solyman, the Emperor of Turkey, astonished the south of Europe by the vast preparations he made for war. An innumerable army moved towards Vallona; and, at the same time, a forest of masts advanced to subjugate Naples. Our own little quiet island could not see these formidable movements without alarm; for although Solyman was at peace with Venice, under whose protection Corfù then remained, what faith can be expected from one who displays on his standards the very emblem of inconstancy? Venice also, chose to be on her guard, and for that purpose, placed her fleet under the command of Pesaro, who, moving southward, was joined here by two Corfiote galleys, and proceeded to station himself between Corfù and Cefalonia, from which position he might observe the movements of Solyman; who, however, continued to assure the bailiff of the island, that he had no intention of offending Venice.

He might be sincere; for Doria, who commanded the fleet of Charles V., was not far off; and Pesaro, with a hundred vessels, protected the states of his prince; so the Infidel emperor might reasonably fear the union of these two great maritime forces

against his own. However, he had the conquest of Naples at heart; and Corçira might, as being considered a key to Italy, tempt him to break his prudent resolution, and lay hold of the first slight excuse that offered as a pretext for attacking her. His army reached Vallona, and crossing the river Arecusa, stopped in the country of the Cimmeriotes, and there displayed his superb pavilion; at the same time his fleet appeared before Corfù, and in sign of friendship, saluted the fortress.

Not very long after this, Andrew Doria doubled Cape Bianco, and there took ten small Turkish vessels coming from Alexandria. Although the Venetians had no share in this; yet, as being done in their seas, and not very far distant from their country, Solyman felt persuaded that a secret understanding existed between the republic and Doria. The cunning of Doria, who wished to involve Venice in a troublesome war, in order that his own prince might, in some measure, be freed from it, confirmed this error. Seeing that the Venetians were resolved to keep neutral, he wrote a letter to Pesaro, saying that the hour for abasing the Turkish power by their joint fleets had arrived; and similar propositions, which made it appear that they were already leagued together. He caused this letter to fall, as if by accident, into the hands of Solyman; who, enraged at the supposed treachery, declared instant war with Venice, and all her dependencies. He issued orders, im-

mediately, for his forces to assemble at Vallona, and went thither himself. He also despatched Barbarossa to Corfù, to seek Doria. As Barbarossa was returning, unsuccessful, from his search, he met with the Venetian fleet, and offered instant battle. Pesaro, unacquainted with the affair of the letter, and unwilling to fight without especial orders, commanded a retreat. This, his vessels accomplished; but the evil day was deferred, not averted; and Pesaro began immediately to prepare Corfù for invasion.

It was afternoon; and the old Count Dimos Gennatà, reclined on his couch for his usual mid-day slumber, with the comforting reflection, that he had not that day beaten, wounded, or maimed any one of his biped or quadruped dependents. This was an unusual occurrence; and he seemed to contemplate it with much complacency. He had not yet resigned himself to sleep, when his young and only daughter stole quietly into the room. She was, perhaps, the only one in the family who had dared to do so at such an hour; and truly her presence might well be admitted, for she came but to minister to her father's comfort. First, she drew down the green gauze curtains, and carefully excluded every ray of the still burning sun; then she took, from what would be called

in modern days, a bracket ; a chased silver urn, and lightly swinging it, as she moved about, sprinkled the marble floor with rose-scented vinegar, until the whole room was redolent with freshness and fragrance. Then the maiden sat down, on a low cushion, at the farthest end of the room, and lightly touching, at intervals, her five-stringed lyre, prepared to lull her father to sleep, with one of the island songs he loved best to hear.

She sang a snatch of one,—then of another ; it was long ere she could remember the whole of any one. The song she chose, at last, was very sad and musical ; it had been taught her by an old blind wanderer,—a rhapsodist, as they were called in those days,—whose lyre earned for him a precarious subsistence. The song was the complaint of a son ill-treated by his mother ; the words were something of this sort :—

SONG.

I passed by the chapel that looks o'er the sea,
A mother knelt there, and an Ave Marie
She sung for her child, ere he should be
Torn from her !

Mother ! thou lov'st me not ! oh come,
Beat me, and curse me, that I too may roam,
Far away, far away, from my island home
For ever !

I will go with the birds that skim the blue sea ;
Free as the swallows, will I be free :
They all will return, but thou wilt see
Me—never !

Thou wilt gaze on the wave, till thine eye grows dim,
And thy tongue will be weary with asking him,—
The pilgrim who chants his evening hymn,
“ Where is he ?”

“ Perhaps I have seen thy child. Do thou
Give me some token, that I may know,
Whether it was thy son or no,
Thou lonely !”

“ He is tall and straight, as a mountain pine,
And black, as olives, his dark eyes shine,
And his eyebrows are arched, like a silken line :—
My lost one !”

“ I saw him, last night ; but he was laid
Down in the dark plain, cold and dead :
And the living,—the carrion birds were there,
And none from their banquet, the creatures to scare.
Mother, oh Mother ! and thou wert—where ?
Wail, wail him.”

“ A good song, and well sung,” said a voice ;
but it was not the voice of Count Dimos.

“ Hush, brother, hush !” said Irene, with her
finger on her lip : “ our father sleeps.”

“ I will not be hushed any more,” replied the
young man : “ neither will I any more move about

the house, with a step like a cat, and a down-cast eye : I will bear the fierce Count's angry humours no more ; this day I am of age. I will claim my just inheritance ; and seek, in other climes, a fairer home. But you, Irene, you are a girl, and must remain here : I shall grieve to leave you, my gentle sister !”

By this time Count Dimos was wide awake : his face already was red as his own scarf, and his eyes sparkled with fire ; but before he could give utterance to his rage, his young son knelt at his feet, and claimed his inheritance, as his brothers had done before him. Costantino was the youngest of four sons, who had each, successively, taken the earliest opportunity of leaving a home embittered by their father's uncontrolled violence of temper.

There is a law in these islands, of Venetian origin, by which, when arrived at a certain age, a son can claim his share of the half of his father's fortune. The same law enables the father to will away the other half, at his own death, to whomsoever he pleases. Count Dimos failed not to remind Costantino of this ; but the brave youth replied, “ Give me my share, father ; it is all I claim. I shall not want bread while the Emperor Charles calls for brave soldiers, or the Republic asks for a hardy mariner. Your blessing, Count Dimos, for the first,—the last time ; and let me begone.”

“Stay, rash boy, yet a moment; if you are so anxious for fighting, we shall soon have wild enough work at home; and your country will claim the help of every one of her children. Pesaro has already disarmed five galleys, and armed the fortress with their spoil. Two thousand Italians, and as many Greeks, are under arms in the city, under the command of Giacomo Novello and Luigi da Riva Andrea.

It was with difficulty the Count had controlled his anger, so far as to offer this expostulation; but he had to contend with a spirit as fiery as his own.

“Give me my inheritance, Count Dimos, and let me go.”

The old man put a bag of sequins in Costantino's hand; but when the youth knelt, as to ask for his blessing, he turned away in unconquerable wrath. “Degenerate boy! deaf to the voice of thy father and thy country; not a blessing, but—” The curse was stayed on his lip, for Costantino was his last and youngest son, and he felt unwonted emotions of tenderness; to hide which, he stalked proudly out of the room.

“Irene!” said the young Greek, in a milder tone. The girl had fallen on her knees; her lyre was by her on the ground; her veil had fallen about her shoulders in disorder, and her hands were clasped. “Irene!” said the young Greek again; but his voice faltered, and he stooped to

kiss her pale brow. "May the Holy Virgin bless my sister!"

"Take this," she answered, faintly, putting her lyre in his hands,—it is all I can call my own; and when you touch it, think of the bye-past hours, when we two sat and sung together beneath the pine trees."

"He is gone, my father!" she said, sadly, when Count Dimos re-entered the room; "quite gone! and we shall never hear his voice, or see his smile again!"

At that moment the young man's farewell song was heard under the window.

SONG.

A blessing and a tear,—it is the last
Shall stain my cheek,—a blessing on the past!
Farewell!—the pang is o'er!
Sister! sweet sister! murmur one farewell!
Never, oh, never more,
Shall I look on thee, whom I love so well!

My father! in the darkened days, to come,
Wilt thou not mourn that I have left my home?
Oh, say, wilt thou not sigh,
Some day, at hearing, that in a far land
I laid me down to die,
Mourned as I fell, but by a stranger band?

I ask one gift, to tell me of the past,—
Give it me, father, for it is the last,—
The steed, from childhood's days
That I have fed, and one bright lance; but one :
Keep all the rest ! Thou'lt gaze
On them with bitterness when I am gone.

“ He is gone of his own free-will,” said the old man, bitterly ; “ and thus am I left without son or heir in my old age ! And, thou soft-hearted girl, with thy tears and tremblings ! I doubt not the spirit of disobedience is as strong within thy heart as in those of the wandering brothers ! ”

Irene looked up in amazement ; for the very thought of opposing her father's wishes had never even entered her head.

“ Irene,” continued her father, “ where gathered you that sprig of pomegranate, that adorns your hair ? You used to love the white jessamine flowers, because they showed forth its glossy blackness so well.”

“ I found it, my father. It was dropped in my path as I wandered yester even in the laurel grove.”

“ And dropped there by whom ? ”

“ I know not, my father, in very truth ! ”

The girl looked up with a smile of so much innocence and wonderment, that Count Dimos could not doubt her.

“ It is well,” he answered, without giving further

utterance to his suspicions. “And now, Irene, I will make trial of that obedience, of which, I doubt not, you are ready to promise wonders. My child, my only one! it is to you I must look for the support of my name. Already I have resolved to betroth you to Stefano Civrano; but I know not what may happen in these perilous times. Life is but a precarious boon. Promise, Irene, nay, vow, this instant, that you will never become the bride of any but of an island noble.”

Irene knelt before her father, and, without a moment's hesitation, took the oath required.

“It is well,” said Count Dimos; “your ready obedience has quieted a whirlwind of passions, that but now were raging within me. Bless thee, my child!”

And, before she arose, he took the scarlet flower from among her dark ringlets, and bade her throw it from the window. Irene did so: she understood her father; and she smiled as she said, “I will never, never wear it again.”

But few days had passed since the scene we last recorded; yet what change in Irene and in her dwelling place! The beautiful garden, in which she had so loved to wander, presented the stern aspect of ruin and desolation! Statues thrown down; trees scorched and blackened; vineyards laid waste; the purple grape trodden under foot;—all told a tale of destruction! The maiden her-

self walked up and down the large hall; and the same spirit had been at work in that also. The chased silver ornaments, and rich furniture and pictures, had all disappeared; all save one, a painting, large as life, that hung on the wall opposite the entrance door. It represented the Virgin-mother, the household divinity of the place: but the lamp that hung before her, burned dimly, and the little heaps of orange blossoms were quite withered. She seemed to look down, in her pale starry beauty, as if she, too, mourned for the desolation of all around! But the girl, Irene, thought not of these things. Ever, as she approached the window, she looked forth anxiously, as if expecting to see some one descend the narrow winding path, that led to the house. Evening drew on, ere those for whom she watched came nigh. Three men were hastily advancing; yet it was so dark, she could hardly distinguish their forms. She waited at the windows until they were in the porch, and she heard her father's voice. Then she left the room, and retired to her own. Not long, however, did she remain undisturbed; her father's voice aroused her.

“Come forth,” he said; “all is ready.”

“Yet a moment,” she said, intreatingly. “Tell me, oh my father! the meaning of all these dreadful doings; our lands laid waste, our house despoiled, and by our own vassals:—what does it portend?”

“ Fear not, my child ; all that our vassals have done, was done by my orders.”

“ And wherefore, oh my father ! have you taken pleasure in destroying what you so delighted to create ?”

Count Dimos paused for several minutes ere he replied ; and when he spoke, his voice was low and constrained.

“ I had hoped to conceal from you, my dear one,” he said, “ the terrible things that are doing in our unhappy country ; but it may not be. Irene ! I have destroyed our lovely gardens, lest an enemy should occupy them ; and very soon our palace will be levelled with the dust. Barbarossa is advancing : Doria has written to Pesaro, to offer to join him against the Turks ; and Pesaro has accepted his services. Already Doria is at Cefalonia, where all the vessels are to be collected. All the nobility have removed their treasures to the city ; they have destroyed their country houses, lest they should afford asylums to the Turks ; and I shall follow their example, as soon as your marriage is completed. I wait but to see my only one go forth as a bride, from the house in which her father and his ancestors were born ; and then the old building and its master may fall together. Come, my love, Civrano waits below, and you are not yet ready ; where are your maidens ? It is not thus that the last of the Gennatàs must meet her affianced. We must not be the

first to abandon the customs of our country : I will send your attendants, and do you bid them be speedy."

The young Greek maidens, who entered to attire Irene for the ceremony of betrothment, were not inferior to herself in rank or in beauty. They were the orphans of old friends of Gennatà, whom he had taken to his own home on the death of their parents, and there they had been brought up in all things as the friends and equals of Irene ; and now it was their duty to lead her forth, adorned, and veiled, to her suitor. Hitherto, Irene's whole thoughts had been so engrossed by her father, and his evident grief and the total abandonment in which he found himself, at a moment when all men were bringing forth their sons with pride and delight to defend Corfù ; that she had thought but little on the influence Civrano was to exercise over her future destiny, yet now, although through the thick folds of her veil, she could neither distinguish his face or his figure, her heart seemed to sink within her, when she heard his harsh voice, and felt his rough grasp, as he seized her hand, and led her to kneel before the priest. While yet kneeling, they exchanged rings, and the priest blessed them ; Irene felt almost joyful, when, as she arose, her father bade Civrano come at the end of eight days to complete the marriage ceremonies.

It was a delay, and something might occur to

prevent Civrano from fulfilling his engagement. Very mournfully passed the week with Irene. Her father went every day to the city, and every night brought home some sad intelligence. One evening he said that Barbarossa had entered the canal, and that Pesaro, having completed his arrangements for the defence of the city, had retreated to Gomenizza. Another time, he came home full of the description of the magnificent galleon of St. Mark, which, laden with one hundred mortar-pieces of bronze, had been sent on as an advanced guard to Cefalonia. This galleon was the most enormous piece of machinery which had then been seen to divide the waters. Again, the tale of the day was, that Pesaro himself, together with Giovanni Vitturi, the general of the Dalmatian galleys, had proceeded to Cefalonia, there to act in concert with Doria.

“I know not what may happen now,” said old Count Dimos, as he recited these events to his daughter; “the best and bravest of our allies are far distant from us: if Barbarossa should land, we must depend on our own good lances. I care not for myself, but for you Irene; however, to-morrow will place you under the protection of a stronger and braver man than your old father, and scorn not Civrano, my love, for his rough and hasty bearing; he is a soldier, and for his very bravery I chose him from among all the young island nobles.”

That night, Myrrha and Penelope, the favourite

companions of Irene, were again summoned to attire her, but now it was for her bridal. She would suffer none other of her young friends to enter her chamber, for her grief was more violent than that a loving and beloved bride would feel at leaving her father's house. She grieved for her father,—for the destruction of her sweet country home,—for leaving her sister-friends,—but more than all, she grieved because she felt that Civrano would never supply all these loved objects in her heart. Yet never for a moment, did she in her sweet duteousness, think of increasing her father's troubles by opposing his will or his wish. She believed it to be her duty to obey him implicitly in all things, and she knelt and prayed that she might be enabled to do so without a murmur. When she arose, there was a soft smile on her fair innocent face, and she sat down before her friends. Myrrha and Penelope together, combed and platted her long dark hair; together they arranged her embroidered dress and strung her pearls, but when this was completed, and the fine linen veil only remained on the toilette, Myrrha took it herself, and while she carefully folded it round the head and shoulders of the bride, Penelope seated herself apart and prepared to sing the accustomed bridal song.

This last labour of love was completed, and morning had scarcely begun to dawn, when a noise of trampling footsteps and of music was

heard beneath the windows. Irene, supported by her weeping friends, walked forth. Civrano and his cortège were standing in the portico, and Count Dimos waited in the hall to take his last farewell; for to the passionate entreaties of his child that he would consult his own safety by accompanying her into the city, he replied only, that it would rather be his pleasure to follow her thither in the course of a few days. The last embrace was given and received, and as the girl, standing on the threshold, turned to take yet one more lingering look, Penelope gave her her lyre, and softly whispered, "Take courage, dearest, you will have time for tears afterwards." So poor Irene, sad and dispirited, yet forced, according to imperious custom, to sing while her very heart ached, thus uttered her farewell:—

THE BRIDE'S SONG.

A blessing on ye all:

A blessing I, too, claim,
Ere I go to dwell in another's hall,
And to bear another's name.

Father! to thee I leave

Three draughts of bitterness:—

For morn, for night, for the festal hour; I grieve
To think of thy distress!

One thou wilt drink at morn,

One at the fading eve,

And one—when sounds of mirth on the breeze are borne:

The worst!—for that I grieve!

“Enough, enough!” said Civrano, roughly. “On to the city; we have no time for further wailing: so Irene reluctantly turned away; and soon the procession was seen winding slowly up the hill: they had reached the very summit; and she was resolved not to turn again; but a cry from one of the party,—and another, and another, conquered her resolution. Was it the rising sun gleaming through the cypresses:—no, the light became more and more vivid; flames arose, and smoke curled upwards. She stooped down, and strained her sight to the very utmost. One of her conductors, with a stroke of his lance, removed the branch that obstructed her view. Then she distinctly saw her home in flames, and her father moving about from tower to tower, superintending and aiding in its destruction. Irene looked, till the fast-coming tears almost blinded her; and then she turned away, and moved on slowly.

As they approached the town, her attention, in her own despite, was arrested by the extraordinary sights she witnessed. The procession moved on slowly; yet no person paused to bid “God speed them.” No laughing maidens, or comely wives, ran to their doors and windows, to pass their opinion on the beauty of the bride, or on the gallant bearing of the bridegroom. It seemed as if one spirit,—the spirit of destruction,—animated the whole people; not only men, but young delicate maidens and little children, were busied up-

rooting their plants and flowers, breaking such of their household furniture as could not be carried into the city, and pulling down, stone by stone, the walls of their houses. At the gate of the city, the guard was doubled; and every face they met, wore the aspect of fear and anxiety. On they moved, until they reached the church of St. Spiridion, where the priests, in their robes of crimson and gold, stood ready to receive them. The nuptial wine was on the table, close by the old silver-clasped bible; the wreaths were exchanged, the chorus chanted, and the tapers lit. Already they had encircled the altar, in solemn procession, three times: the cup was given to Irene,—she raised it to her lips; yet ere she tasted it, a loud cry arose without, “The Turks have landed!” Down went the tapers and the wine; the priests ran off to the inner sanctuary, closed the door, and fastened themselves in. The bridegroom and his friends snatched up the lances, they had left at the church door, and hurried away to the combat: the women sought, hurriedly, to regain their own homes, while they could yet pass through the streets; and Irene was left alone in the dreary solitude of the cathedral: she tried to follow her companions; but they fled in such haste, that when she reached the door, they were out of sight: the street was full of armed men, hurrying to and fro; and they gazed at, and spoke, as they past, such words to the poor maiden, that she was glad

to shut the doors, and even barricade them as well as her feeble strength would permit.

It was on the 25th of August, about the fourteenth hour of the day, that Barbarossa landed in Corfù; and during the remainder of that dreadful day, the island was one vast field of battle; for wherever a straggling body of Turks met with a few Greeks, there the combat commenced, and ended not, till one party or the other was exterminated. By dint of great exertions, the Greeks, at last, expelled their enemies from the city; and at nightfall, the loud blast of a trumpet, from the summit of the fortress, called on every Greek, within hearing, to take shelter within the walls. More than three thousand of the country-people flocked in at this summons, bringing with them such of their valuables as they could collect in haste. The greater part of them were distributed among the different houses: the rest were directed to proceed to the castle of St. Angelo. This arranged, a general order was issued to all the soldiers to retire to their quarters, and prepare themselves, by the refreshment of sleep, for the arduous duties which the morrow would bring. In the mean time, a certain number of the people were desired to mount guard on the ramparts.

“You hear that order,” said an old man, who had been led, or rather carried, into the city, on the evening of that eventful day, by a gallant young captain of the city guard; “rest now on

your couch, and I will go forth to watch; the barbarians have deprived me of sight, but my ears will yet do me good service; and for the pain, I will endeavour to forget it."

"Do you repose, old man," answered his preserver; "and if you wish to do me good service, lend me, I pray, your old capote: I dare not be seen in the street in this my soldier's dress; and there is one in the city whom I fain would seek."

"I, too," answered the old man, "would fain seek a lost one; but, alas! feeble and blind, what can I do? Oh, my friend! why did you not leave me to die under the scimeter of the Turks?"

The young soldier did not answer;—perhaps, did not hear this question. He carefully wrapped the capote round him; then exchanged his helmet for the little round red cap, worn by the Greeks on the crown of their heads in those days, as well by the noble as by the peasant; and, thus disguised, sallied forth on his expedition.

Quickly and silently he traversed the long narrow streets, till he reached the cathedral of St. Spiridion; the doors were secured within; but one vigorous push of his broad shoulders soon effected for him an entrance. The lamp before the Virgin, which had been newly trimmed that morning, yet burnt; and guided by its faint glimmering, Floro—for such was our young soldier's name—soon perceived the object of his search. On the steps of the altar poor Irene reposed,—at first, he thought, in

sleep ; but, when he drew nigh, and touched her, he found she had fainted. To raise her in his arms, cover her with his capote, and bear her away to his quarters in the fortress, was the work of a few minutes ; and not till he had fastened the door of his own room, did he deem himself in sufficient security to set down his fair burden, and attempt her recovery. In this, he soon succeeded ; for she had fainted as much from terror as from exhaustion, and was presently revived by some wine which Floro set before her. Then he led her away into another room, in which the blind old man, of whom we spoke just now, was seated ; and, by Floro's quiet smile, and placid look of self-approbation, it was evident he expected the happiness he enjoyed, when he saw the girl fall on the old man's neck, and heard her call him her " Dear, dear, father !"

From this day forth, Floro gave up to them his scanty apartment, and declared he had found another below in which he could sleep. Every morning, before he went out to his duty, he set before Irene the best provisions he could procure ; and, because the old sightless man pined for fresh air and exercise, and it was not possible that Irene could walk with him out on the fortress, by reason of the soldiers who were always there, Floro himself would rise very early, and lead forth the old man into the cool morning air ; watching him all the while, and removing the rough stones from be-

fore his feet, as tenderly as though he had been a little helpless child.

In the meantime, the battle raged furiously without. The lovely village of Potamo, about three miles distant, was totally destroyed by fire; and the few inhabitants who remained were put to the sword.

Solyman, to excite yet more the ardour of his people, planted his pavilion at Bastia, on the continent, just opposite the island. Fifty galleys, bearing on board twenty-five thousand men, came to the assistance of Barbarossa; together with Aias Bassa, the chief of Parthia, who went every day to the Grand Signor, to inform him of Barbarossa's proceedings.

On the 31st of August, the Turks sat down to besiege the city. They planted three batteries: one on the Mount, near the church of St. Michael, with eight cannons; another, on the temple of St. Basil, with five; and the third, near the little church dedicated to the Madonna, with eleven: and from each of these places they began to fire against the walls. And now there was a sad scene of lamentation within the city! Faliero, governor of the fortress, had hoped, from day to day, to receive assistance from Pesaro; but his hopes were vain! Pesaro kept aloof;—it might be, that he waited for reinforcements from Venice;—it might be, that he wished to repair his vessels, much damaged by their long continuance at sea, and by

several slight skirmishes with the infidels. However that was, he came not; and Faliero saw that he must depend entirely on his own resources, to hold out the city until autumn. In autumn, it is very difficult for the Turks to keep the field; and he was in hopes they would then retreat. Accordingly, the city was well fortified, and well manned; but Faliero found, on examination, that the very scanty stock of provisions it contained would scarcely supply the whole garrison for a week. A council was called, and a resolution was passed, that filled the whole city with dismay. It was determined, that all the infirm and useless should be expelled. This was a calamity that came home to the heart of every man; and so great was the discontent excited by it, that Faliero, fearing a mutiny, thus addressed the soldiers: “My friends, it is unmanly to repine at that which cannot be averted. You threaten vengeance; let it fall on the infidels, who have reduced us to this cruel extremity. As for me, I will be merciful as far as I can. Let ten of the bravest among you,—yet, no; you are all equally brave,—draw lots; and let ten among you save the being dearest to himself. I, who am first in command, will be the first to suffer. I will claim no share in this privilege; my wife and daughter shall walk forth to death!”

The lots were drawn; and Floro was one of the fortunate ten. It was known that he was alone in the world; and many there were, who offered him

all that they possessed,—jewels, and gold, and land,—for his ticket; but Floro answered, that the wealth of the world should not purchase it. He hastened home; and, unable to command his transport, threw himself at the foot of Irene, exclaiming, with ungovernable delight, “I have saved you! I have saved you!” His hasty words aroused the sleeping old Count. He asked for an explanation; and when it was given, Floro found himself as far off from gaining the wish of his heart as at first; for Irene declared she would leave the city, that her father might remain and live. In vain they argued with her; she answered every objection, again, and again; and when she found them as determined as herself, she sat still, and silent, but with a countenance of fixed resolution.

“I understand you,” said Floro, changing his tone; “you are proud, maiden, as, indeed, you have a right to be; and you scorn to owe your life to a poor soldier like me, raised from among the common people to the rank of a captain, merely because his arm happens to be stronger, and his love of life something less than another man’s. But what if I should baulk you? what if——” and he made a gesture, as if to destroy the paper, but Irene laid her hand gently on his arm, and looked up at him with her tearful eyes, while she said, in her soft, musical voice,

“Did I scorn to owe my life to you when I consented to stay here, under your protection, with

my poor helpless father, day after day, through all this weary week? Have I scorned to be a debtor to you, when, day by day, I have received at your hands such service as a slave renders to his master? Dear Floro, do me not this wrong; you wish my happiness, do you not? and will you not allow me to judge best of that which will procure it?"

Softened by her gentleness, and still more by the unwonted manner of her address, Floro replied,

"I did you wrong, lady; you are a Grecian daughter; and such have been wont, from time immemorial, to seek their happiness by sacrificing themselves for those they love: be it even as you will."

So Floro went away, and left the father and daughter together.

"Father," said Irene, "you will not be less generous than that poor soldier is; you will not longer oppose my wish: father! I wish to die—"

"Such is not the wish of your age," answered Count Dimos, "but it is often the wish of mine. I am blind and old. Under the happiest circumstances I could not have lived many more years; it will be sweet to sacrifice them for you; and it may be, this may be accepted as an atonement for the harshness I have too often shown to my children. For you, Irene, all your happiest days are yet to come. Although our good Floro has not yet heard any tidings of Civrano, he yet lives;

doubt it not : and even if it should not be so, there are many who will be proud to claim my daughter's hand. These calamitous days will pass away ; and when you have fair daughters and brave sons of your own, you will teach them to bless the old man's memory."

" Father," interrupted Irene, " I wish to die. I care not for Civrano ; I never loved him ; but now his name is hateful to me. Father," she continued, trembling, while the large drops fell slowly from her eyes ; " I will tell you *that*, which, if we had not been reduced to this cruel extremity, I would rather have died than have told you,—Civrano is hateful to me, because—I love another !"

" And who, my child, who is the chosen of your heart ?"

" I love *him*, father, who exposed his own life and honour, when he staid his arm in the battle strife, to bear you, blind and helpless, away. I love *him*, who deprives himself of sleep and rest, that he may attend on you ; who eats bread and drinks water, that you may not miss your accustomed meat and wine. Father," continued the girl, kneeling to Count Dimos, " forgive me,—I cannot help it,—I love this nameless soldier !"

" Well," answered the old man, " you may yet look forward to happy days. Floro is, as you say, but a poor nameless soldier ; yet, in these stormy days, a strong arm is of more value than a long

pedigree : you will yet have wealth enough ; and as to poor Civrano,—if, indeed, he still lives,—a divorce may set you at liberty.”

“ The vow ! the vow ! ” shrieked Irene, in uncontrollable agony, as she grasped her father’s knee, driven beside herself by the picture of happiness her father had been unconsciously drawing.

Count Dimos arose with all his self-possession. “ Now, indeed,” he said, “ are the sins of my youth visited upon me ; now that my rashness has brought this misery on my fairest and fondest. Rise up, my own Irene, my poor, poor child.”

He was interrupted by the re-entrance of Floro. There was a strange expression of mixed joy and anxiety on the soldier’s countenance.

“ Yet one chance remains of saving you, Irene,” he said, “ if you have as much courage to look on the death of others as you have to look on your own. Three days since,” he continued, turning to Count Dimos, “ I received in my apartment a youth, who fell fighting by my side : he was mortally wounded, although he lingered till to-day. If Irene will assume his dress, she can attend the muster-roll in his name. But in that case she must affect to be perfectly recovered ; otherwise, the disguise will be but of little use. She must go forth to the fight : my arm shall be ever about her to shield and to protect. It is but a rough expedient ; and yet, alas ! it is the only one.”

The father joined his intreaties to Floro’s, and

at last the girl was prevailed on to try this plan. "At least," thought Floro, as he left the room to fetch the helmet and dress of his lost comrade, "if she is injured, I shall be there to avenge her."

Irene's soliloquy was of gentler mood. "If he dies," she half murmured to herself, "I shall at least be there to die with him."

Floro soon returned. He laid the dress and cuirass he had been to seek on the couch, and then left the girl to the task of disguise. Irene took off her veil, her short jacket of embroidered velvet, her long flowing silken robe, and assumed in their place the full blue trowsers, tight vest, and broad red sash, or cummerbund of the island peasant: with the cuirass and helmet she would gladly have dispensed, but her father would not hear of it; for the one was as necessary to her disguise as the other was to her safety: and when all was arranged, she who had never met the eye of man unveiled before, stood leaning against the wall, now throwing back her long flowing curls, that unbraided, and as it seemed, rejoicing in their liberty, would escape from under her helmet; and now shading her burning blushing cheek, and trying to still her throbbing temples. Again Floro entered: he brought with him the arms of his deceased friend. First of all, he placed in Irene's hand a lance and a sling. Irene took them, although she shook her head as she did so, and said they would be quite useless to her. Then

Floro knelt down, and fastened her yataghan to her belt. The yataghans, or curved knives, were in those days carried two or more in the same sheath; and the sheath was generally imprinted with some rude mark as the cognizance of the owner. Irene turned very pale, and shuddered, when her eye rested on the semblance of a stag's head; for she knew it to be the sign by which her brother Costantino had been wont to distinguish his property; but she checked, with a strong effort, the exclamation and question that rose to her lip, and with an effort yet stronger, she asked Floro if it was not time to attend the 'gathering.'

"Father," she continued, kneeling as she spoke, and guiding her father's hand till it rested on her helmed head; "it may be, I shall never return,—if the governor should detect—if my woman's weakness should betray me, I shall never return; bless me, then, perhaps for the last time, dear father!" The old count, who dearly loved his daughter, the more perhaps, because he had doomed her to life-long misery, shuddered when the cold iron met his touch in place of the soft ringlets and braids among which his fingers so loved to rest. Irene perceived this, so gently and quietly she took off her head-piece, and received her father's blessing. When they had left the room, she told all her fears and conjectures to Floro, and prevailed on him to let her look on his dead comrade. She

succeeded with difficulty, for Floro had reasons she knew not of, for refusing her; yet, when he saw her deep anxiety to ascertain if it were indeed her brother; when too, she urged her request by the melancholy plea of its being probably a last one, he could not but grant it. So they turned away from the moat to which they were rapidly approaching, and re-ascended a part of the rock. They did not, however, go up to the platform on which the barracks were built, but entered a little postern door in the rock itself, which gave entrance to some dark low rooms, or rather caverns, excavated in the rock, used for the purpose of keeping ammunition and provisions for the soldiery. All these things were arranged in due order, and, moreover, guarded by a strong iron grating; the small closet in which Floro and his companion found themselves when the postern was shut, was a sort of guard-room, the owner of which had been persuaded to share his lowly retreat with Floro. Full as was the maiden's heart of anxiety for her brother, it had yet room for a more grateful sentiment, when she saw to what a dark and wretched tenement the poor soldier had confined himself for love of her. Her fears were realized. It was indeed the lifeless body of her brother on which her eyes rested, but her grief did not show itself in tears or lamentation. "This is no time," she said softly, "to wreath his head with flowers, or to chaunt over him the funeral song of our

race. Give me again that lance and sling : Floro let us go forth ; I will avenge him on those cruel Turks."

The gathering was held on the esplanade immediately beyond the moat that surrounds the old fortress. On that little plain all the strength of the garrison was assembled, the soldiers were numbered, and while every man stood yet in his place, the melancholy order was given, that the old people, the sick women, and the children should go forth. Every house sent forth one or more of its wretched inmates, and when the mournful procession was formed, and proceeded towards the city gate, it was no longer possible even for Simon Leone himself to restrain his troops.—But now I cannot do better than quote from my favourite old Marmora, the very page in which he narrates this catastrophe.

“ Old men, women and children, were excluded from the shelter of the city, and sent forth to the fury of the enemy, who, perceiving the distress of those within, would not allow the poor wretches to approach their entrenchments. So repulsed on one side by the Turks, on the other by the Christians, these poor creatures saw no way of escape. They resembled vessels between the north and south winds, tossed to and fro, with the danger before their eyes of being soon immersed in the waves. It was sad to see between the ranks of the besiegers

and the walls of the besieged these unfortunates, turning and returning, now falling motionless on the ground, now running speedily they know not whither. They mingled their tears and complaints, wives reproached their husbands, children their parents, old men their sons, and all inveighed against the cruelty of the governor who had thus excluded them from shelter, and exposed them to the barbarity of the Thracians. And great indeed was the faith of the Corçirese, who could remain unmoved at these cries which yet pierced them to the soul, and in some sort touched their honour, since their women were exposed to dangers worse than death, and their sons to the risk of being forced to renounce their religion. But when the old men laid bare their bodies, and showed the scars and wounds received in the service of their country, not only the Corfiotes, but the Venetians also were so afflicted, that many of them desired rather to die than to look on so afflicting a spectacle. Yet, with all this, they abated not their resolution to defend themselves till the last breath, making of their kindred a holocaust to the faith they had vowed to the republic. So the excluded, finding shelter neither with friends or enemies, laid down in the trenches to die. Then arose a terrible tempest to aggravate the evils of the siege, and the poor creatures, worn out with hunger, and weary of lamenting, counted themselves less miserable in their wretched death than the besieged, who had to

sustain the combined horrors of tempest, battle, hunger, and it might be —remorse.”

And Irene !—she had passed the dreaded scrutiny undetected, and fearful of doing anything that might draw down observation, had hastened with the crowd to the ramparts, and when she saw the misery of the poor excluded wretches, she could not but look thankfully on him who had found for her a way of escape. It was possible that she might even now die of starvation, but at any rate, such a death would not be attended with ignominy. That evening, and the next day, she took her turn to mount guard, but the sleepless vigilance of Floro watched over her. Of the small quantity of provisions doled out daily to the people, Floro gave a part of his share to Irene, and she in her turn transferred it to her father, whose blindness saved him from perceiving their utter distress. Yet with all their care, they could not wholly conceal it from him, and when the old count felt the ceaseless care of Floro, ever about his path, and his bed ; when he heard the suppressed sigh of his daughter, and felt the trembling touch of her damp thin fingers, he wept, not only for the famine they suffered, but also for the deeper misery of which himself was the cause ; and this misery, and the old man's sense of it increased ; when one evening they heard that Civrano had fallen in a skirmish without the walls. One obstacle to their union was removed, the only remaining one was of his

own inflicting, and every fresh mark of tenderness from Irene or from Floro, but made him reproach himself the more.

“Do not, my father,” Irene would say to him, “talk thus; it is my pride and my pleasure to obey you. Had I refused to do so, I should have been more wretched than I am; and yet,” she added, for a moment giving way to nature, “that might scarcely be.”

Who has not thought as Irene thought; and who has not been doomed to find himself mistaken?

“Irene!” said Floro, just then opening the door: “nay, do not start and tremble so. Alas! you are weakened by suffering; I can no longer bear to look on your pale thin cheek and sunken eye; I will make one effort for relief. This night I will go to Pesaro, and entreat him to succour us; we are his allies, and we are famishing. I have already made known my resolution to Simon Leone, and to the governor: they approve my determination,—and they promise reward.”

These last words were uttered with a faint smile; for in truth, the reward of succouring Irene was all he hoped or cared for.

Floro's plan was well laid, and boldly executed. He left the fortress under cover of night: he was absent two days; but his return was not fortunate. He had gained the port of Perama, when his little vessel was hailed by a galley lying there at anchor.

He was pursued; and so rapidly, that but one way of escape remained. He was forced to abandon his boat, and swim ashore, disappointed and dispirited, at thus being obliged to leave behind the little stock of provisions he had purchased, at the risk of his own life. He went straight to the governor's house, and delivered to him the despatches he had brought from Pesaro, and carried ashore between his teeth, as he swam. As well might they have fallen into the hands of the enemy, or into the sea.

“If I fight,” wrote Pesaro to his suffering allies, “I shall run my men into danger; and I cannot bring you assistance without fighting. Should I be the victor, it would little injure Solyman; since, conquered at sea, he would still remain all-powerful on land. If, on the other hand, I lose, who may ensure the safety of the other provinces and kingdoms of the republic—Cyprus, Candia, Dalmatia?—Venice itself would not be safe from the Ottoman arms, always insolent in proportion to their victories. Autumn is advancing; the rains will soon force the barbarians to dislodge; and I cannot suppose such scarcity in the city, that you cannot hold out yet a few more days. If I thought you were, indeed, reduced to extremity, I would hazard every danger to save an island so necessary to the interests of the republic.”

There was cruel hypocrisy in this letter of

Pesaro's ; for Floro had faithfully painted the condition of the besieged.

“ If it is so, then,” said Simon Leone, looking round at his soldiers, and speaking cheerfully ; “ if man, indeed, refuses to succour us ; we must look to our God for help.”

The half-famished soldiers answered with a cheer. Their hope and their confidence were not placed in vain. God did succour them. The rains began to fall ; and they wrought cruel ravage among the Turks ; who, in their turn, began to suffer from famine. An infectious disorder broke out among them, and hundreds fell every day. Aias Bassà left no means untried to conquer the besieged ; he redoubled his assaults, and always in vain ; for the courage of the Greeks was indomitable. He employed cunning : he displayed on the shores of Bastia an infinite number of standards ; but the islanders laughed at his stratagem, as they repulsed his attacks. Another day, he and Barbarossa mounted a galley, and went to Cardachio, about a mile from the fortress, where the church of St. Nicolo stands, and where the fountain of pure water flows, from which vessels are supplied. From thence he fired on the city, and on the fortress ; but one ball only lodged in the house of Nicolo Modone ; and the Christians returned the salute by a fire, which carried off the beak-head of Barbarossa's vessel. He and his companions retired in haste ; and Aias Bassà, in

despair, went to Solyman, and persuaded him to withdraw from a place, which he deemed impregnable. He represented that the troops, weakened alike by hunger, and the enemy's lances, sighed for quiet; and that if Pesaro and Doria should, indeed, join to assist their ally, the Turks, weakened and dispirited, the men sick, the vessels worn out, were almost sure of defeat.

Solyman, who had already fancied himself master of the island, was forced to yield to the representations of his minister. He sent for the Venetian Bailiff, and proposed peace, if the Venetians would promise satisfaction for the vessels he had lost to Doria; and on account of which, the war had been undertaken.

The Bailiff, who had been kept under close guard, and knew nothing of the late proceedings, glad to obtain peace, wrote immediately to the senate, not doubting he would obtain every honourable compensation for Solyman; but the Turks were unable to await the return of the messenger; the weather and the disorder that still raged among them, forced them to dislodge. The artillery was re-embarked, the palisades destroyed, the tents taken up, and the troops marched off to cross the straits. The damage they caused in their retreat, was even greater than what they had done before. Every house and tree, still standing, they destroyed; they led off more than sixteen thousand

of the peasants into slavery; for many of the country-people had withdrawn to the tops of the mountains, which the Turks, adopting their dress, ascended; and the Greeks, hastening down to embrace their countrymen, fell into the chains of their bitter enemies. The Turks even attempted, as a farewell effort, to attack the castle of St. Angelo; but were repulsed with great slaughter. So Solyman, discomfited, but rich in booty, left the island, after having deprived it of all its beauty.

The siege had lasted but fifteen days; but this was long enough to work the utter destruction, both of palaces and gardens in the country;—at least, of such few as the inhabitants themselves had spared. Scarcely a building remained to give shelter to the islanders; excepting the castle of St. Angelo, and the houses in the city: and, indeed, the city itself was in a sad state; for, by far the greater number of its defenders had perished,—some of hunger, some in battle: so that when a council was called, it was found that not one of the nobility, accustomed to deliberate on state affairs, remained alive.

We are glad to conclude our “ower true” tale, with one pleasing scene, that stands out in strong contrast to the horrors we have described.

The vast council-room in the Pretorian palace was prepared for an august ceremony. The doors

of this building had hitherto been opened only to the nobility of the island; but now *all* were at liberty to enter, and sit down in perfect equality.

The few nobles who had survived the horrors of the siege, brought with them, on this memorable day, no token of dress or ornament, that might distinguish them from the meanest artizan; neither were their seats in any way different from the rest. All were equal; and rendered so by misfortunes common to all.

One by one, the citizens entered, with slow and dignified steps, and took their seats on benches ranged round the walls. When the room was filled, Andrea Faliero, the venerable governor of the city, entered; and, surrounded by his officers, seated himself on a throne, in the centre of the apartment. There was a dead silence, as the old man looked around with tearful eyes, and mournfully noted the absence of so many of his ancient colleagues and friends. At last, he arose, and, while his voice still sounded weak and faint from agitation, declared to all present, that he had convened them for the purpose of electing from among them a hundred of their number,—those who had been considered the most efficient among Corçira's defenders,—wherewith to found new stocks of nobility.

“My eye,” said the venerable old man, “has been over you all, my children. Not a man has made a sacrifice for his country; not a man has

made a desperate effort in her defence, that I have not observed. Come forward, now, in the order in which I shall name you ; and receive the just recompense of your service. And you," he continued, looking round, yet without fixing his gaze on any one person ;—" you, of the old nobility, who yet remain, let me never hear of disdain, or strife, or vain-glory, among you. Remember that, if you are ennobled by the deeds of your ancestors, these men are ennobled by their own. From this hour they are your equals."

Then Faliero took a paper from one of his officers ; he unfolded it, and the first name he uttered was " Floro."

There was a cry of surprise and joy, as the crowd made way for the young hero to advance. It came from a blind old man, who fell on his knees, and exclaimed, " My God ! I thank thee ! Thou hast removed the weight of this sin from me !"

" Rise up, my father !" said a soft, sweet voice, near him,—the voice of one ever more intent on his welfare than on her own. " Rise up, and come forth from the crowd who press upon you."

The old man arose, and went forth, leaning on the arm of a young and slender knight. Very soon, Count Floro joined them ; and, together, they turned their steps towards the old fortress. As soon as they had gained the little apartment, in which they had all suffered so much, the young knight laid aside his helmet and cuirass, and Floro

pressed his own Irene to the heart that had throbbed so anxiously and so long for her weal.

Not many days after this, another ceremony, far quieter, but full as happy, took place in the old church of St. Spiridion; and the old man, too, was there, and was not the least joyful of the group. When it was over, the helmet and cuirass were hung up over the altar, that Irene, as she knelt in prayer, might never forget to raise her heart in thankfulness to Him who had so strangely preserved her perilled life. Floro placed a wreath of pomegranate flowers on the helmet; and, turning, with a smile, to his father-in-law, he said: "These scarlet blossoms will decay; but as soon as affairs are somewhat settled, a wreath of the same sweet flowers shall be wrought in the purest gold, and placed here as an offering to the holy Virgin. She will not fling them from her, as Irene did!"

Here ends this chronicle, from the pages of that veracious historian Marmora.

I am very much amused, now, when I remember what my anticipations were respecting this climate. In my happy days of ignorance, I used to imagine that *winter* was a word unknown in this land of oranges and myrtles.

Last night the glass was down at 23°. Alas! for the ladies,—poor innocents!—who came here, a short time since, unprovided with furs! They gave them away, because they were coming to the

South ! Very amusing it is, to hear the remarks of new-comers !

“ Pray,” says Miss Pollard, “ do you catch parroquets in the woods, here ?” And “ will the Greeks pelt me,” asks another, “ if I go out in a green pelisse ?”

Precious confusion in their sapient pericraniums, between the Turks and Greeks ! These identical ladies, on the very first night of their arrival here, in the middle of December, commenced naturalizing themselves by taking the blankets off their beds, and throwing open the windows, “ because they were in a hot country.” However, this winter is unusually severe : we have ice in all the ditches ; and so uncommon is it, that our José bought a large piece from a countryman, yesterday, and came to show it to us as a great curiosity. Now, the curiosity, in my opinion, is to see ice on one side of the hedge, and ripe oranges on the other.

Last week we had an earthquake here ; an unusually violent one. I was awakened by feeling the bed rock to and fro in a very extraordinary manner. The furniture in the room began, too, to crack, and to jingle ; and, presently after, out burst all the bells in the city, in one unanimous peal. Scarcely had I composed myself to sleep, when another shock came, more violent, but unattended with the dreadful rumbling noise that makes one’s very heart turn sick ! It is singular to

observe how,—in these sudden and awful moments, when death seems close at hand,—our thoughts turn at first, instinctively, to Him who alone can preserve us : and, secondly, to those who are dear and distant. Ay,—distant ! Never can a home-bird feel the full force of those beautiful lines of Pope :—

“ By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed ;
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed ;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned ;
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned ! ”

I heard on the following day, when, indeed, the earthquake formed the chief subject of conversation, to the great and manifest advantage of all persons who have still a good quality to lose, that it had done much damage. Three or four houses thrown down,—several others injured and cracked,—the new barrack-rooms in the citadel among the rest ; and the sensation it excited is perfectly indescribable. Mrs. B. screamed herself hoarse ; Captain and Mrs. C., hearing the walls tumbling about their ears, ran out of the room and out of the house at once, in their *habillemens de nuit* ! Mr. W. whose house, by the way, was cracked all the way down, was hastening off to the nursery, to see if the little ones were safe, but met on the way such a flight of frightened ladies' maids, that he gave up the attempt in despair. Lady W. caught fast hold of her poodle's curls, and exclaimed, “ Harry, Harry, save me ! ” (Harry is *not* the dog's

name), before she well knew what she was saying ; and one old woman, a confirmed malignant, cried out, “ *Maladetto sia questo Rè che ci ha portato questa disgrazia.*” Questo Rè is no other than the young King Otho, who has landed here for a few days, on his way to Napoli. He is a fine intelligent lad, full of curiosity, and has something to say to every one : not handsome, certainly not, but his features do not want expression. I saw him on the parade-ground, where he was watching our soldiers’ exercises with deep attention. One of his suite fell overboard in the harbour, and an English sailor, English-like, jumped after him immediately, and fished him out. The young king gave him his watch on the spot, and promised to write to his father to procure him a pension. “ He did well to give his watch,” said the gentleman, sneeringly, who told me this anecdote ; “ in all probability, he had nothing else to give !” Does not this enhance the generosity of the young prince ?

In the train of Otho, are two persons of some note in this part of the world. Miaulis, the famous Greek admiral, who, with his own hand, set fire to the Turkish fleet, and who raised himself from being a common waterman to the dignity he now enjoys ; and young Botzaris, the son of that Marco Botzaris, whose name is but another word for patriotism and self-devotion. He, the eagle of the Selleide, who, with two hundred and forty

of his palicars, penetrated by night the camp of Ali Pacha, scattering death and desolation wherever he went, until his glorious career was cut off by the hand of a vile negro, whom he had disdained to kill.

I know not a more touching incident in the history of battles, than this one of the mountain warrior's death. Before proceeding on his last enterprise, he assembled his favourite followers at a banquet. They were all dressed in their gala robes, and crowned with flowers, and they poured out a libation to the Virgin, as, in ancient days, their forefathers had poured out libations, on the eve of battle, to their heathen deities. Then Marco revealed his intentions, desiring them to consult only their own inclinations in following him. Two hundred and forty stepped out from among them, and vowed to follow him even unto death. They went; and their war-cry was, "God sees us and guides us!" Daylight shone on the standard of the cross, raised in the barbarian's camp; daylight also beheld both parties contending for the body of the fallen hero. He was buried at Missolonghi, with his laurels on his brow and his sabre in his hand.

His young son was sent to the Bavarian court for his education; and there, even at his early age, gave indications of the same spirit which had animated his father. At school, he persisted in wearing the dress of his mountain land, in spite

of the laugh and sneer of his comrades. He came here on a visit some few years back ; and as it was carnival time, his host proposed that he should join the revellers in a woman's dress. "What, I!" answered the boy, quickly; "I wear a mask and a woman's gown! If you speak of it again, I will leave your house for ever!" This boy is now about seventeen, and will, I imagine, need all his spirit and bravery in the newly-formed court of young King Otho.

March, 1833.

Yes! I am coming home, and have been paying, with a light footstep, and a yet lighter heart, my farewell visits ;—and now, I sit down to give you an account of my last ramble.

Shall I *see* you all again? shall I *tell* you of all these things? I scarcely know how to believe that such a very joyful future can be in store for me. So, by way of sobering my runaway thoughts a little, I will turn from hope to reality, and give you, as I said before, a history of my last, very last, ramble in Corfù. It extended not farther than to Castradès: for, alas! a two years' residence in this climate is not the thing to enable one to take long walks.

First of all, we visited the old gate of the church, built by Jovian, of which I told you a long time ago. The Chevalier Prossalendi was with us;

I asked him to translate the old Greek inscription over the gate. I wished to see if his translation agreed with that of Dr. Walsh, of which I sent you a copy. It did so, and the chevalier then made me remark, which I had not done before, another entablature placed yet higher, also bearing an inscription ; the beginning and the end were broken off, and the characters in much older Greek than the two lines below. He said that the few remaining words signified, "The gate of the temple by which you enter within." This inscription, being found on the spot, of course carries us far back, beyond the days of Jovian, and places beyond a doubt the heathen origin of the building. From this church we went across the road to the church of Jason and Sosipater, near which they have lately been digging for antiquities. They have already succeeded in some measure; they have distinctly traced two separate foundation lines : the one set running in directions so completely contrary to those underneath, that it is evident they must have been placed there at a time when the existence of the first building had passed away from the memory of man. It is probable that the first building on this spot was a heathen temple, and the second, a church built by the immediate followers of Jason and Sosipater.

How pleasant it is to trace these marks of very great antiquity ! They have found several medals, and just without the foundation walls, one coffin.

The skeleton within was in a high state of preservation, and by the rod in his hand proved to have been a fisherman. Three hooks were found in the coffin, of exactly the same shape as that still used by the Corfiotes, but wrought in brass. Also a lacrymal vase, and a coin, bearing on the reverse the head of Bacchus, and on the obverse, a few old Greek characters, importing that it was cast in the days when Corçira was a republic, thus fixing the date somewhere about four centuries before the birth of Christ. About a hundred yards farther on towards the Casino, they have been digging too, and have discovered traces of a very large temple, a quantity of Mosaic pavement of beautiful design and colouring, vases and coins. Lord Newcome is eager in pursuit of treasure, but the fever is too violent to last long, and himself of mood too fickle to profit by these discoveries. I doubt not, in less than a month, the Corfù world will cease to hear of excavations.

And so our little group is about to separate far and wide, Heaven only knows whether we shall ever meet again! Probably not! but at all events, our social companionship here has enlivened many a long, long day. Mrs. Flowers is going to one of the other Ionian islands to join her husband. Harry is about to start on a long pedestrian tour through Greece and Turkey; Count Laurelli will,

I doubt not, be glad to lose his troublesome guest. I am coming home,—home where my wishes so long have been. Susan is about to depart for Italy, and Nina — poor Nina!

Last evening I went to the convent of St. Theodosius; and begging my friends to drive round by the lake, for an hour or two, went into the convent to await their return. I found Nina there; she had been spending some days with her cousin; and having exchanged a few nothings with Rubina, I came out to walk awhile in the verandah, with my poor favourite. The convent is built round three sides of a square court-yard; at least the convent, itself, occupies two sides, and the chapel the third. You ascend a flight of steps to the nuns' apartments, which are all in the front of the building, and open on a very broad low-roofed verandah, that runs round the two sides of it. Of course the verandah is open to the court below, excepting where little white square pillars, placed at equal distances, intercept the view. These pillars support the roof, and also a very luxuriant vine, that runs all over it; and the large broad leaves of which hang over the eaves, and form a very beautiful natural drapery. Among the foliage the nuns have placed some singing-birds, as if it solaced them to have companions in their captivity. Up and down this verandah we paced, Nina, and I; even till the broad moon had uprisen, and lit up one side of the large vine-leaves: we

could not bear to separate ; for we knew we should never meet again ; and, as if to take away from me all such hope, Nina made me the confidante of a design I had long suspected her of cherishing. She told me she was resolved to share the retreat of her cousin. In vain were all my remonstrances and entreaties, that she would return to her own family, and to her beautiful country.

“ No, no,” she answered, “ I cannot return to my own family ; their society, even their caresses, would not please me now ; and where is the pleasure of looking on a lovely country, if there be none to enjoy it with,—none who can enjoy it !”

“ But consider your friends, Nina : — your mother !”

“ My mother does not want me at home ; and sure I am, it would not add to her happiness to see me, changed as I am from what I was. Besides, I cannot enter again into the bustling pleasures of a world, which your society has rendered utterly distasteful to me.”

“ Mine ! Nina : are you sure it is only mine ?”

Even in the pale moonlight, I could see Nina's burning blushes ; and could feel her tremble so excessively, that I feared she would fall ; but she did not : she leant against the low wall ; and without answering my last question, said, “ No, no, I should feel miserable, to enter the noisy world again. I have often heard you speak against these convents, signora ; but, oh ! believe

me ; for the broken in spirit, the weary-hearted,—for they who have no longer a hope in the world,—these asylums are blessed : they offer peace, and protection, and quiet. You are going to your own dear land again,—to those friends you love so well ; you will soon forget me ; but I—when you are all departed, I will retrace all our former wanderings, and think over all our former communings. I will dedicate myself to God :—not yet :—there is an image yet stands between my thoughts and my Maker : but I must remove it ; and this can only be done by prayer, and meditation, and solitude. Is it not, then, better that I should dwell here ?”

It was well that the sound of the approaching carriage-wheels prevented the necessity of reply ; for I felt my own courage fail, at the mournful picture the young girl had drawn. So young, yet so forlorn !—so tender, yet so desolate ! Slowly we descended the steps that lead into the court. In the centre of this court there is a well, shadowed by some orange-trees ; and on the steps of the well we sat down, for a few lingering minutes.

“ One last gift,” she said, drawing down a bough of the tree : “ these flowers, even when faded, retain their sweet fragrance ; they must remind you, that my affection for you will last long after we are parted ;—long after I shall have done with the world.”

And she offered me two branches. I took them

both ; and then the girl sat down ; and with her face buried in her hands, indulged her grief undisturbed.

“ You must share Nina’s last gift,” said I to Harry, and he and Susan approached : “ it is fair and pure as herself ; and we will keep the flowers as long as we live. Shall we not, for her sake ? ”

She sat still, perfectly still, pale and immovable, as we drew near her to say—“ farewell.” I was the last ; and when my lip touched her cheek, she started, as from a trance, and folded me in a long and passionate embrace. I turned again, when my foot was on the carriage-step, for a last look. Again she was extended, pale and immovable as the marble against which she reclined.

Last night I slept on board,—on the bright beautiful sea. This morning I looked out on the broad waters :—the shores of the southern island had passed away from me for ever !

THE END.



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Sketches of Corfic, historical and domestic, its scenery and natural productions, interspersed with legends and traditions

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